DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

DECEMBER 6, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

The 63d ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

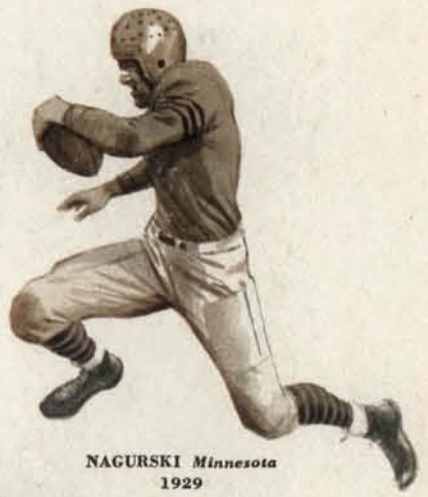
GRANGE
Illinois
- 1924 - 1925

THORPE
Carlisle
911 - 1912

HUTSON *Alabama*
1934

HEFFELFINGER *Yale*
1889 - 1890 - 1891

BAUGH
Texas Christian
1936



NAGURSKI *Minnesota*
1929

LUJACK
Notre Dame
1946 - 1947

McAULIFFE
Michigan State
1952

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
485797 2Y 8 25

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VALIANT TM*
Completely New
Pen $17.50
Pencil $6.00
Ballpoint $6.00

THIS IS NEW!

Sheaffer's TM*

SNORKEL

TRADEMARK

PEN

Point never "dunked"— never needs wiping

No one on your list has a gift like this, for it was introduced expressly in time for Christmas. This completely new invention separates the two vital functions of a fountain pen... filling and writing. As though by magic the "SNORKEL" tube reaches out and drinks the ink with siphon action. The point is never "dunked"—never needs wiping. And because the point is not used for filling, it writes better. See this excitingly new pen yourself. One trial and you'll know...THIS is the gift.

SHEAFFER'S
WHITE DOT OF DISTINCTION

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
IN CANADA: MALTON, ONTARIO

*Trade Mark

COPYRIGHT 1952, W. A. S. P. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the practical gift with the personal touch

Here's a gift to kindle a merry sparkle in eyes that spy it under the Christmas tree. For the student in the family the Remington Quiet-riter is the most practical gift you can give. You see, tests prove that students who use a typewriter earn higher grades—so your gift of a Quiet-riter can be the key to a brighter future for the fortunate person who receives it.

In giving the Remington Quiet-riter you are expressing your discrimination in Christmas gift selection because this portable typewriter has more practical, useful typing features . . . gives smoother, faster typing performance . . . and has a sturdier construction than any other portable typewriter made.

Test-type the Quiet-riter at your dealer's today! Free *Touch Method Typing Instruction Book* and deluxe carrying case included. Ask about convenient terms.

Mother says: "I know I'll be borrowing Quiet-riter for my social correspondence."

Dad says: "If *I* get the chance, I'll type some of my business work at home, too!"

Remington
Quiet-riter

WITH AMAZING MIRACLE TAB

Exclusive *Miracle Tab* for neat, accurate columns of names, dates, figures.

THE COMPLETE TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE • A product of Remington Rand INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCLUSIVE COMFORT!

Munsingwear
stretchy-seat
Briefs

The seat panel stretches up and down as you bend!

The comfort of Munsingwear knit Stretchy-Seat Briefs is best described by saying you'll find they're as easy to wear as your skin! You see, (1) The *horizontal* rib seat stretches up and down as you bend. (2) The pouch assures positive no-chafe comfort. (3) The no-gap vertical fly is self-adjusting. Best way for you to prove it is to buy a pair and wear 'em . . . today!

$1

Halfways $1.50 · Three-quarter Longies $1.95 · Longies $2.25

Munsingwear®

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT MUST BE KNIT

At better stores or write Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
Manufactured and sold in Canada by Stanfield's Limited.

ALBERT E. WINGER, *Chairman of the Board* · CLARENCE E. STOUCH, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
ROGER DAKIN, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* · GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor* · WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
ALLEN CLEATON, *Senior Associate Editor* · GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoon Editor*
JAMES THRASHER, *Editorials* · JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*
MACLENNAN FARRELL, *Fiction Editor*

Associate Editors · JEROME BEATTY, JR. · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · SEY CHASSLER · HOWARD COHN · WALTER DAVENPORT · BILL DAVIDSON · EVELYN HARVEY · DIANA HIRSH · JERRY KORN · ALFRED M. LANSING · JOHN LEAR · FRANKLIN C. LORANGER · TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · JANET SHEPS · RED SMITH · FRANCIS WALLACE · WILLIAM WEAVER · MARTHA WEINMAN · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief* · MADELIN ALK · DOROTHY D. BENNETT · DIANE DOWNS · ALAN M. LEVENSOHN · JANICE MOSES · JOHN NEWHOUSE

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (*Los Angeles*): THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (*Chicago*): BILL FAY
SOUTH (*Atlanta*): WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EUROPE (*Paris*): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
FAR EAST (*Tokyo*): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, PETER KALISCHER

December 6, 1952

ARTICLES

The 63d All-America.....BILL FAY 17
(Selected by THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHES ASSOCIATION)
John Brown's Body Hits the Road.....EVELYN HARVEY 24
Carolina Herb Woman.....JOHN MALONEY 28
Give Your Gift a Lift.....BERT BACHARACH 44
Number 9843.....TOM RUNYON 46
The Met on the Air.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 56
Paraplegics, Inc......NORMAN CALHOUN 66
Fantastic Plastic.....BEN MERSON 74

FICTION

The Second-Grade Mind.....FRANCES GRAY PATTON 22
Killer's Masquerade.....ROBERT SHECKLEY 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Lord and Lady.....ELVA WILLIAMS 36
Dear Mr. Trenholme . . ..MAX WILK 58

●

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
The Cold War.....GLENN R. BERNHARDT 10
Specifically . . ..PARKE CUMMINGS 12
Editorials.....78
Cover.....DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY, PHOTO BY ROCCO PADULO

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 130, No. 23. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demmerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Don McAuliffe, left halfback and captain of the powerful Michigan State grid team, is one of the top touchdown threats on Collier's 63d All-America, selected by leading college coaches. Don now becomes part of Collier's All-America tradition, originated by Walter Camp of Yale in 1889. He joins such grid greats of yesteryear as Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, Pudge Heffelfinger, Bronko Nagurski, Don Hutson, Johnny Lujack and Slingin' Sammy Baugh. For the complete line-up of Collier's 63d All-America, see page 17.

Week's Mail

Suburbanitis

EDITOR: The article Does Your City Suffer from Suburbanitis? (Oct. 11th) was very interesting. More in the same vein would be in the public interest.

I will not differ with the authors on problems that face cities other than New York, as I know little about them. But I would like to state my views based on living, working and owning property in New York City and Long Island for 20 years. I own no property of any kind now and do not expect to in the near future, so I do not feel biased by personal circumstances.

I do not feel that very much of New York City's headaches can be solved just by annexing Nassau or Westchester Counties. New York's problems come from years of poor government. And if finances are a headache during a period of peak prosperity, how on earth will New York ever make ends meet?

WILLIAM T. SUDDS, Great Neck, N.Y.

. . . There are a great many very serious problems in connection with the relationships of cities and suburbs in a metropolitan area, but the scapegoating article by Thomas and Doris Reed fails to touch many of them and fails to illuminate any.

How seriously do you expect your readers to take a team of "experts" who commiserate with the city landlord who has lost his tenants to the suburbs: "In the older sections of the city, landlords trying to maintain income from vacated flats often lease single flats to several low-income families."?

How seriously do you expect us to take "experts" who cite gangsterism in Cicero, Illinois, as proof of the proposition that suburbs can't handle their police problems as well as cities? Haven't your "experts" ever heard of the other suburbs bordering on that part of Chicago, and how they give the bum's rush to every Chicago hoodlum that ventures across the line in pursuit of his profession?

One of the distressing things about the whole problem is that practically nobody has really analyzed it, let alone try to come up with some realistic answers.

FREDERICK S. GRAM, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . I must differ from the complacent and self-opinionated authors of your article on suburbanitis.

Having lived in the city of Philadelphia for many years and experienced the doubtful blessings of the wage tax (which I still pay), rising real-estate taxes, sewer rents, etc., it was with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man behind can't read your mind. *Nor can the man in front. Always signal stops and turns. Do your part to prevent accidents.*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

PEOPLE WHO drive carefully deserve to get auto insurance at lower cost than those who drive recklessly. That is the conviction of State Farm Mutual.

For this reason, State Farm aims to insure *only* careful drivers—and then give them the benefit of their own careful driving in the form of low auto insurance rates.

If you will investigate in your area, you will see what a difference this can make. Then, if your own driving record entitles you to State Farm's low-cost, "careful driver" insurance, it will pay you to see your local State Farm agent. Look under "State Farm Insurance" in your classified phone book.

Other benefits of State Farm membership

1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.

2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of low insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

3. *Fast, fair claim settlement.* More than 6,500 State Farm agents and claim representatives stand ready, day or night, to come to your aid in case of accident. State Farm cuts red tape—pays an average of one claim every 12 seconds, every working day.

4. *Established leadership.* State Farm now writes more full-coverage automobile insurance than any other company, with more than 2,300,000 members in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are coming in on an average of 2,000 every working day!

Modern life and fire protection, too!

The same sound management and advanced operating practices that keep State Farm auto insurance rates low also offer you excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. See your agent.

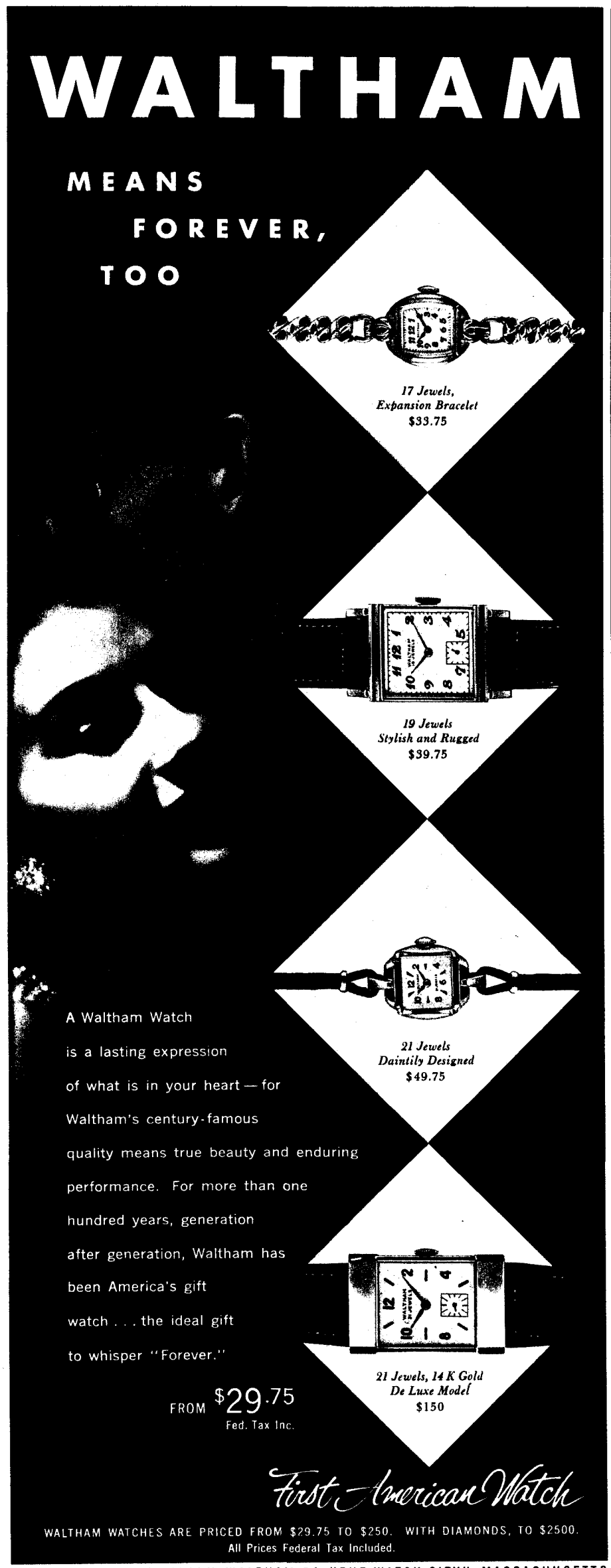
State Farm Insurance Companies

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

Home office: Bloomington, Illinois • *Branch offices:* Berkeley, California • St. Paul, Minnesota • Lincoln, Nebraska • Marshall, Michigan • Dallas, Texas • Charlottesville, Virginia • Toronto, Ontario • Field claim offices in more than 250 principal cities.

Hear "Cecil Brown News Commentaries," sponsored by State Farm, Saturdays and Sundays over Mutual Broadcasting Company stations. Check local radio listings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM 54, "THE WATCH CITY", MASSACHUSETTS

feeling of relief that we moved out to the suburbs.

There, contrary to these founts of wisdom, the taxes are low, the drainage is good, and crime is comparatively unknown. Philadelphia, which had been systematically sacked by a corrupt political machine for over 50 years, offered one dirty streets, indifferent garbage and trash collections, a graft-riddled police department, contempt for the taxpayer—from the highest city officeholder to the lowest city employee—and general indifference to the public welfare. It is suggested that the authors of the article investigate thoroughly the causes of the exodus from the big city.

I. A. HERMANN, Norristown, Pa.

Mrs. Johnstone's Counsel

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on the very outstanding article by Margaret Blair Johnstone, What Those I Counsel Don't Know about Sex (Oct. 18th). I agree with her 100 per cent. While an article of this kind cannot contain a great deal of information, it points the way to a wealth of knowledge that is contained in books for people who realize their needs, and have the sense to do something about it.

KENNETH OWENS, Troupsburg, N.Y.

. . . I think Mrs. Margaret Johnstone's article on sex is a flop. It glosses over a subject without coming to any conclusion or giving answers.

It's like the advice given an inexperienced fisherman: first go where the fish are (how do I find out?); fish in the right season and phase of the moon (what are they?); use the bait you know the fish are eating (how do I find that out?); fish on the surface if they are biting high, or on the bottom when they are feeding there (how do I know which?); to catch fish you must know more than the fish (how much does a fish know?).

BILL BARTLETT, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Margaret Blair Johnstone concludes her article with a quotation from a "very old book" by some not "read carefully enough." The lines cited are from *Mark* x.7-8.

Mark, of course, was quoting from an even older book, obviously, alas, not read carefully enough, even by lady ministers. I refer to *Genesis* ii.24:

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh."

COLIN MAILLARD, East Orange, N.J.

Unsolved Diseases

EDITOR: Please allow me to commend you on your recent articles Progress Report on the War Against Cancer (Oct. 4th) and Rx Atoms for Cancer (Oct. 11th). I believe that the American public is vitally interested in just what is being done in the way of research on these problems which concern all of us.

I personally would like to read more articles of this type on the other unsolved diseases such as multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, etc. You would probably be surprised to know how many people have an urgent, personal interest in what is being done to cure these diseases.

JACK RUTLEDGE, Shelbyville, Ky.

Just Practice

EDITOR: With all due respect to Maestro Frank Leahy, it appears that Frank, Jr., is getting incorrect coaching (The Master and Master Leahy, Oct. 18th).

No one can throw and complete a pass from his position. The ball is "down" where he kneels, as a part of his body other than hands and feet are touching the ground. Hope it wasn't a fourth-down pass!

J. R. BOATWRIGHT, Lynchburg, Va.

Young Frank was simply indulging in a little supervised practice to improve the accuracy of his passing. His father, Maestro Leahy, obviously wouldn't prescribe this passing technique for an actual game.

Smugglers' Aid to Reds

EDITOR: I was very impressed with Martin Abramson's article The Gold Smuggling Racket (Oct. 11th).

It made fascinating reading, but what was more important, it brought home the stark fact that many "good citizens" in this country have such weak moral fibers that they have no hesitation in being drawn into "white-collar crimes."

U.S. Attorney Louis I. Kaplan says this is a crime which plays right into the hands of the Communists. Until we have a general moral reawakening in this country, we shall continue to lose ground in the Cold War.

JEAN GEOGHAN, West Hempstead, N.Y.

. . . I wish to extend my heartiest congratulations for the exciting article on the Gold Smuggling Racket.

Martin Abramson's exposé of this vicious practice ought to arouse public interest to the point that something is done about it.

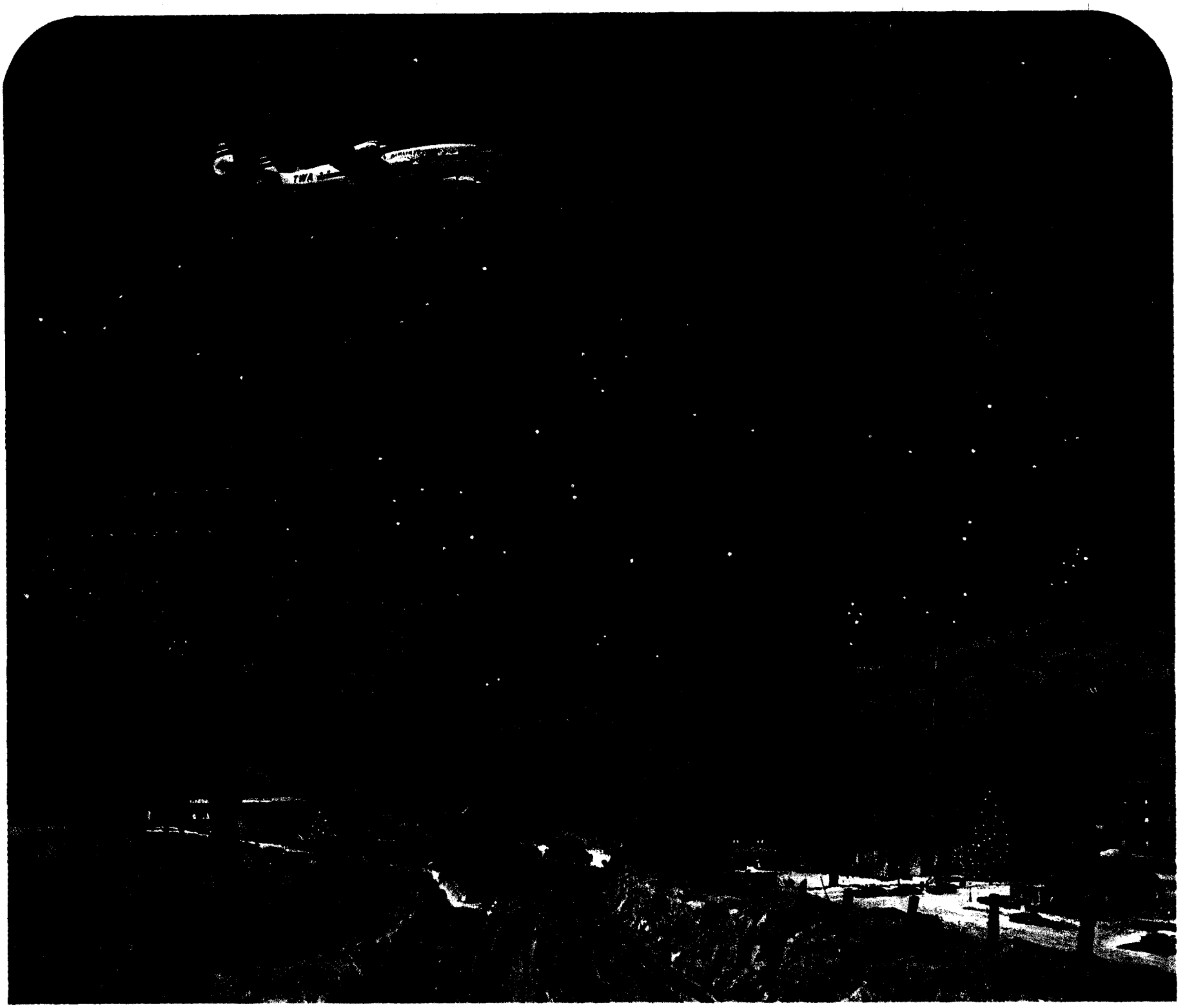
I recall that some action was taken recently in this country against individuals who were brought to book for exceeding their quotas and reselling the gold to black markets.

However, Abramson's article shows the behind-the-scene activity abroad, which only those who have been across are conversant with. This practice is unwittingly helping the Communist cause by undermining the confidence in the financial structures of the NATO countries.

This fellow Abramson has struck one of the key problems we have to lick abroad, before our help to these countries can really take root and restore confidence of a permanent nature.

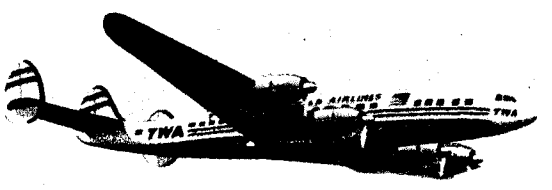
JOEL S. SAMUELSON, Lehighton, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *flight* before Christmas

There's a holiday air high above the countryside — as a TWA Skyliner soars through the still night at unsurpassed speed. It's a scene of comfortable relaxation and friendly smiles, warmed by the gracious hospitality of your TWA hostess. Faces glow with thoughts of a reunion almost at hand. For soon, *very* soon, you'll land refreshed and rested where loved ones are waiting — back home. At Christmas, or any season, no trip is "too far" when you fly by world-proved TWA.

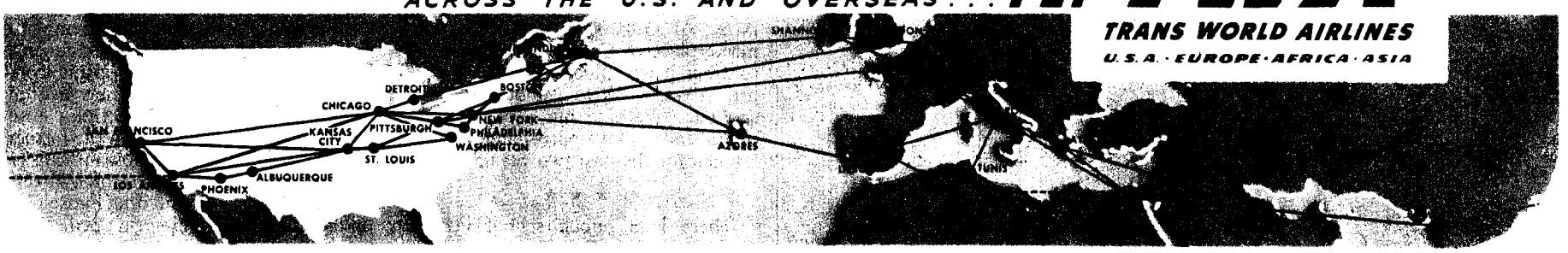


Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS . . . FLY TWA

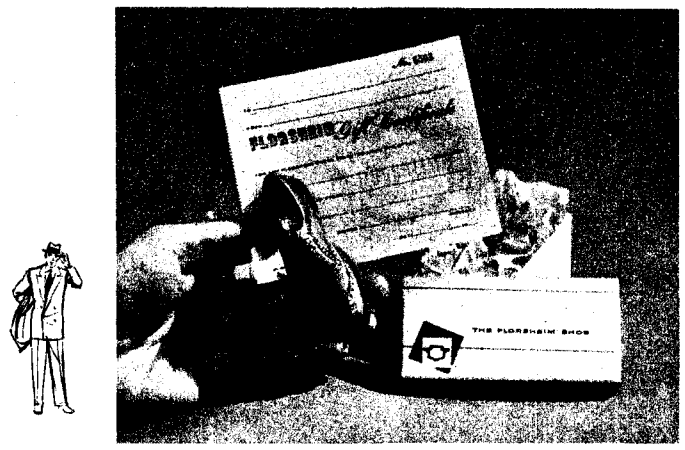
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

U.S.A. · EUROPE · AFRICA · ASIA



NOW! SEE EUROPE AND SAVE WITH TWA THRIFT SEASON FARES. **ROUND TRIP** BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONDON $417 — PARIS $453 — FRANKFURT $494.60 — ROME $574.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's Christmas Day every day when your gift is Florsheim Shoes

Multiply your thoughtfulness and his pleasure through months of the greatest shoe satisfaction possible. If you don't know his size or the style he prefers, a Florsheim Shoe Gift Certificate, cleverly boxed with gold-finished miniature shoe, will do the trick neatly. Certificates redeemable wherever Florsheim Shoes are sold.

THE VIKING, *S-1431; random grain; hand-threaded tip.*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Fellow citizen in Palo Alto, California, named Corby Pildcher says he has been so busy since the election picking up the pieces here and there that he didn't have time to tell us his favorite defeated candidate's alibi. The disgruntled politico insists his own tape recorder misquoted him.

★ ★ ★

Rueful science intelligence from the Rowan County News, Morehead, Kentucky: The first lie detector was made

out of the rib of a man. No improvement of any consequence has been made on the original machine.

★ ★ ★

Ohio's state treasury reported a surplus of more than $21,000,000 at the end of the past fiscal year. It will probably have a surplus of $39,000,000 next June 30th. We mentioned this to a Tammany veteran in New York, who not only denounced it as an outrage but said it was further proof that the political racket is sure shot to hell.

★ ★ ★

Census Bureau notifies us that women outnumber men in these 48 by more than a million and a half. Furthermore, the bureau says, there is no noticeable prospect that we men will ever catch up. We don't know about the numerical part, but this disillusioned old party quit trying to catch up with women years ago. We gave it a good try in our younger days, though.

★ ★ ★

Said this business acquaintance in La Fayette, Indiana, to Mr. Theodore Mountain, who had a problem worrying him: "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Mountain; if your wife insists on learning to drive, I wouldn't be stubborn and stand in her way if I was you."

★ ★ ★

Gentleman in Boston took his grandmother to that city's Museum of Fine Arts. At Gilbert Stuart's well-known masterpiece of George Washington, he told her it was indeed a great work of art. "What's great about it?" she scoffed. "Nothing but a copy of that old calendar that's been hanging in the kitchen for the past two years."

★ ★ ★

There is a public school in West Point, Virginia. Good one, we understand. It is supported by public taxes. A Virginia judge recently slapped a fine of $200 on each of the parents of eight children for not sending them to school. Didn't seem to care that these kids *couldn't* go to that good public school supported by West Point's residents. Punished them, although the only school the children could go to is too far away—sixteen miles, to be exact. Yep, you guessed it. The kids are Negroes. What we mean is that if we said what we think about this situation, we'd probably be publicly chastised and dragged off to the pokey for a spell.

★ ★ ★

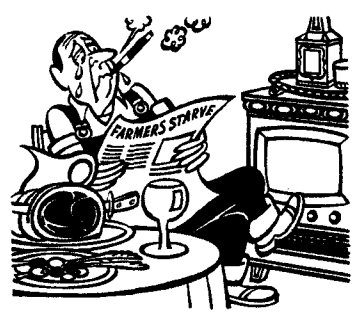
Among the several problems we've decided to let someone else worry about is another discovery by the Census Bureau. Forty-six per cent of the population of these 48 live on one per cent of our nation's land. Even if somebody knew what could be done about it, we wouldn't be interested.

★ ★ ★

And it was somewhere in Montana that Mr. E. LeRoy Laubenstine inquired directions at a lonely filling station. Said the proprietor: "Keep right on going till you come to the forks. There's two roads after that." Mr. Laubenstine wanted to know which road to take. "Take your pick," sighed the filling station man. "No matter which you take, you'll wish you took the other."

★ ★ ★

Just heard from a fellow in Kansas who says it's indeed pitiful to see a farmer burst into tears as he sits in his living room between TV shows and reads the Russian news about himself. This farmer has come in from inspecting his cows and hogs, his reaper and binder combine, his crop driers and picker-shellers, his electrified barns and new silos. He has just stowed away a large portion of a large roast of beef



IRWIN CAPLAN

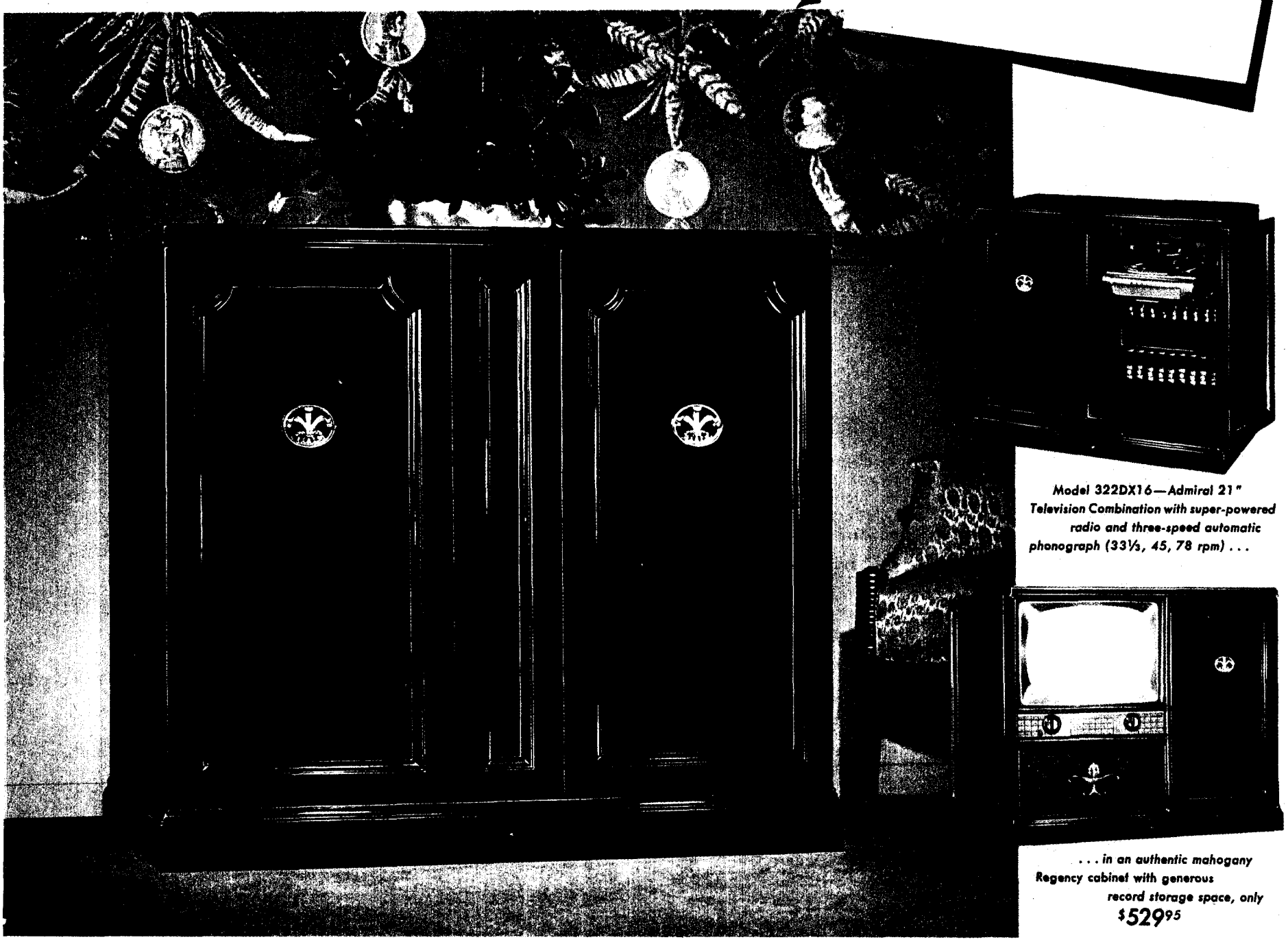
and lighted up a two-bit cigar. Turning off his TV set, he reads the news: "American farmers are living a wretched and semistarved existence," moans Moscow. "Their housing conditions are despicable. They live in ramshackle dwellings, sometimes even without roofs." At this point the farmer breaks down, says this fellow in Kansas, and is barely able to down three fingers of bonded bourbon and drag himself off in despair to his inner-spring bed. Glad we weren't there to see it. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admiral Regency

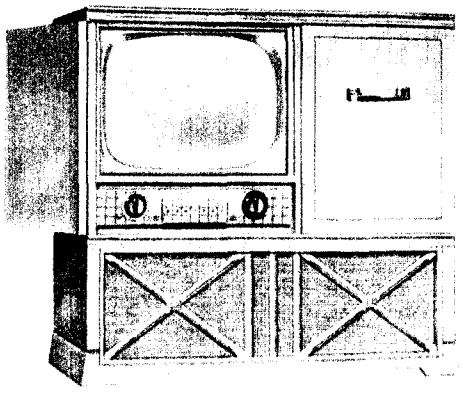
21" TELEVISION - RADIO - PHONOGRAPH

Yours for a Truly Wonderful Christmas

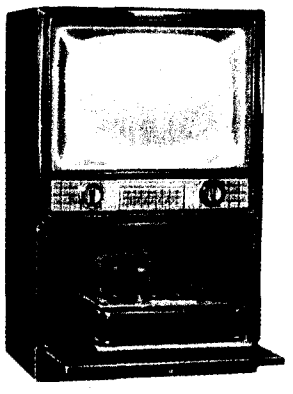


Model 322DX16—Admiral 21" Television Combination with super-powered radio and three-speed automatic phonograph (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm) . . .

. . . in an authentic mahogany Regency cabinet with generous record storage space, only $529.95



Model 321DX15—Admiral 21" TV with radio-phonograph in modern walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet. In walnut, only $449.95



Model 321DX26—Admiral 21" TV with radio-phonograph in mahogany upright cabinet, $389.95

On TV—See and hear Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Life is Worth Living". See local paper for time and station.

Everything in the world of home entertainment right at your fingertips

And we do mean *everything!* 21" TV powered by Admiral's great new super DX-53 long distance chassis . . . 245 square inches of brilliantly detailed picture completely free from annoying reflections. *Plus* console power radio . . . amazingly sensitive and selective because through ingenious engineering it shares the costlier TV components and circuits. *Plus* Admiral's brand new super "600" phonograph that plays all records automatically. It's all yours for a truly wonderful Christmas in a magnificent Regency cabinet with generous record storage space . . . and at a sensational low price, confirming again Admiral's claim to the greatest values in television. P.S.—If you live in a city that has or soon will have a new UHF station, remember that Admiral's super cascode turret tuner *guarantees* UHF reception the simplest, most economical way.

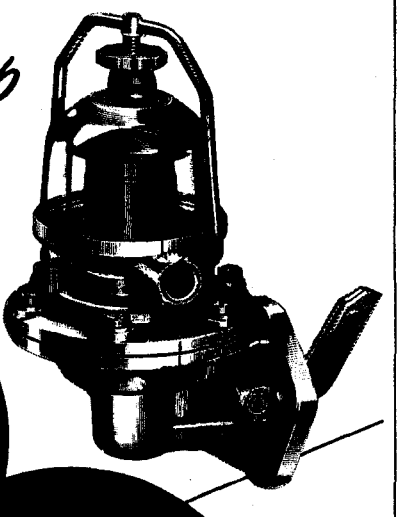
Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice. Fed. Tax and all warranties included.

Admiral WORLD'S LARGEST TELEVISION MANUFACTURER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Pump MOVES MOUNTAINS

Here's one of the most spectacular of all pump uses—hydraulic mining. Mammoth centrifugal pumps force water under terrific pressure through giant nozzles. Mountains of "pay dirt" are thus washed down the hillsides into long sluices, where the heavy gold is recovered.



This Pump Moves Millions of Cars

AC FUEL PUMPS

America's First and Finest

Every time you drive your car 100 miles, your Fuel Pump pulsates around 150,000 times—to provide an unfailing supply of gasoline.

That reliable performance continues while months grow into years—but it can't go on forever. Fuel Pumps, because of their many moving parts, oftentimes require replacement after several years of service.

For dependable driving this Fall and Winter, replace your old fuel pump with a new AC—the pump that is used on more new cars than all other makes combined—the pump preferred by engineers and motorists for 25 years.

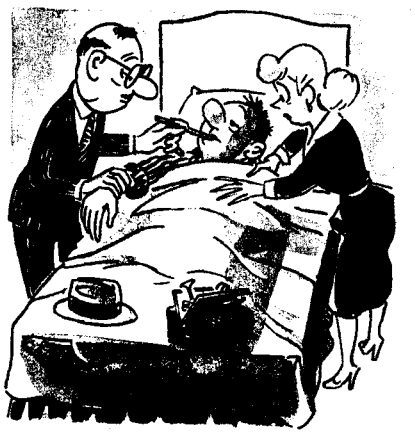
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The COLD WAR

By GLENN R. BERNHARDT

ATTACK

RETREAT



REINFORCEMENTS

AMMUNITION

BARRAGE

COUNTERATTACK

V DAY

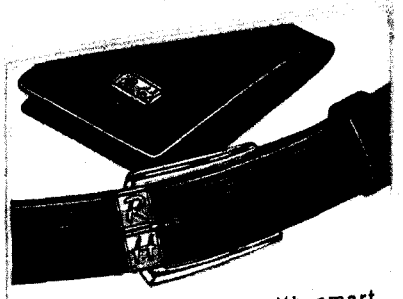
REOCCUPATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shop Early from America's Most Exciting Men's Gift Collection

HICKOK CHRISTMAS GIFT SHOW

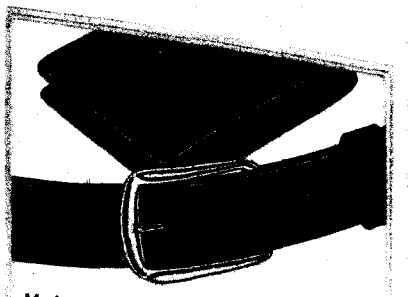
Now Showing at Fine Stores Everywhere



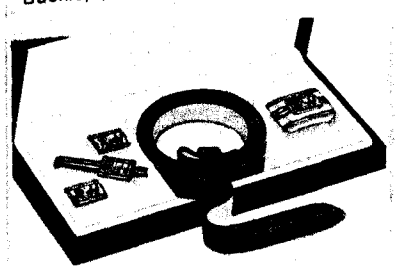
Matching accessories with smart Monterey Initials. Wallet, $5. Belt, $2.50. Buckle, $1.50. Set, gift boxed, $9.00.*

Saddle Leather Tie Bar $1.50, Cuff Links $2.00, Lighter $5.00. Set, $8.50. California Saddle Leather Wallet, $7.50.*

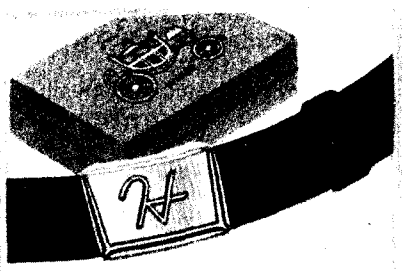
Savoy Jewelry Set with gold-tone polo design, black background. Tie Bar $3.50, Cuff Links $3.50. Set, boxed, $7.*



Mahogany Sierra Saddle Leather Wallet with pass case, secret pocket, $5.00. Sierra Belt, $2.50. Set $7.50.*



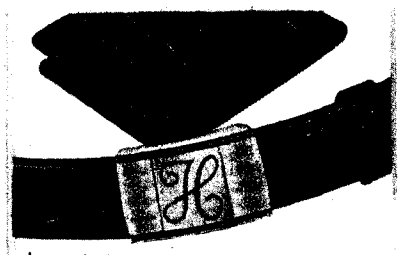
New Monterey Initial Buckle $2.50, Cuff Links $2.50, Tie Bar $2.50, Tan Sierra Belt $2.50. Set, in gift box, $10.*



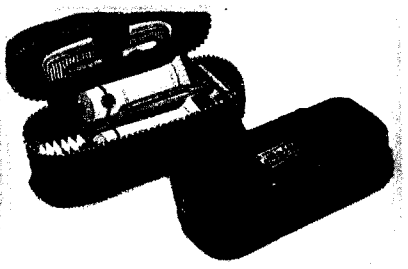
Rich, supple, mahogany tone leather Belt with two-tone Initial Buckle. Belt $2.00, Buckle $1.50. Gift boxed, $3.50.*

Fine pigskin Belt $2.50. Monterey Initial Buckle $2.50. Set, $5. Blue Sierra Belt $2.50, Buckle $2.50. Set, boxed, $5.00.*

Lustrous brown Calfskin Belt, Initial Silver-front Buckle. Belt $3.50, Buckle, $3.50. Set, handsomely gift boxed, $7*.

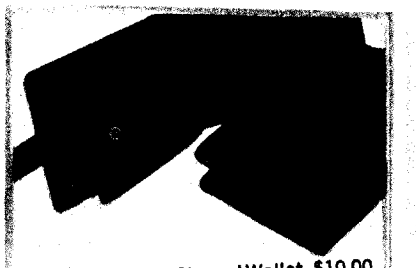


Imported, one-piece Alligator Belt, $10. Matching Alligator Wallet, $10. Gold-filled Buckle, $5. Set, gift boxed, $25.*

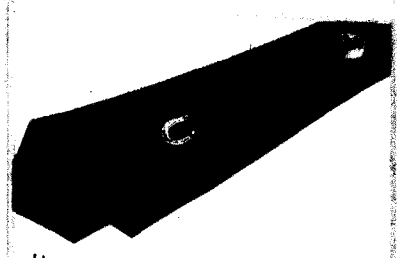


Clothes Brush Toiletry Kit, cowhide top, zippered and fitted, $5.95. Monterey Initial Toiletry Kit with fittings, $5.95.*

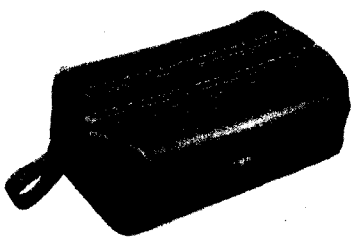
Monterey Initial Tie Bar $2.50, matching Cuff Links, $2.50. Set $5.00. Monterey Ascot Tie Guard, box'd, $2.50*



Imported brown Pinseal Wallet, $10.00. Brown antiqued Cowhide Wallet with fine Florentine gold embossing, $7.50.*



Horsehead Tie, Horseshoe Ascot Tie Guard, Set $5*. Ties also in Blue, Grey, Red, Brown with complementary Ascots.



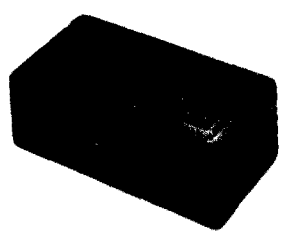
Monterey Initial Commuter Kit of fine saddle leather. Will hold all necessary shaving and toilet accessories. $10.95.*

Hunting Jewelry Set. Tie Bar, $2.50. Cuff Links, $2.50, Belt Buckle, $2.50. Lighter $5.00. Set, in gift box. $12.50.*

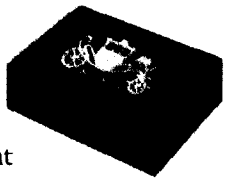
Sterling Driver Tie Bar, $5, Clubhead Cuff Links, $5. Set, $10. Gold-plated Fishing Tie Bar & Cuff Links. Set, $5.*

HICKOK~THE HOUSE OF FINE GIFTS~MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS HICKOK BELTS

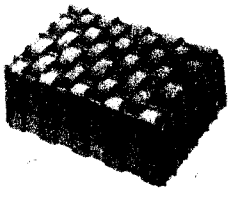
Beautiful, Useful Boxes make a Gift by Hickok 2 Gifts in 1



Hickok Christmas Gifts are boxed in beautiful presentation cases that make magnificent



Stud Boxes for men as well as practical Sewing and Jewel Cases for women



while many are designed to serve as smart Cigarette Boxes, too!

*PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX

© 1952, Hickok Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Rochester 1, N. Y.

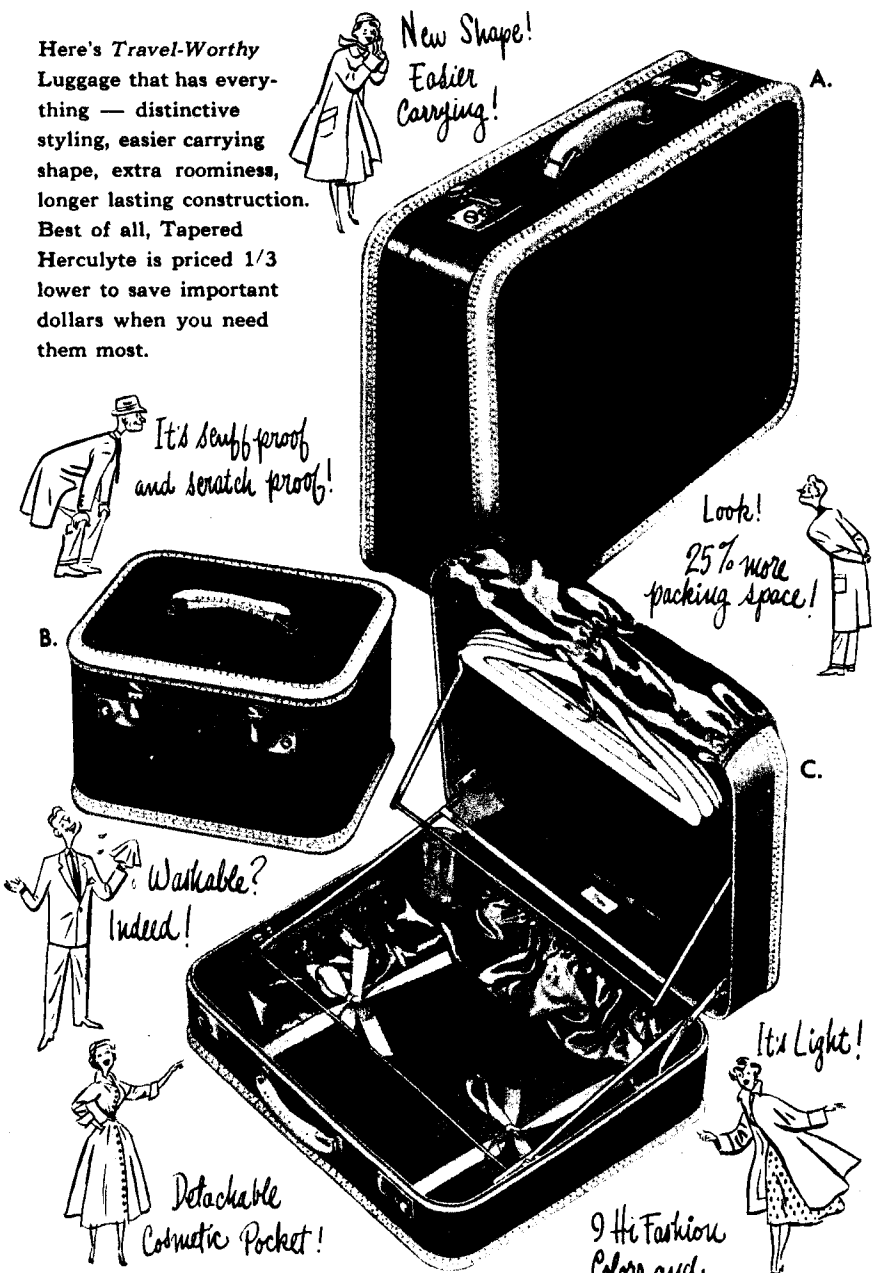
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Tapered Herculyte by U.S.

HIGH fashion luggage at a new LOW price!

THREE PIECES FOR THE PRICE OF TWO!

Here's *Travel-Worthy* Luggage that has everything — distinctive styling, easier carrying shape, extra roominess, longer lasting construction. Best of all, Tapered Herculyte is priced 1/3 lower to save important dollars when you need them most.



Thirteen sizes in choice of ***Patent Glaze Finish*** in Rawhide, Regal Blue, Moss Green, Oak Tan, British Tan: or ***Linen Grained Finish*** in Gray, Tan, Blue, Green.

A.) 21" Weekend	B.) 13" Train Case	C.) 21" Wardrobe
OPS Ceiling $23.95	OPS Ceiling $24.95	OPS Ceiling $35.95
NEW LOW CEILING about $15.95	NEW LOW CEILING about $16.95	NEW LOW CEILING about $25.95

Prices Subject to Existing Taxes

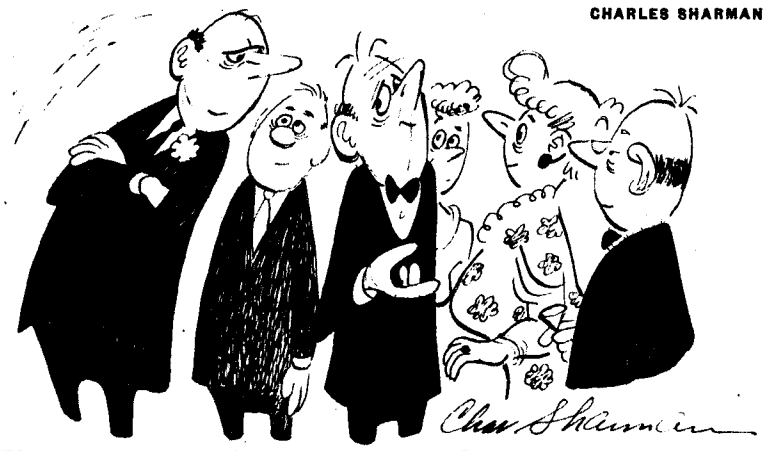
Flight tested by AIR FRANCE the luxury world wide airline

UNITED STATES TRUNK CO., Inc., Fall River, Mass.

You will find Tapered Herculyte Luggage at these fine stores or write for name of nearest dealer

Akron — M. O'NEIL CO.
Baltimore — HECHT COMPANY
Boston — JORDAN MARSH CO.
Chicago — MANDEL BROTHERS
Cleveland — THE MAY COMPANY
Kansas City — EMERY, BIRD & THAYER
Los Angeles — BROADWAY DEPT. STORE
Miami — BURDINE'S
Milwaukee — EDWARD SCHUSTER & CO.
New York — ARNOLD CONSTABLE
Philadelphia — JOHN WANAMAKER
Providence — THE OUTLET COMPANY
Richmond — MILLER & RHOADS
St. Louis — FAMOUS BARR COMPANY
Washington, D. C. — WOODWARD & LOTHROP

CHARLES SHARMAN



"You mean you can't quote one thing he said?" asked Travis

SPECIFICALLY...

By PARKE CUMMINGS

IT'S rather embarrassing to have a memory like mine. Not that it's terrible. I don't miss appointments or trains, I don't venture out on the street minus essential garments and I'm even fairly good at remembering names and faces.

Yet, as I said, my memory still causes me embarrassment. It certainly has where Travis is concerned. Everybody has some nemesis to plague him, and he has been mine.

Travis is stern of visage, methodical and always knows exactly what he's doing. I ran into him at a party last week. We got on the subject of politics, and I let it be known that I had caught Senator Bruce's latest speech on television.

"Good speech?" asked Travis.

I nodded emphatically. "Terrific!" I said. "An absolute masterpiece."

"What did he say?" asked Travis.

"He spoke mostly on foreign policy," I replied, "and I never heard it put so brilliantly. Why, that man's grasp—"

"What did he say?" Travis repeated.

I hesitated. "Well," I said. "He pointed out our responsibilities—"

"No, no," interrupted Travis. "I mean specifically what did he say? Quote some actual statement."

I swallowed hard. "Of course," I explained, "I can't actually—I mean—"

Then Travis had the floor again. "Let me get this straight," he said. "You assert that Senator Bruce made a terrific speech and yet you can't quote directly a single thing he said. Is that right?"

Turning a rich crimson, I gulped some more, nodded weakly, and said: "Yeah." There were a few titters from the assemblage at this admission, so I absented myself from Travis' presence and joined another group who were in animated discussion. The first thing I heard was Mrs. Carter mentioning Charlie Endicott. I broke into a wide grin. "That guy's immense!" I said.

Mrs. Carter giggled. "I don't see why Charlie doesn't go on the stage," she declared.

I nodded emphatically. "He has a wit like a steel trap. We were over at his house the other night and he had us in stitches for three solid hours."

"What did he say?" demanded a voice at my elbow, and I turned to face Travis. He had evidently crept up unnoticed, but since it was a free-mixing party and he knew everybody there, I could hardly accuse him of eavesdropping.

I tried hard to look Travis in the eye and replied: "It was just one wonderful crack after another all evening long."

"Could you repeat one?" asked Travis.

I knew I was licked again, but I tried to go down fighting. "He made so many," I said, "that it wouldn't be fair to single out one from the others."

"Well," said Travis smugly, "I must say that's a refreshing viewpoint."

Mentally cussing Travis' dogged insistence on the specific and my chronic inability to supply it when the chips are down, I again broke away from him. In fact, what with the humiliations I had suffered, I was seriously considering taking leave of the party. Then, on a table, I caught sight of a little book labeled: FAMOUS QUOTATIONS. Furtively I picked it up and turned to a page at random. What I saw raised my spirits. I put the book quietly down, returned to the group I had left, and remarked: "Too bad people don't read more poetry these days."

Travis came instantly to attention. "You read a good bit yourself?" he inquired.

"Not modern," I replied. "I prefer the old-timers—particularly the English sixteenth-century poets. Fellows like Richard Grafton, for instance. He wrote some mighty famous stuff, in my opinion."

"Indeed?" asked Travis. "Perhaps you could quote something from him. I mean just one single thing to illustrate why you feel that way."

"I could try," I retorted promptly, and then briskly cleared my throat:

" 'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November
All the rest have thirty-one—' "

That was as far as I got, and as far as I *needed* to get, because there, in front of my delighted eyes, was Travis sneaking away like a whipped dog.

Well, I suppose it was only a minor triumph, but, Travis being the kind of person he is, don't think I didn't enjoy it. ▲▲▲

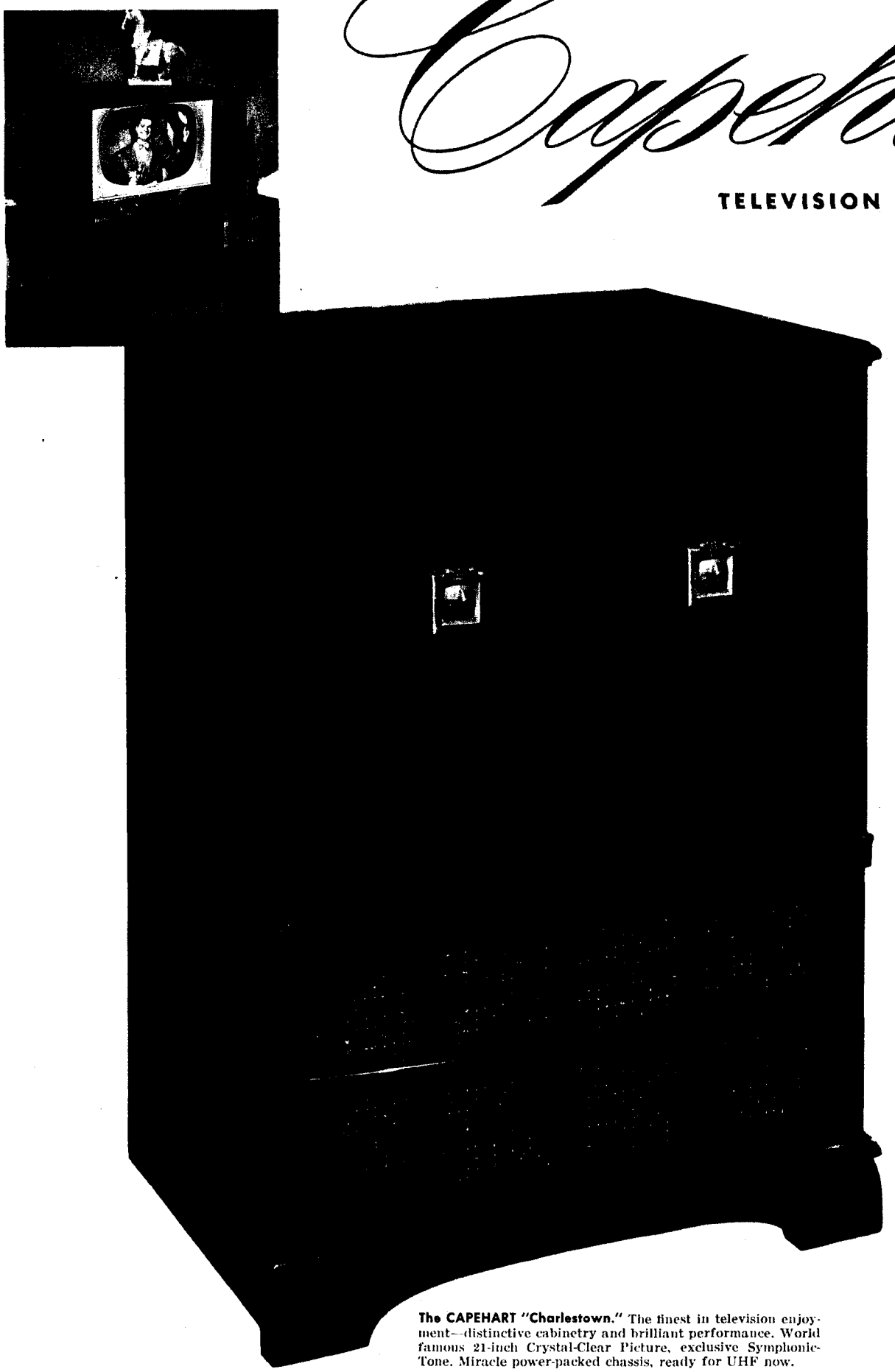
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD'S FINEST INSTRUMENT FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT

THE INCOMPARABLE

Capehart

TELEVISION · PHONOGRAPH · RADIO



The CAPEHART "Charlestown." The finest in television enjoyment—distinctive cabinetry and brilliant performance. World famous 21-inch Crystal-Clear Picture, exclusive Symphonic-Tone. Miracle power-packed chassis, ready for UHF now.

For a joyous Christmas

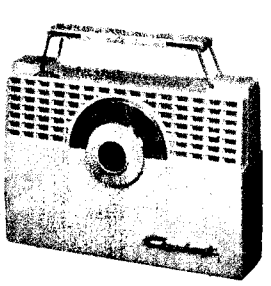
and all the days to come

Look—a Capehart! What merrier Christmas can there be than to know that all the days to come will be filled with pleasure for you and for your family. And along with this goes a sense of pride—pride that, in the Capehart, you possess the world's finest instrument for home entertainment. Only Capehart provides you with Crystal-Clear Picture . . . Symphonic-Tone System . . . a chassis that captures pictures, from near and far, with startling clarity and detail . . . and cabinetry that is a superb example of the cabinet-maker's craft. See your classified directory or write Fort Wayne for the name of your nearest Capehart dealer.

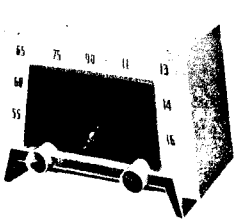
You can own a Capehart for as little as $229.95.

Capehart — An IT&T Associate

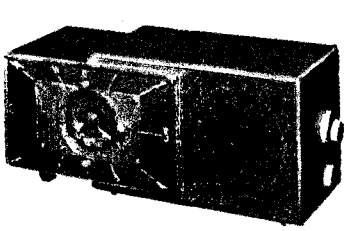
CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH CORPORATION,
Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
An Associate of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



The CAPEHART Personal Portable Radio. Plays where you play. Weighs only 3½ pounds with batteries. Trim, smart with true tonal beauty. Plastic cabinet in pearl grey, surf green and choice of other stylist colors.



The CAPEHART Table Radio (Model T-522). As distinctive in styling as it is in performance. Automatic volume control, tone compensation, Vernier tuning. Plastic cabinet in choice of rich decorator colors.



The CAPEHART "Deluxe 6" Clock Radio (Model TC-62). The most beautiful and most imitated clock radio in the world. An accurate alarm, a radio with true Capehart quality, turns on appliances. Plastic cabinet in choice of rich decorator colors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compare for Quality... and you'll give

ANSCO READYFLASH CAMERA
The same modern, simplified flash camera featured in Camera Outfit at the right. This handsome Readyflash Camera takes 8 2¼ x 3¼" pictures on 620 film. Built-in flash shutter makes indoor snapshots easy. Sturdily made, with rigid all-metal body. Easy to load, easier to use!
Readyflash Camera, Only $6.30
Anscoflash Attachment $2.75
HANDSOME TAN GRAINED CARRY-ALL CASE
Both the Ansco Readyflash and Flash Clipper Camera Outfits are packed in this attractive distinctive leather, Ansco Carry-All Case. The rich grained finish, the smart over-the-shoulder strap, and the contrasting red lining make this a practical, attractive Carry-All Case. Holds Ansco Readyflash Camera Outfit complete with accessories, or Flash Clipper Camera Outfit complete with accessories. Only $5.95

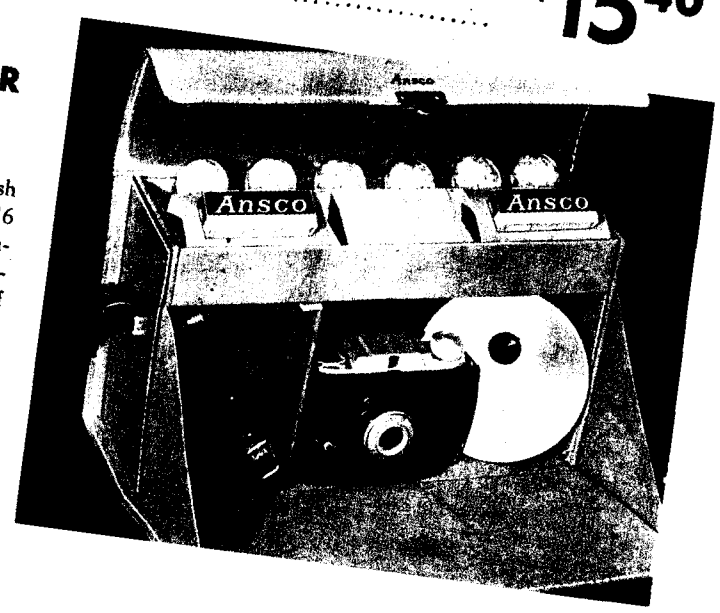
ANSCO READYFLASH CAMERA OUTFIT

Contains everything needed to make pictures Christmas morning! Comes complete with Readyflash Camera (described at left) Anscoflash attachment, close-up portrait lens, 6 flashbulbs, and 2 rolls of Ansco Supreme Film, all in attractive tan grained Carry-All Case described at lower left. Yet the complete outfit costs less than its separate parts! Readyflash Camera Outfit, specially priced at only..... **$15.40**

ANSCO FLASH CLIPPER CAMERA OUTFIT

This outfit features the famous Ansco Flash Clipper all-metal folding camera. Makes 16 2-1/16x2½" pictures on 616 film. Outfit includes Camera with eveready case, Anscoflash attachment, 6 flashbulbs and 2 rolls of Ansco Supreme Film—all in handsome Carry-All Case described at left.

Flash Clipper Camera Outfit, specially priced at only **$26.15**

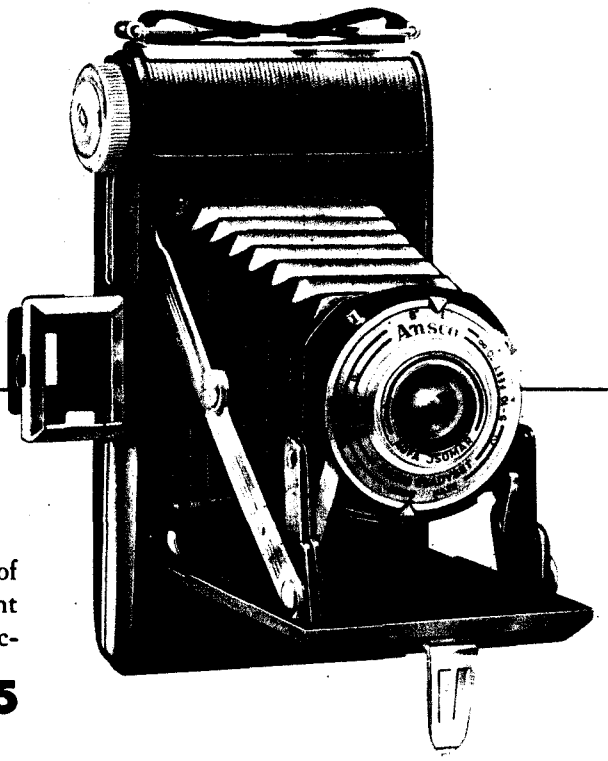


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compare for Value... an ANSCO CAMERA

YOU get more quality for your money with Ansco Cameras than with any others you could choose! That's a simple fact you check yourself by comparing Ansco construction, Ansco finish, and Ansco prices with any other cameras offered for sale this Christmas!

You can be genuinely proud of whatever Ansco Camera you choose as a gift, whether it's one of the handsome Ansco Camera Outfits, or the finest Ansco imported model. Each is a real quality camera for its type, and each one carries the name and guarantee of Ansco—America's oldest, most experienced photographic manufacturer.

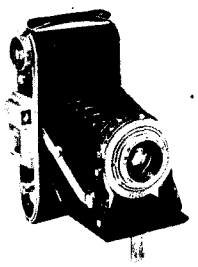


ANSCO VIKING READYSET CAMERA

Combines the convenience of a folding camera with extreme simplicity of operation

This brand-new, economy model folding flash camera presents a whole new array of "wanted" features! Its Agfa Isomar lens has 2-position focusing, "bright" and "hazy" light setting, "Instantaneous" and "Bulb" flash shutter. Sturdy all-metal body, lifetime construction throughout. Makes 8 2¼x3¼" pictures on 120 film.

Ansco Viking Readyset Camera, only **$19.95**
Eveready Carrying Case **$4.95**



ANSCO VIKING f4.5 AND f6.3 CAMERAS

Many refinements, including hard-coated color-corrected anastigmat lenses, optical view finder, accessory clip, snap-action opening, genuine satin finished chromium trim.

Viking f4.5 ..... **$48.65** Viking f6.3 ..... **$34.95**
Top-Grain Cowhide Eveready Case for either camera ..... **$ 6.95**

ANSCO FLASH UNIT

Fits all Viking, Speedex and Karomat Cameras—also most others with standard ASA Bayonet or 3mm Continental Type shutter contacts. A handsome and practical flash unit, economical and easy to use. An ideal gift.

Ansco Flash Unit **$9.95**

ANSCO F4.5 SPEEDEX SPECIAL

Has all the feel and finish of a truly fine camera! Has hard-coated Agfa Apotar *f4.5* lens, 1/300-second flash shutter, double-exposure prevention. Makes 12 2¼x2¼" pictures on 120 film. **$48.65**
Case **$6.95**

ANSCO KAROMAT 35mm CAMERA

A smooth-working miniature camera with an f2.0 hard-coated Xenon lens, 1/500-second Compur Rapid flash shutter, coupled range finder and viewfinder and many other refinements. **$164.10**
Case **$12.50**

IDEAL STOCKING GIFT

Just a few cents more than a dollar buys the smart, new foil-wrapped 3-Roll Economy Pak of Ansco All-Weather Film.

CLEAR, BRIGHT SNAPSHOTS GUARANTEED or a new roll free!

*All prices include Federal Excise Taxes where they apply. Prices subject to change without notice.

You give more with an ANSCO CAMERA

ANSCO, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. "From Research to Reality."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK OUT *for Winter*

Install—

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

For Easier Cold Weather Starting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 63d ALL-AMERICA

End	ED BELL	Pennsylvania	Philadelphia, Pa.
End	BUCK MARTIN	Georgia Tech	Haleyville, Ala.
Tackle	ED MEADOWS	Duke	Oxford, N.C.
Tackle	DICK MODZELEWSKI	Maryland	West Natrona, Pa.
Guard	ELMER WILLHOITE	Southern Cal	Merced, Cal.
Guard	HARLEY SEWELL	Texas	Saint Jo, Texas
Center	DONN MOOMAW	UCLA	Santa Ana, Cal.
Quarterback	JACK SCARBATH	Maryland	Baltimore, Md.
Halfback	DON McAULIFFE	Michigan State	Chicago, Ill.
Halfback	JOHNNY LATTNER	Notre Dame	Chicago, Ill.
Fullback	BUCK McPHAIL	Oklahoma	Oklahoma City, Okla.

Selected by The American Football Coaches Association

By BILL FAY

WHEN Notre Dame defeated Oklahoma 27 to 21 in one of the major upsets of the 1952 collegiate football season, Johnny Lattner of the Irish played right halfback on offense *and* defense for 57 minutes. He carried the ball 24 times for 98 yards, caught two passes for 46 yards, punted eight times for a 38-yard average, executed six open-field tackles, and made an all-important pass interception.

But the statistics don't tell the whole story. Always a tremendous competitor under big-game pressure, Johnny was the key man on three plays that dashed Oklahoma's hopes for another unbeaten season. Early in the third quarter Lattner intercepted a pass and squirmed 28 yards to the Sooners' 8-yard line, setting up the Irish touchdown that tied the score at 14 all.

In the fourth quarter, Lattner grabbed a pass and sprinted 36 yards to the Oklahoma 27 on the make-or-break play in Notre Dame's 79-yard drive to tie the score again at 21-21. And moments later, Johnny powered 17 yards off tackle to the Sooner 8 to set up Notre Dame's winning TD.

Lattner's versatility is typical of the 11 great players on Collier's 63d All-America, selected by The American Football Coaches Association. Take Elmer Willhoite, the Southern California guard, for example. Over the last two seasons, the rugged Willhoite averaged 45 minutes of playing time per game. In addition to bolstering the middle of Southern Cal's defensive line, Willhoite was the Trojans' best offensive blocker.

"On defense," explains coach Jess Hill of Southern California, "we kept Willhoite in action every play. On offense, we rested Elmer as much as possible. But any time we worked the ball down deep into enemy territory—and Elmer's blocking was needed to give us that little extra touchdown shove—we hustled Elmer back into the ball game."

Hill's method of making maximum use of Willhoite's varied talents illustrates a point noted recently by coach Tuss McLaughry of Dartmouth, secretary of The American Football Coaches Association. "It's true enough," commented McLaughry, "that unlimited substitutions and the popularity of the two-platoon system have virtually eliminated the so-called 60-minute players from modern football. However, only a very few colleges are so blessed with talent nowadays that their coaches can adhere to a policy of using one platoon of players solely for offense and another platoon solely for defense.

"Consequently," McLaughry summed up, "the trend in modern football is toward making maximum use of your best players for upwards of 45 minutes per game. You rest them when you can, always aiming to keep them fresh and fully effective for the clutch moment that comes in every close game. Then, when it comes, you rush your best men—players like Willhoite—into the lineup, no matter which team has the ball!"

The validity of McLaughry's observation was underscored repeatedly during the past season as more than 300 members of The American Football Coaches Association reported directly to Collier's, week by week, on the progress of leading All-America candidates. For example, after Oklahoma whipped Texas, 49 to 20, Longhorn coach Ed Price reported:

"Buck McPhail at fullback did everything right for Oklahoma. He's a hard runner, tremendous blocker, good tackler, great punter *and* a masterful faker. Our boys tackled him half a dozen times when he didn't even have the ball. He carries out every hand-off beautifully, working with quarter-

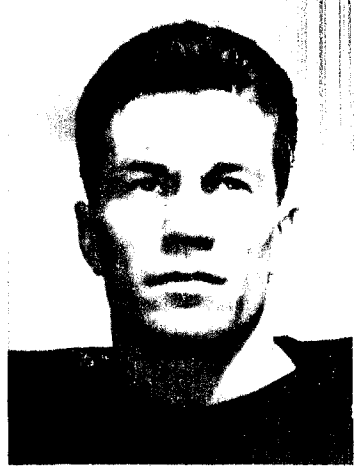
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ED BELL
Penn

BUCK MARTIN
Georgia Tech

ED MEADOWS
Duke

DICK MODZELEWSKI
Maryland



ELMER WILLHOITE
Southern California

back Ed Crowder, another slick ball handler . . ."

It should be emphasized that Price's report represented the consolidated opinion of Texas' entire football organization—including players, coaches and scouts. It was based on Price's on-the-field observations, the postgame reactions of the Texas players and assistant coaches, and a thorough analysis of the Oklahoma-Texas game movies.

Each week, hundreds of reports similar to Price's —detailing the performances of the nation's top players in key games—were consolidated and evaluated by Collier's board of famous coaches, including Carl Snavely of North Carolina, president of the coaches association; Biggie Munn of Michigan State; Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma; Lou Little, Columbia; Lloyd Jordan, Harvard; Ray Eliot, Illinois; Dutch Meyer, Texas Christian; Lynn Waldorf, California; Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth, and Frank Leahy of Notre Dame. Then, after comparing the records of the nation's outstanding players by reviewing game movies of the 1952 performances, Collier's board picked the 11 great stars who comprise the 63d All-America.

Incidentally, an excellent idea of how clearly game-movie evidence pinpoints All-America ability can be gained by studying the film sequence on Jack Scarbath, the Maryland quarterback, which appears on page 20. Scarbath's deceptive ball handling on Maryland's famed option play (wherein Scarbath made a split-second decision either to run with the ball or flick it to another back) was one of the offensive high lights of the 1952 season.

In addition to picking the 63d All-America, Collier's board also selected a group of All-America Specialists, designating the nation's top players in specific categories. This roster is on page 21.

And now that the mechanics of the selections have been examined, let's take a closer look at the All-America of 1952, starting with quarterback Jack Scarbath of Maryland, the fellow whom Football Previewer Francis Wallace correctly predicted (Collier's, August 30, 1952) would be Back of the Year. Scarbath was big (six feet one, 190 pounds), durable and poised. Handicapped by a badly bruised left foot, he hobbled through the first two games of the '52 campaign wearing tennis shoes. Yet, in Maryland's opener against Missouri, he pitched a 37-yard touchdown pass with only 70 seconds left in the last quarter to beat Missouri, 13 to 10; then, the following Saturday against Auburn, with Maryland trailing 6 to 7 late in the fourth quarter, he fired a 33-yard scoring pass for a 13-to-7 triumph.

Once Scarbath donned cleated football shoes, his powerful running and deft ball handling lifted Maryland's attack to a peak of ruthless efficiency reminiscent of the Terrapins' unbeaten 1951 pace. Moreover, Scarbath was an imaginative play caller. Against Clemson, he executed a complicated handoff to fullback Ed Fullerton, who plunged for a touchdown on a play which completely mystified his own coach, Jim Tatum. Later, Tatum asked Scarbath, "What play was that?"

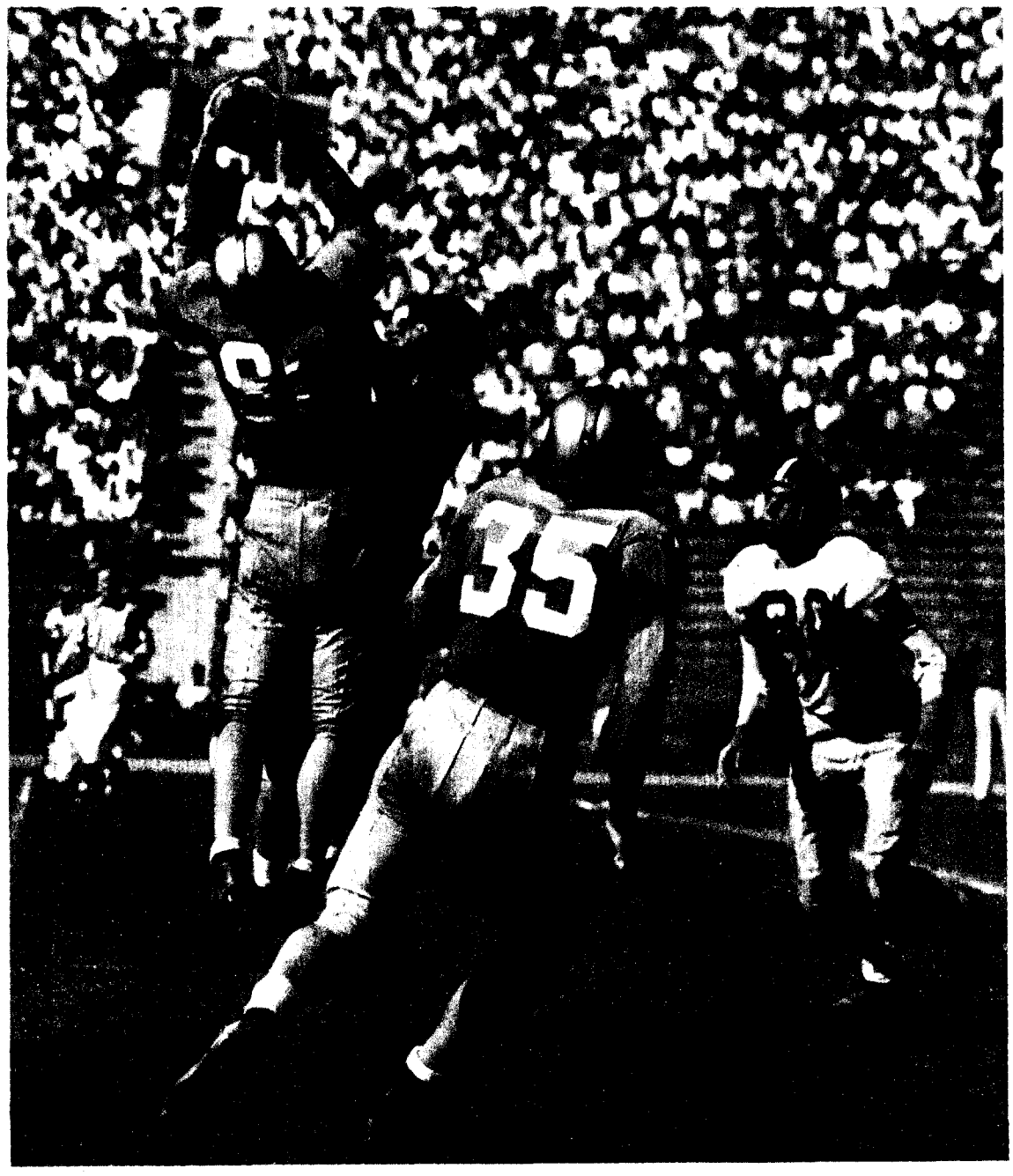
"Darned if I know," Scarbath replied. "In the huddle, I said, 'I'll give that ball a little faking and Fullerton scores.' And," Scarbath added, "Fullerton did."

Another time, Tatum expressed surprise that Scarbath had called a quarterback sneak on first down deep in Maryland territory. "It was a bit unorthodox," Scarbath admitted, "but if it surprised you, Coach, think how it must have surprised the other team." While Scarbath was executing his spectacular ball-handling assignments in Maryland's dazzling split-T attack, teammate Dick (Little Mo) Modzelewski was winning an All-America post at tackle by attending to less glamorous blocking and tackling chores with crunching effectiveness. Modzelewski was massive (six feet one, 240 pounds) and mobile.

"On defense," testifies coach Wally Butts of Georgia, "Modzelewski's initial charge across the line of scrimmage is simply terrific. You just can't handle him with one man. Even two men won't move him out of the play very often. What's more, when he decides to stand his ground, he really piles up plays. The kid's got powerful arms. If he gets one hand on a runner, he'll trip him up."

On offense, Modzelewski frequently functioned as Maryland's "front-line quarterback." That is, Dick checked the line's blocking assignments *after* his teammates came out of the huddle and crouched to start a play. "In the split-T," says Coach Tatum, "our linemen attempt to create blocking angles by varying their spacing. For example, we may split an end two yards wide of a tackle on one play—and increase the space to four yards on another play. Dick was charged with keeping an eye on our spacing and—very often—by calling out a check signal, he would change the spacing between our linemen *during the two or three seconds* Scarbath was calling signals to start the play."

Teaming up with Modzelewski to supply the middle-of-the-line muscle in the 1952 All-America line-up are four other burly and versatile operators: tackle Ed Meadows of Duke, guards Harley

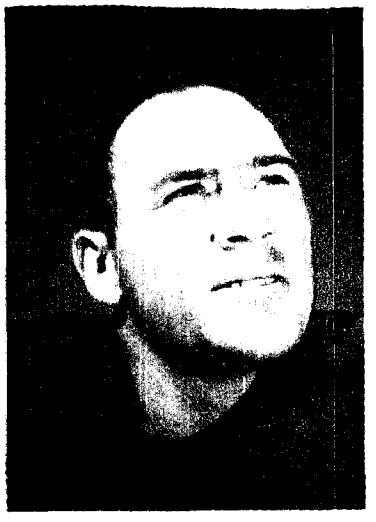


Line-backer Donn Moomaw intercepts high pass in fourth quarter as UCLA tops Oregon, 13-6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

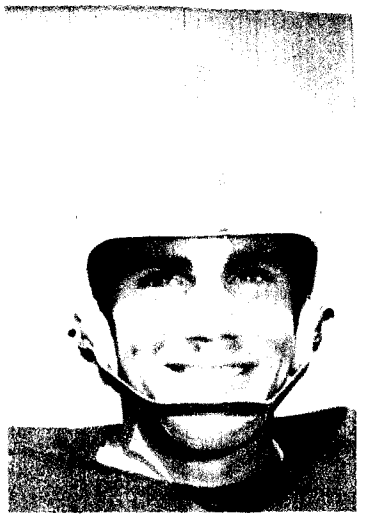
HARLEY SEWELL
Texas

DONN MOOMAW
UCLA



DON McAULIFFE
Michigan State

JOHNNY LATTNER
Notre Dame



BUCK McPHAIL
Oklahoma

Sewell of Texas and Elmer Willhoite of Southern California, and center Donn Moomaw, slashing line-backer from the University of California at Los Angeles.

Physically and temperamentally, Meadows (six feet three, 220 pounds) made an ideal tackle partner for the destructive Modzelewski. Against Southern Methodist, Meadows pursued halfback Jerry Norton across the field and knocked him out of bounds; then, unable to check his own momentum, Meadows rammed into the Duke bench (smashing it to splinters) and knocked down two bus drivers who had convoyed the Duke squad to the game. The bus drivers were badly dazed. Meadows, who sustained a deep leg gash, was out of action only 54 seconds for medical treatment.

Meadows received heavy All-America balloting support from three top Southern coaches, Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, Bob Neyland of Tennessee and Art Guepe of Virginia. Significantly, Neyland's first endorsement of Meadows ("best tackle I've seen in 15 years") was delivered last season *after* Tennessee whipped Duke, 28 to 0. "You've got to be terrific," Neyland pointed out, "to look good when your team looks bad. Meadows is terrific." This year, after Duke beat Tennessee, 7 to 0, Neyland commented: "That Meadows is still terrific."

Texas' Harley Sewell really took on a big job at the outset of the '51 season when he moved into the guard position vacated by Bud McFadin, a Collier's 1950 All-America selection. Sewell (six feet one, 220 pounds) really worked hard to make good. He labored full time on defense, half time on offense, and also was a member of Texas' kick-off, punting and extra-point platoons.

"Sewell," reported Coach Wilkinson of Oklahoma, "was the best guard we faced in 1951—working on either offense or defense—and our players thought he was even better this year." Coach Frank Leahy of Notre Dame turned in an even more enthusiastic report after the Irish edged out Texas, 14 to 3. "Our lads," said Leahy, "thought Sewell was the best lineman they'd ever played against."

However, it is doubtful whether the versatile Sewell put in more overtime work at guard than his All-America blocking-and-tackling mate, Elmer Willhoite of Southern California. Over the last two seasons, as already noted, Willhoite averaged 45 minutes of playing time per game and was Southern Cal's best offensive blocker. Actually, Willhoite preferred defensive chores ("because a good, hard tackle is the biggest thrill in football"). Elmer was the key man-in-the-middle in Southern Cal's rugged five-man line, which shattered California's powerful running attack. During one stretch of six games, the opposition gained *a total of only 49 yards* through Willhoite's sector.

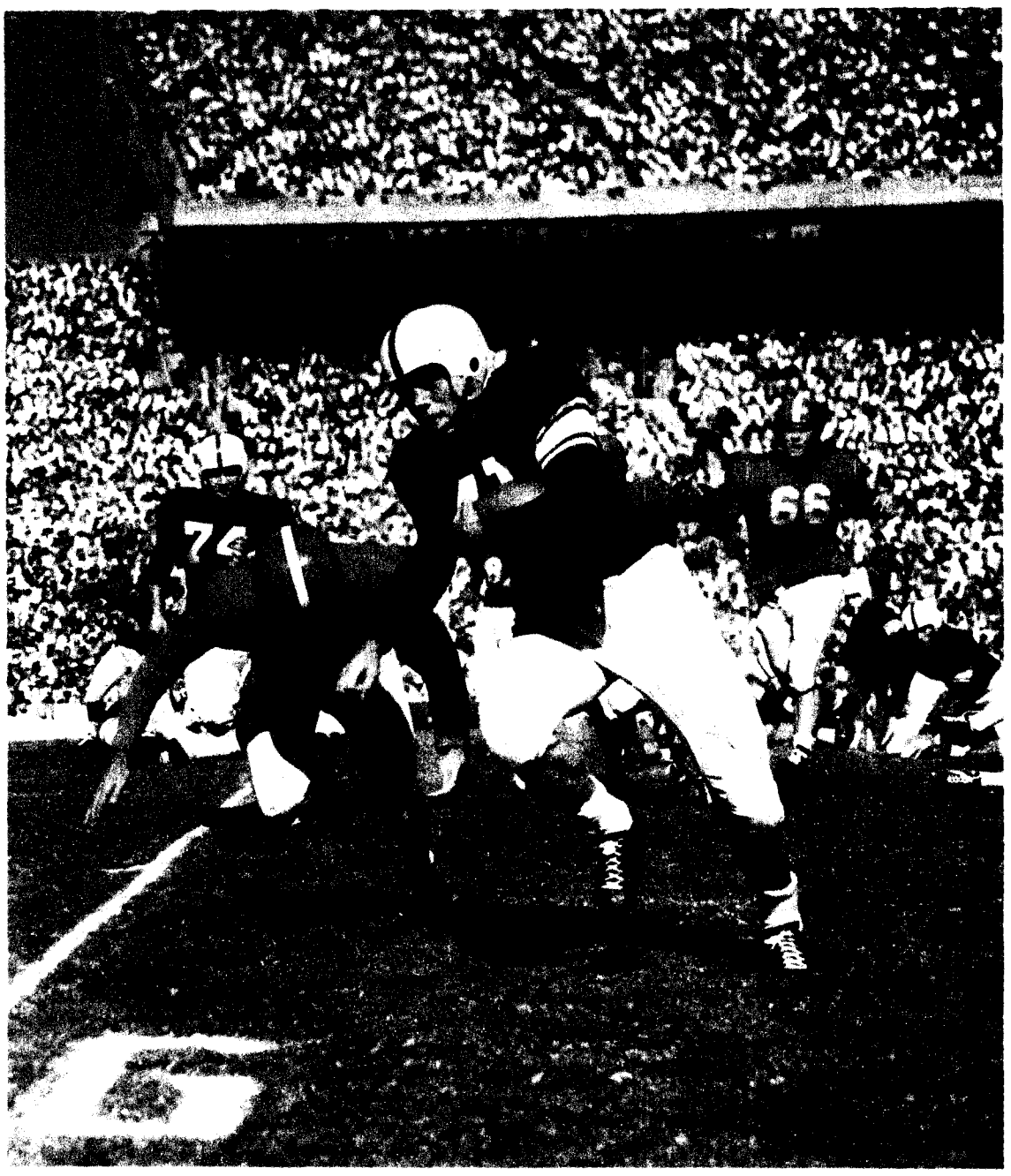
"Willhoite's great value on defense," testifies coach Jess Hill of Southern California, "was that he frequently attracted three offensive blockers. This permitted our other linemen to find a relatively unobstructed path to the ball carrier. Elmer was one of those bottom-of-the-pile guys."

During 1952, center Donn Moomaw (six feet four, 220 pounds) finally achieved the All-America rating which had been predicted for him at the outset of the 1951 season, before a disheartening series of shoulder, knee and ankle injuries restrained his boisterous line-backing activities. Probably Moomaw's two finest defensive exhibitions were turned in against Wisconsin and California. In these assignments, Moomaw's crunching tackles thwarted two of the nation's hardest-running fullbacks—Wisconsin's Alan (the Horse) Ameche and California's Johnny Olszewski.

"Although Moomaw's spectacular tackling made him a defensive standout," comments coach Red Sanders of UCLA, "it's indicative of Donn's hustle and team spirit that he also developed into a fine single-wing center—one of the toughest jobs in football. A single-wing center executes at least a dozen different kinds of passes of varying speeds and distances. He feeds the ball to three different backs, whereas a T-formation center simply hands the ball to the quarterback. By mastering the duties of a single-wing center, Moomaw bolstered our attack at a key position."

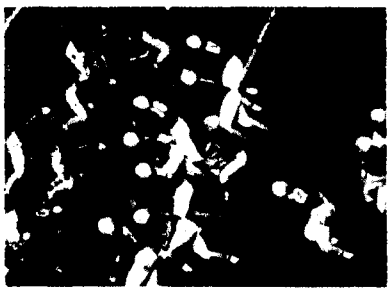
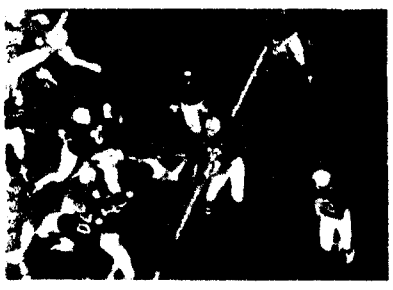
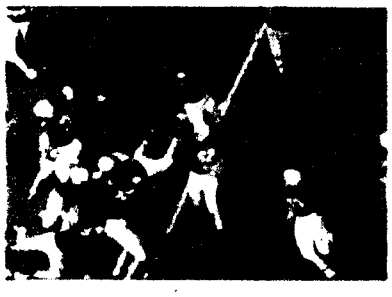
So much for the rugged heavy-duty performers manning Collier's All-America from tackle to tackle. Now, let's consider the ends and backfield personnel. According to the coaches, Gerdis (Buck) Martin of Georgia Tech and Ed Bell of Penn were ideal flankmen. Specifically, Martin (six feet four, 211 pounds) and Bell (six feet one, 195 pounds) were sturdy enough for all practical blocking and tackling purposes; and they were also sufficiently swift and agile to serve as prime pass-catching targets.

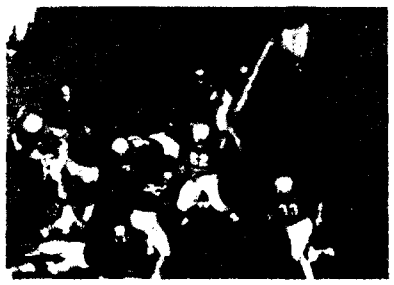
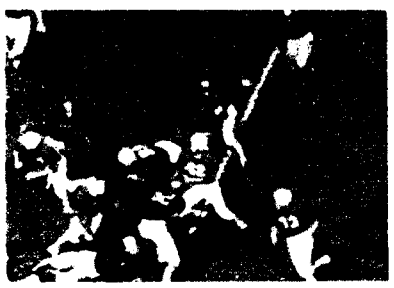
Martin started the '52 season tabbed as a pass-snatching specialist. And with good reason. Against Auburn last season, he had scored four touchdowns on passes hurled by Darrell Crawford, Tech's All-South quarterback. This performance tied the NCAA single-game record set by Al Bruno



Buck McPhail of Oklahoma turns on his touchdown power against Texas. Oklahoma won, 49-20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

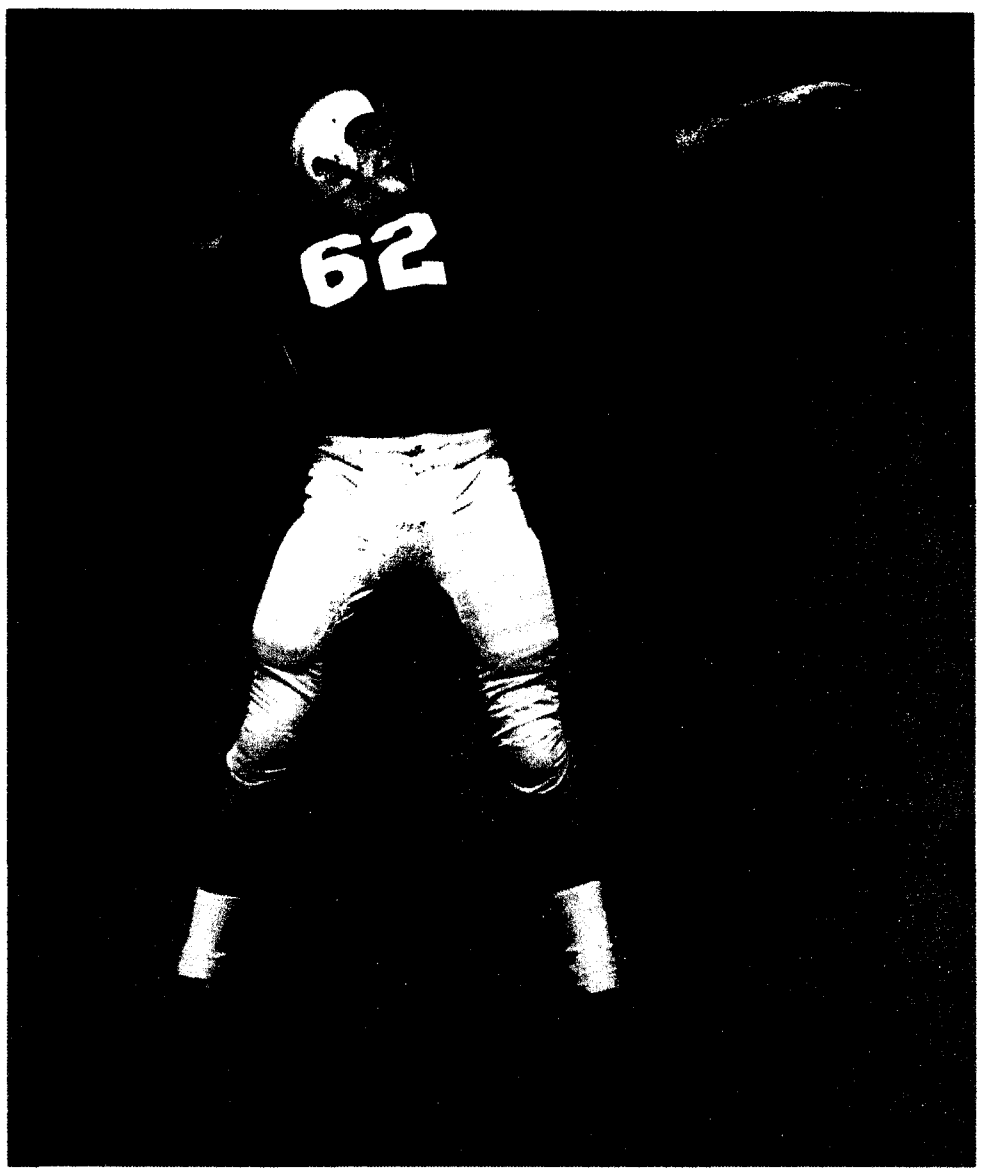




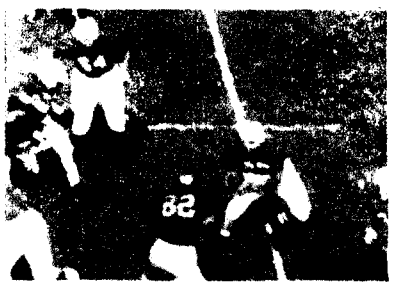
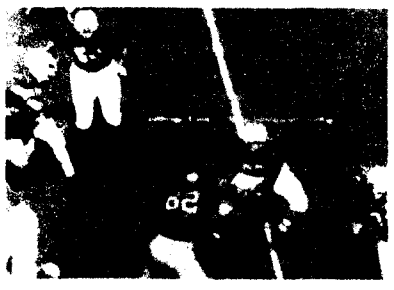
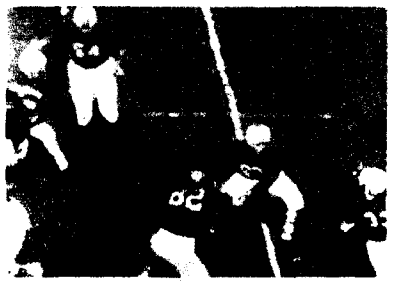
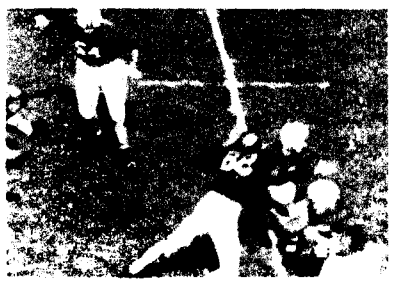
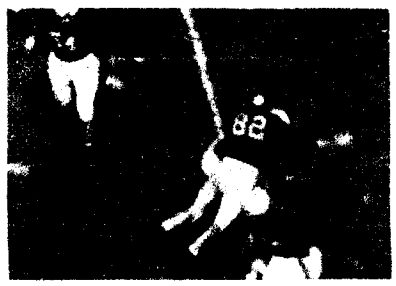
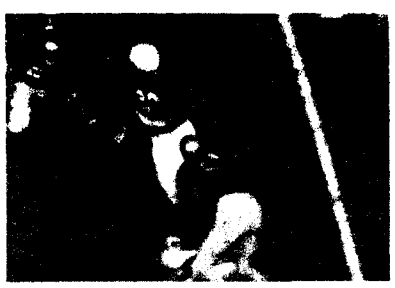
TELRA PHOTO

◀ *Run* THE OPTION PLAY *Pitch* ▶

In these film sequences, taken from official game movies studied by Collier's All-America board of coaches, quarterback Jack Scarbath of Maryland befuddles Navy defenders with deceptive variations of that basic split-T maneuver—the option play. In running version (left), Scarbath fakes hand-off, then whirls through center for big gain. On next play (right), when Navy linemen jam the middle, Scarbath laterals to halfback Ralph Felton, who breaks into the clear



JACK SCARBATH
Maryland

TELRA PHOTO

of Kentucky in 1950 (and also equaled this season by Bob Grimes of Ohio State against Washington State).

However, Georgia Tech's 1952 offense emphasized running power rather than passing artistry. "With Crawford graduated," Coach Dodd explained recently, "we didn't want to overload our relatively inexperienced quarterback, Bill Brigman, with too much passing responsibility. Also, we had some fine young ball carriers like Leon Hardeman and Bill Teas. So we ran a lot. This switch in strategy called for Martin to block more often than in '51, and he demonstrated that he could work on a tackle as effectively as he outmaneuvered pass defenders."

In Georgia Tech's big battle against Duke, Martin (hospitalized all week by a stomach ailment) got out of bed on Saturday morning and blocked savagely during Tech's two-touchdown first-quarter blitz which clinched the Engineers' decisive 28-to-7 victory. However, Martin was a distinct pass-catching threat, too. Against Florida, when Tech's running attack stalled, he grabbed seven aerials for 107 yards and one touchdown; and, against Tulane, he snared six passes for 114 yards and another touchdown.

Collier's other All-America end, Ed Bell, played right end on offense, left end on defense, and anywhere else the Quakers needed him. Against Princeton, for example, Bell shifted to left line-backer on defense, replacing the injured George Trautman. From this unfamiliar position, he shattered the Tiger running attack with his speed and hard tackling as Penn terminated Princeton's 24-game winning streak, 13 to 7.

"Bell," says coach George Munger of Penn, "is the finest all-around performer I've seen since Chuck Bednarik (Collier's 1948 All-America center). Ed scored on a 65-yard touchdown pass against Notre Dame. He helped us beat Princeton with his line-backing. He saved the Dartmouth game by making a leaping, one-handed interception of a pass 'way back deep where our safety man would normally have been; he saved our tie with Navy by overhauling scatback Dean Smith, who'd gone around end—running away from Bell's flank—and broken loose for a 50-yard gain.

"And what's more," Munger added, "the statistics don't begin to tell the story of Bell's offensive potential. He was a tremendous faker—always in the clear—and if we'd had a really good passer this year—say a fellow like that Mitch Price of Columbia—I'm positive Bell would have been the nation's Number One pass receiver."

Bell, a native Philadelphian, is preparing for law school. His two older brothers—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Herman, a deputy attorney general of New Jersey, and Robert, a Philadelphia attorney—are graduates of Penn's Law School. "Someday," says Eddie, a member of Sphinx, Penn's top honor society, "we hope to practice together in the law firm of Bell, Bell & Bell."

Seldom does one football season produce an All-America backfield encompassing the extraordinary offensive and defensive skills combined in Collier's 1952 quartet: Scarbath, McPhail, Lattner, McAuliffe. At fullback, Buck McPhail (six feet one, 201 pounds) powered Oklahoma's split-T attack with explosive drives off tackle—the same kind of power which enabled him to establish an NCAA record for yards gained per carry in 1951, when he averaged 8.56 yards in 101 attempts.

What's more, McPhail was Oklahoma's finest blocking back, ace kickoff man and punter. In Oklahoma's 21-21 tie with Colorado, McPhail actually out-kicked Zack Jordan, who's generally recognized as college football's Number one punter. On straightaway punts, McPhail averaged 47.8 yards to Jordan's 43. (However, Jordan's booming quick kicks, which coach Bud Wilkinson described as "the best I've ever seen," raised Zack's over-all average to an amazing *56 yards on seven punts.*)

Defensively, McPhail was a bruising tackler. Probably, he delivered his hardest tackle against Colorado when, after kicking off 68 yards, deep into the end zone, he rushed downfield and slammed into Carroll Hardy, the Colorado receiver, on the 15-yard line. Hardy bounced backward and flipped over in a complete somersault.

A Penn State scouting report on Michigan State contained this statement: "Coach Biggie Munn has the greatest group of backs in the country: Billy Wells, Dick Panin, LeRoy Bolden, Vince Pisano, Evan Slonac, Wayne Benson, Jim Ellis. They're all great. When the blue chips are down, they hand the ball to Don McAuliffe."

Over the last two seasons, McAuliffe was the work-horse ball carrier in Michigan State's extraordinarily potent offense. McAuliffe (six feet one, 190 pounds) had the power to pick up yardage in vital first-down situations.

"McAuliffe," says Coach Munn, "shines inside the 10-yard line, where the going is toughest. However, Don has enough speed to go a long way. In our 1952 opener against Michigan, for example, the Wolverines got out in front of us, 13 to 0, in the first quarter. Then, they kicked off to our 30 and—on the first play from scrimmage—McAuliffe zipped off tackle for 70 yards and a touchdown. Psychologically, that play saved the game and perhaps our whole season."

At the end of spring training last May, Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame's brand-new backfield coach, remarked: "This Johnny Lattner is the best all-around back I've seen in 10 years." The weight of this statement can be judged by the fact that Lujack's decade covered his own All-America activities at Notre Dame (1946-'47), plus four more years as an All-Pro quarterback for the Chicago Bears.

But Lattner's solid autumn accomplishments fulfilled Lujack's spring expectations. Lattner punted brilliantly. He was Notre Dame's most dependable ball carrier and pass catcher. And, defensively, he was the sharpest tackler and pass defender on the Irish squad.

"Notre Dame," reported a scout who watched the Irish in four games, "played its most rugged schedule since the Rockne era with a squad which—in several spots along the line—was below the customary strength of Irish elevens. But no matter how tough the opposition, Lattner's work showed up brilliantly."

"Even if we could have spared Johnny," commented coach Frank Leahy, "we'd have had a hard time keeping him on the bench. He's the only player I've seen in a long time who can play 60 minutes without noticeably losing zest and effectiveness."

And that's the 1952 All-America: with Martin, Modzelewski, Willhoite, Moomaw, Sewell, Meadows and Bell along the line; Scarbath, Lattner, McAuliffe and McPhail in the backfield. Picked by the nation's most critical football jury—the coaches themselves—these rugged and talented youngsters now become part of Collier's All-America tradition, which Walter Camp of Yale originated 'way back in 1889. ▲▲▲

ALL-AMERICA ON TV

Collier's 1952 All-America players will appear in person on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town television program over 26 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday evening, November 30th, at eight o'clock (EST). In 18 other cities where Toast of the Town is re-telecast on kinescope film, viewers should consult their local newspapers for the correct time and station

The All-America Board

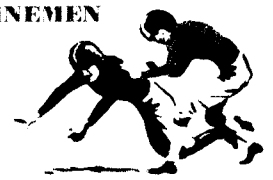
CARL SNAVELY, NORTH CAROLINA — TUSS MCLAUGHRY, DARTMOUTH — FRANK LEAHY, NOTRE DAME — DUTCH MEYER, TEXAS CHRISTIAN — LOU LITTLE, COLUMBIA

LYNN WALDORF, CALIFORNIA — BIGGIE MUNN, MICHIGAN STATE — LLOYD JORDAN, HARVARD — RAY ELIOT, ILLINOIS — BUD WILKINSON, OKLAHOMA

All-America Specialists

The coaches who picked the 63d All-America also listed college football's top-ranking specialists at specific assignments, running the gridiron gamut from line-backer to punter. Here's how star specialists rated in 1952:

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN



FRANK KUSH, Michigan State
BILL FORESTER, Southern Methodist
DOUG ATKINS, Tennessee
BILL ATHEY, Baylor
BOB VAN DOREN, Southern California
CHARLES LaPRADD, Florida
STEVE EISENHAUER, Navy
BOB KENNEDY, Wisconsin

LINE-BACKERS

GEORGE MORRIS, Georgia Tech
DON RHODEN, Rice
DICK TAMBURO, Michigan State
TOM CATLIN, Oklahoma
JOE SCHMIDT, Pitt
JOE FORTUNATO, Mississippi State
ELMER STOUT, Oklahoma A&M
ROGER ZATKOFF, Michigan

DEFENSIVE BACKS

JIM SEARS, Southern California
BOBBY MOOREHEAD, Georgia Tech
AL BROSKY, Illinois
JIM ELLIS, Michigan State
MILT DAVIS, UCLA
LOWELL PERRY, Michigan
BOBBY MARLOW, Alabama
VERYL SWITZER, Kansas State

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN

NICK CHICKILLO, Miami (Fla.)
JOHN MICHELS, Tennessee
ED WOODSUM, Yale
BILL HEGARTY, Villanova
BOB FLECK, Syracuse
TOM SCOTT, Virginia
OLIVER SPENCER, Kansas
HAL MILLER, Georgia Tech

OFFENSIVE BACKS

GENE FILIPSKI, Villanova
BILLY VESSELS, Oklahoma
GENE GEDMAN, Indiana
JOHNNY OLSZEWSKI, California
LEON HARDEMAN, Georgia Tech
CHARLIE HOAG, Kansas
PAUL GIEL, Minnesota
PAUL CAMERON, UCLA

PASSERS

HARRY AGGANIS, Boston University
MITCH PRICE, Columbia
DALE SAMUELS, Purdue
DON HEINRICH, Washington
GENE ROSSI, Cincinnati
TOM O'CONNELL, Illinois
JIM HALUSKA, Wisconsin
TED MARCHIBRODA, Detroit

PASS RECEIVERS

HARRY BABCOCK, Georgia
BERNIE FLOWERS, Purdue
HOWIE PITT, Duke
ED BARKER, Washington State
FRANK McPHEE, Princeton
JOE COLLIER, Northwestern
PAUL DEKKER, Michigan State
ERNIE STOCKERT, UCLA
TOM STOLHANDSKE, Texas

KICKERS

Punters:

BOBBY WILSON, Alabama
ZACK JORDAN, Colorado
CHUCK SPAULDING, Wyoming

Extra Points:

BUDDY LEAKE, Oklahoma
THURLOW "TAD" WEED, Ohio State

Kickoffs:

BUCK McPHAIL, Oklahoma

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Second-Grade Mind

He had never been afraid before, and now he was. Mrs. Womble was a menace to the safe, happy life he had always known, and he must learn to understand her and, in understanding, learn to fight back

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

CAROL NELSON met Mrs. Womble, who was to be her son Tommy's teacher, the Saturday before school opened. She was not drawn to the teacher—partly, perhaps, because she didn't like her name and partly because the teacher was evidently not drawn to her. Mrs. Womble was a broad-beamed, middle-aged lady with incongruously small feet, upon which she bustled into the office of the school principal. She had a fleshy face, out of which her somewhat slanting eyes surveyed Carol with a martyred, and even contemptuous, patience, as if the younger woman's presence had torn their gaze rudely—though only temporarily—away from its fast hold upon Mrs. Womble's own inner virtues.

Those eyes made Carol remember, after twenty years, the atmosphere of a classroom that had laid the first dull blight upon her childhood. She saw paper cutouts of windmills pasted on the window glass and an arithmetic problem chalked on the blackboard; she heard a solitary winter fly buzzing low over the steam radiators; she smelled the old chewing gum stuck under the lids of desks and the odor of little boys' corduroy knickers that were washed only on fair week ends when the weather was good for drying. Those were symbols of the boredom that she had hoped Tommy might escape, and that—to judge from Mrs. Womble's appearance—he would certainly have to endure.

Tommy's birthday came in November, and since the local board of education declared children ineducable until they were six years old and provided no midyear classes for beginners, he'd had to wait until now, when he was almost seven, before he could be entered in public school. He was a bright child, and his mother, wishing to keep him abreast of his general age group, had taught him to read and write and do simple sums at home. It was this that she'd come to the school about: to prevent his being placed arbitrarily in a grade where the work would be a repetition of what he'd already done.

She'd brought along, as proof of Tommy's ability, a composition that he'd written describing the activities of a pair of robins who had built, the spring before, in a maple tree that shaded the Nelsons' dining-room window. It was a charming piece, Carol thought. Tommy had done it as a present for his father, an amateur ornithologist, and it reflected the true naturalist's respect for his subject. "The parent birds are nice to their children," Tommy had written in conclusion. "They nurish them with worms and do not push them out of the nest until their wings are big enugh." It was a neat paper, too. It was written legibly in ink and decorated with pretty water-color drawings of maple leaves and winged seeds and birds flying with straws in their beaks.

Whenever Carol looked at it she saw Tommy as he'd sat, putting the final touches on it, at the cleared dining table, his brown head bent above his work; his feet, in soft house slippers, gripping the rung of his chair; and every curve and angle of his body suggesting that marvelous, absorbed happiness of a child who's using all his faculties. But when she'd handed the paper to the principal she had realized that its charms were lost on him.

"Quite the budding artist," he had said politely. Then, pulling at the corner of his mustache (he was a meager, old-maidish young man who appeared to find the hair on his upper lip reassuring), he frowned. "But we must face the situation squarely, Mrs. Nelson. A child's nervous system is a risky thing. We find that six-year-olds are naturally first-graders. When they aren't first-graders they've been tampered with."

"Tommy'll be seven in a couple of months," Carol said.

"A couple of months is an aeon in the growth of a child," said the principal, "and he hasn't had the maturing experience of group life. If you push him—"

"I'm not pushing him," Carol said. She tried not to let a note of asperity creep into her voice.

"If you push a child," the principal continued, "he may seem undamaged for a while. But eventually—it's like the time bomb—something will explode."

"Yes," Carol said, "but Tommy's really prepared for more than beginner's work. He can read anything, and he's always been—oh, I don't mean he's a genius—but he's always been a little quick for his age."

THE principal leaned back in his swivel chair. "Ah!" he said. "Now we're coming to an important point. We have to reverently consider not only the individual child, but society as a whole. Democracy."

"Democracy?" Carol echoed.

"The public school is the cradle of democracy," said the principal. "In a true democracy all citizens are on an equal footing. Just because a boy, through no merits of his own, has more *brains* than other boys doesn't qualify him for preferential treatment. There are no vested interests in education."

Carol began to feel a trifle dizzy and more than a trifle annoyed. "But—"

"Look at it this way, Mrs. Nelson," the principal said. "Do you have any friends who're financially worse off than you?"

"A few," Carol confessed. "A very few."

"You see!" the principal said, sounding pleased with his dialectics. "And the fact that you have a big bank account doesn't make you feel you should sit higher in church than they do, does it?"

Carol laughed. "Certainly not," she said. "But as for Tommy—"

It was then that the principal had called Mrs. Womble. "Tommy does present a problem," he'd said; "a difficult problem. I'll let you thrash it out with the second-grade teacher."

Carol had said that might be wise.

"You can trust Mrs. Womble," the principal had said. "She wakes the kids up. She understands the second-grade mind."

AT THIS juncture Mrs. Womble had appeared in the doorway, and the principal, after introducing Carol as "a lady who thinks her six-year-old too smart for the first grade," had departed, pleading urgent business with the janitor.

Mrs. Womble smiled in a condescending way that made Carol feel naïve and presumptuous. "Howdy do, Mrs. Nelson," she said. Her voice sounded spongy. "Pardon me for not shaking hands, but I was getting ready for the first class by writing my first proverb on the board, and"—she spread her pudgy fingers which were powdered with blue-and-red chalk dust—"well, you can see why!"

Carol said she was sorry to have interrupted Mrs. Womble and that she'd make her business brief. Her little boy was entering school Monday. He had been barely underage last year, so she had taught him at home and—

Mrs. Womble appeared deaf to Carol's remarks. "I find my proverbs a great aid in my teaching," she said. "I write a new one on my board every so often and get my little folks to memorize it. That improves their vocabulary. Then I help them relate its moral to their own little world. That makes them think."

"Yes. It would," said Carol.

"You'd be amazed how deep their little thoughts are," Mrs. Womble went on. "And you'd be amazed at what they tell me about their families. There are some grisly skeletons in the closets of this town!" She smacked her lips as if savoring the essence of a hundred scandals. "Now, about your child. What's his name?"

"Tommy," Carol said. "Thomas, really. But we call him Tommy."

"Don't apologize," Mrs. Womble said. "Tommy's a good name. You say *you* taught him to read and write?"

"Yes," Carol said, "he wanted to learn."

"'T ain't what you want that does you good,' as they used to say in olden days," Mrs. Womble observed. "But we won't cry over spilled milk."

"I brought a composition he wrote," Carol said. "It's there on the principal's desk."

Mrs. Womble went around the desk, and, holding her hands carefully *(Continued on page 50)*

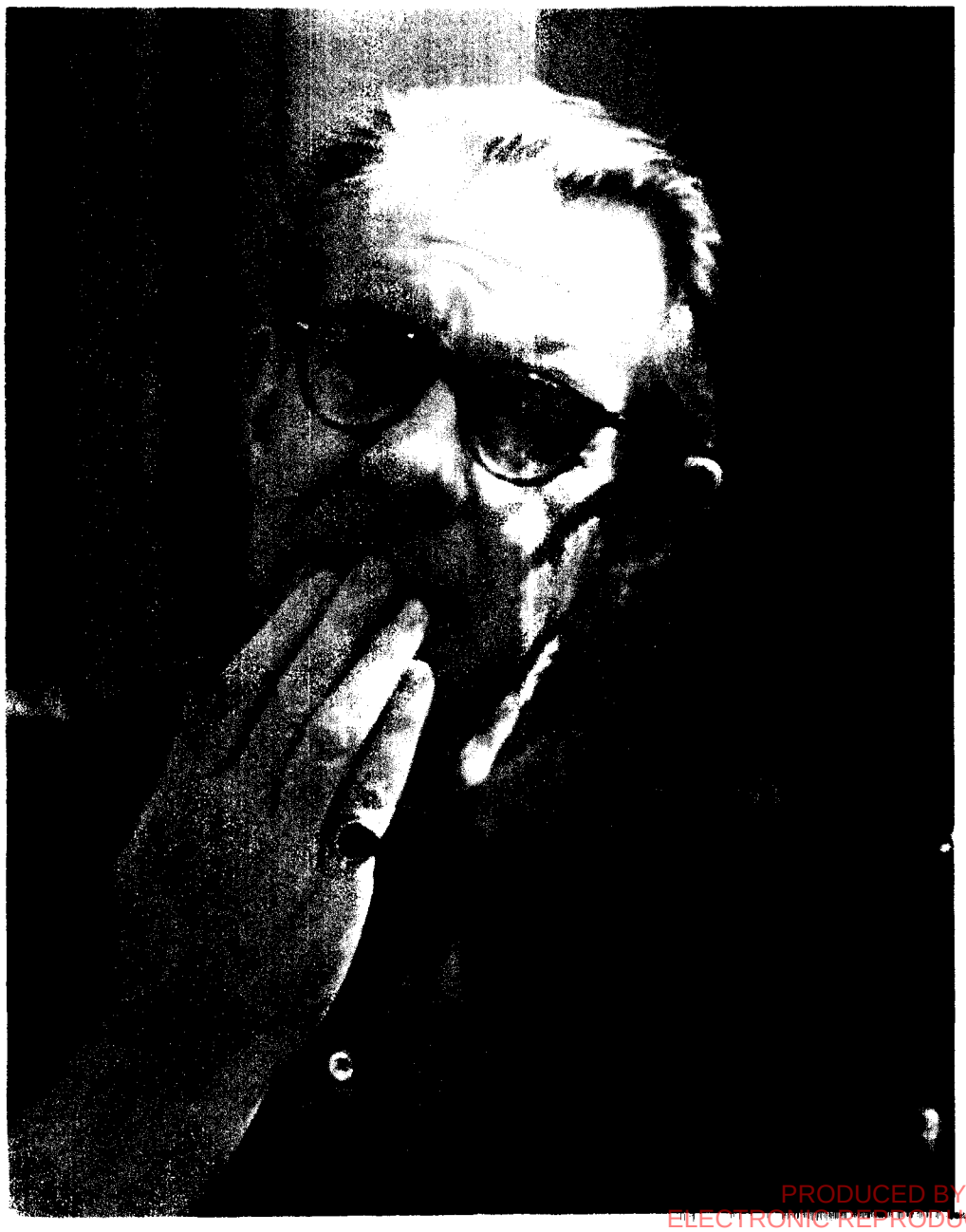
A bell shrilled through the air. Tommy darted up the walk, splashing through puddles

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

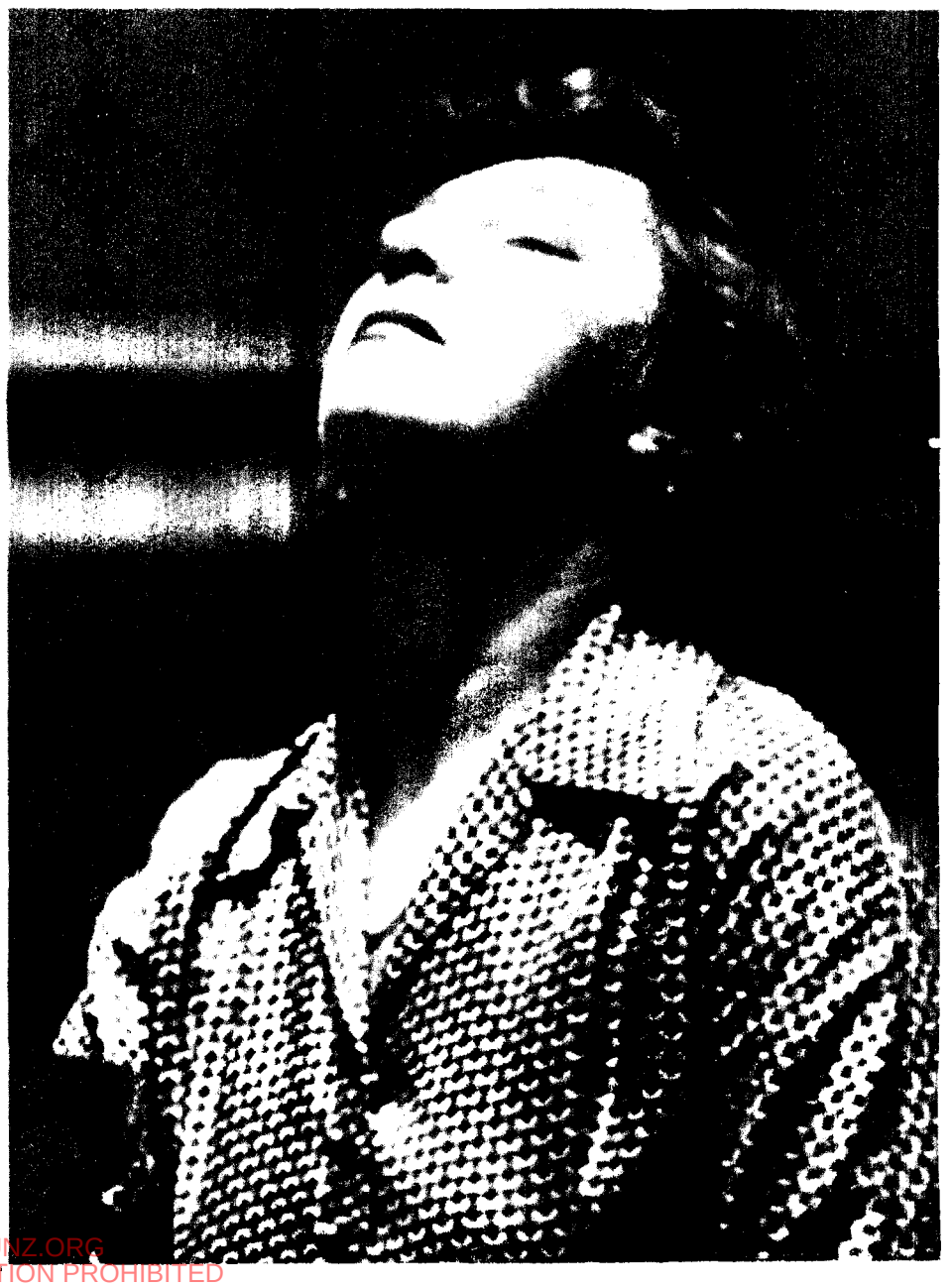
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Laughton: adapter, director, guiding hand of John Brown's Body

Tyrone Power: a novel personality emerges in his reading of Benét's epic



Raymond Massey: he lends his Lincolnesque air to a work of Americana



Judith Anderson: to her, the John Brown dramatization is "pure theater"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Standing before an acting bar, their only prop, actors Power, Anderson, Massey heed Laughton's spirited direction in new dramatic experiment

JOHN BROWN'S BODY HITS THE ROAD

A notable cast tours with a no-set, no-costume version of Stephen Vincent Benét's great Civil War poem. It proves again that words alone can be box-office magic

By EVELYN HARVEY

WHEN John Brown's Body, a dramatization of Stephen Vincent Benét's epic poem of Civil War America, opens in Beloit, Wisconsin, this coming week, in the second month of its 60-city, 28-state tour, the entire production will unload from a single bus. Aboard will be Tyrone Power, Raymond Massey, Judith Anderson and a chorus of five girls and 15 men. No carloads of costumes and scenery will be on hand, just a pile of suitcases full of evening clothes.

As in the case of last season's successful experiment in untrimmed drama, G. B. Shaw's Don Juan in Hell—a presentation of the same dynamic theatrical team, producer Paul Gregory and actor-director Charles Laughton—there has been no Broadway opening. The team's purpose is to bring live drama to people all across the land. (The new show, like its predecessor, however, will have a Broadway engagement.)

Again like the still-touring Don Juan, John Brown's Body is a dramatic recitation played on a barren stage. But this offering of two hours of poetry is considered even more daring an experiment than presenting Shaw's witty and highly intellectual discourse on life and love. And this time a choral accompaniment has been added.

Instead of the wooden stools used in the earlier production, the sole prop is an "acting bar," a three-foot-high rail against which the principals, in immaculate evening dress, sometimes sit, sometimes lean, while reciting Benét's stirring lines into microphones. The 20-voice chorus, also in boiled shirts and formal dresses, sings a background in unison, speaks lines as a fourth actor, or makes vocal sound effects.

The form is made to order for Benét's exciting story about America—the America of Lincoln and Lee and the abolitionist fanatic John Brown, who staged his abortive raid on Harpers Ferry, one of the events leading up to the Civil War.

"Of course it's daring," says Laughton, who both directed and performed, with Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in the first production. "But it could be even more successful than Don Juan. And if it goes over, it will revolutionize theater."

"It's what we call 'panoramic theater,'" comments Gregory, the thirty-one-year-old impresario. (Gregory was once an actor, later an agent, has worked with Laughton since launching him on his Bible and classics reading tour three years ago.) "It takes you places—into Lee's tent and Lincoln's room, to Bull Run, Gettysburg and Harpers Ferry. Not having any physical scenery to compete with, the audience paints its own, building far better sets in the mind."

No actor is confined to a single part, but each speaks the lines of a number of characters, as well as the narrative itself. Massey, for instance, plays not only Lincoln, but General Lee, John Brown

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A poet's great American saga comes alive on bare stages across the country. "It will

and the Negro servant, Cudjo. Power, in the same way, speaks the lines of Jack Ellyat, the symbolic Northern soldier; and Clay Wingate, the symbolic Southerner. And Miss Anderson carries the women's parts, those of lovely Sally Dupré, naïve Melora and the strong-willed old plantation mistress.

Without visual aids, sound becomes the all-important factor, and chorus and principals toss the lines smoothly from one to the other. Judith Anderson leans forward into the mike and speaks:

"Out of his heart the chanting buildings rise . . ."
"Rivet and girder, motor and dynamo . . ." (now the lines are carried by Power.)
"Pillar of smoke by day and fire by night . . ." (and now Massey has picked it up.)

The chorus winds up the verse, and Laughton, in practice session, breaks the silence crying, "See! See! Just *see* what the power of words can do!"

The process of bringing Benét's poem to performance pitch was similar, though somewhat more complicated by the addition of song, to that of preparing Don Juan for the road. A tight little nucleus of key figures, with script-adapter and director Charles Laughton as the hub, was busy for months, in New York and in Hollywood, before the actual grinding work of rehearsals got under way.

Last spring, Gregory began setting up the tour, which is following in the well-heeled footsteps of Don Juan. Advance sales of some $188,000 were stashed away six months before the opening. Gregory had wanted to do something about John Brown's Body since hearing Benét speak when he was a boy. But when he suggested it during rehearsals of Don Juan, Laughton counseled, "One thing at a time, lad."

Laughton Edits Poem for the Stage

Between frequent splashes in a new pool at his Los Angeles home, Laughton huddled over the script, editing and cutting the poem to one sixth its 12-hour reading time without adding or changing a word.

Meanwhile Gregory got busy casting. Early this year, he met Tyrone Power at the 20th Century-Fox lot.

"The moment he suggested that I participate in John Brown's Body, there was nothing further to discuss," says Power. "I was eager to get back to the stage, and, having seen Don Juan, I knew it would be a great opportunity."

After Power was signed, Gregory went to New York to see Massey.

"I guess I had been kind of envious when I'd heard that Ty was signed for John Brown's Body," recalls Massey, a gentle, Lincolnesque figure. "So when Gregory offered me a part, I accepted immediately, even though I had no idea how they were going to do it."

The feminine role was the hardest to cast, but Laughton gave Gregory a hand.

"Charles and I were together in Salome at the Columbia studio," Miss Anderson recalls. "We talked about Don Juan, and this young man Gregory, who had the imagination and the audacity to give us pure theater with no trappings of costume and scenery. Charles talked, too, of John Brown's Body, and I found myself wishing there were something in it for me. The first thing I knew, I was in."

For weeks composer Walter Schumann listened while Laughton read the edited script, then spent sequestered days in his home in the San Fernando

Laughton (above) introduces Power and producer Gregory to script he edited, sits by as Judith Anderson (below, on sofa) is coached on Southern accent. At left, he shows effect of rehearsal grind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionize theater," says director Charles Laughton

Valley trying to work out the sort of musical accompaniment that would fit the heroic tale.

What resulted was not background music, but a chorus with a folk-song quality that carries the dramatic action forward as it did in the ancient Greek theater.

Auditions for chorus members started during the summer and attracted every imaginable type of singer. Laughton, unusually sensitive to other people's nervousness, suffered through every audition. Finally, an appropriately robust, handsome and talented chorus was selected.

Final Rehearsals Perfect the Music

After endless informal practice sessions, they settled down to final rehearsals in the Musicians Union auditorium on Hollywood's Vine Street. Laughton managed to be everywhere at once. Working over every word, every inflection of the script, he nevertheless was able to keep track of everything going on in the room. When a principal was missing he would fill in himself, sometimes as a vain Southern belle preening herself before a mirror or floating gracefully about the stage in a dainty waltz. Laughton's enthusiasm was picked up by the three principals, who became ever more excited about the project as they heard words and music put together.

Director Laughton put particular pains into an attempt to create a new, more dynamic Tyrone Power. Audiences who have seen the new Power feel that Laughton has succeeded.

"As actors," says Power, "we try to subordinate ourselves to this great document."

As the new presentation works its way across the country, it promises to put the clincher on Gregory's and Laughton's belief that country-wide audiences deserve something better than Broadway hand-me-downs. They are now working on a third presentation, a dramatization of the climactic court-martial scene from Herman Wouk's best-selling novel of naval life, The Caine Mutiny, in which John Hodiak and Dana Andrews are slated to appear. All three productions should bear out their theory that recitation, properly polished and presented by fine actors, can provide as much excitement in the theater as a full-dress production embellished with scenery, costumes and dancing girls. Perhaps more. ▲▲▲

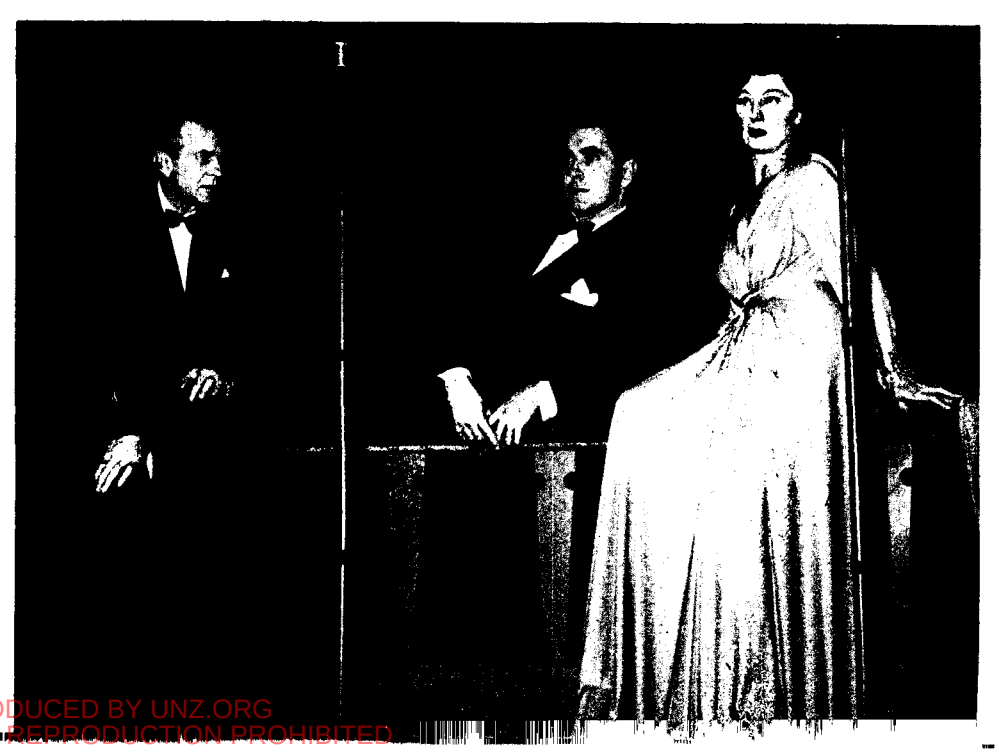
RITA YULSMAN

The big two: Laughton and producer Paul Gregory

At choir practice session, composer Walter Schumann works the chorus into spirit of his dramatic score. Below, words meet music for first time as principals hear their combined effect

Hearing folk tune written for show by Schumann (right), Laughton is moved to tears by interpretation of singer Terry Lee. Below, Massey, Power and Miss Anderson assemble at "acting rail" for opening of John Brown's Body

JOHN FLOREA



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAROLINA HERB WOMAN

By JOHN MALONEY

The herbs and pollens Lula Miller collects are used for everything from medication to flavoring. She knows the names of every type of plant life in the Blue Ridge Mountains

FROM Indian summer until the first snow down in Kite Hollow, in Caldwell County, North Carolina, Mrs. Lula Miller doesn't get much chance to sit and pass the time of day. She's too busy digging for sassafras root, stripping pine trees for bark or shaking the yellow grains of pollen from wild aster and goldenrod blooms. And she sells the sneeze-producing dust for more by the gram than gold currently is worth. Truly, thar's gold in them Blue Ridge hills.

Mrs. Miller is recognized as an expert in her field. Now forty-seven, she is one of the most prolific herb gatherers in the South—where a great bulk of U.S. herbs are collected. She has been searching out roots, seeds, barks, berries and pollens since she was a child of ten up in the mountains behind Blowing Rock. And she has been known to stump botanists of international reputation, for she knows the names of every weed, grass, shrub, flower or tree in the Appalachian range.

"At sunsets I kin stand atop these mountings an' think how full they are of God's own medicaments," Mrs. Miller says. "You kin see why these pore folks down here ain't always ailin', like city folks is."

Some of this lore Lula Miller learned from her father, who made a name for himself as an herb doctor in this region 60 years ago. (There still are a few herb doctors in the South, amateur practitioners who gather their own medicines.) Some she learned from the Greer Drug Company, Inc., of Lenoir, North Carolina, one of the South's largest dealers in medicinal herbs and roots. Greer buys what Mrs. Miller gathers. The pollens she collects are used for allergy tests and treatments by specialists, clinics and hospitals throughout the United States and many foreign countries. Barks, roots, herbs and leaves—all known to the trade as botanicals—go into patent remedies, medicines compounded by leading pharmaceutical companies, cough sirups, hair tonics, soft drinks and flavorings.

When the Greer Company gets an order for herbs or pollens not already in stock, they generally contact Mrs. Miller at once, for she knows the mountains, valleys and swampy areas where various plants grow for miles in every direction out of Kite Hollow. She then sets out with her husband, Toy, or any one of the four oldest of her seven children—Hayes, 24, Linnie, 23, Annie Lee, 13, Billie, 9, Mary Belle, 6, Martha, 3 and Joseph, one—to fill the order. Until a few years ago she climbed trees to gather the flowering bough tips herself. Now her children do the climbing. But Mrs. Miller frequently walks five or six miles up thickly grown hollows and returns with a backpack of herbs, and with her arms loaded as well.

Some time ago she was out gathering hackmatack berries, from which oil of juniper is distilled. In the dense underbrush she came face to face with a full-grown black bear. "Shore I was scared," she says, "but I jest stared and stared until he got tired of lookin' at me, and slunk away. If'n it'd been a polecat, I'd of fainted. I dearly hate them critters."

During summer months these mountains are

Herb gatherer Lula Miller pauses with some wild asters and pokeberries. An ounce of the aster pollen is worth around 90 dollars

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At any man's doorway...this Christmas...
a special welcome awaits the gift package
that holds what he'd rather get...

AMERICA'S FAVORITE
GIFT WHISKEY

Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Designed for Skiing comfort and action
Duofold
2 layer
SKI UNDERWEAR
IN SUN VALLEY RED
TINY INTERLOCKING STITCHES
COTTON INNER LAYER FOR COMFORT
WOOL IN OUTER LAYER FOR WARMTH
NO WOOL ITCH
TWO THIN LAYERS WITH INSULATING AIR SPACE BETWEEN

Swoop down slopes free as a bird . . . unfettered by old-fashioned "heavies." Stay warm outdoors . . . comfortable indoors, in the undergarment *designed* for skiing— 2-layer DUOFOLD! The layer next to your skin is soft, fleecy cotton—it *can't* itch, ever. The outer layer contains protective wool for warmth. Duofold actually insulates against cold, gives you warmth without the weight of bulkier, single-layer garments!

★ ~~U.S.A.~~ ★ Selected for use by the United States Olympic Ski Teams (Men's and Women's) for the 1952 Olympic Games. Year after year, Duofold is the choice of top-notch skiers everywhere.

In Sun Valley Red **or White** smartly styled to flatter the figure—for men, women and boys. Shrink resistant fabric—launders easily. Ask for Duofold at better stores everywhere or send coupon below for free fabric sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Duofold Inc., Dept. B-63, Mohawk, N. Y.

Please send me free sample swatch of Duofold fabric, details on Duofold Ski Underwear and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Synthetic drugs have made inroads, but herbs remain the basis

hosts to prolific swarms of rattlesnakes and copperheads, as well as many harmless species of snakes. Knowing that Mrs. Miller frequently goes barefoot when she's out on gathering trips, I asked her if she'd ever been bitten or had close encounters with the crawling critters.

"I guess the Lord must know I'm a'gittin' medicine fer sick folks," she said. "Them snakes allus lets me be, and I don't mess with them none. I jest look where I'm a'steppin'."

Sense of Smell Is Important

To Mrs. Miller, every herb and plant in the woods has a distinctive smell. She can walk or ride horseback into almost inaccessible regions and locate patches of plants she's hunting simply by odors that would be completely imperceptible to amateurs. Her children are only slightly less gifted in this way, for she has taken them with her on herb hunts since they were so small they had to be toted most of the way.

Although most everyone in the region gathers herbs to some extent during the year, Mrs. Miller keeps at it in all four seasons. There's something for her to be harvesting every month. In the spring she starts with pollen—from flowering maple, poplar, willow and sycamore trees, and roots from the lords-and-ladies plant (as these people call the jack-in-the-pulpit) and lady's-slipper, tender young catnip shoots (used in a tea for anemic infants) and buds from black willows. Summers bring cash income from star grass roots, deer's tongue leaves (a flavoring for tobacco), water lilies, skunk cabbage roots, queen's-delight and scores of other raw medicinal ingredients.

In the fall Mrs. Miller and most of her family work in the fields and mountain clearings from the time dew is off until late afternoon. Though that's hayfever season for many folks, it's bonanza time for the Millers. They're out all day carrying dishpans covered with fragments of old window curtains. Working in patches of ragweed, goldenrod and pigweed, they break off the flowery tops and shake them over the cloth-covered pans, straining out trash and insects while the golden pollen sifts through. Mrs. Miller and her oldest son, Hayes, at times collect eight to ten ounces of ragweed or pigweed pollen in one day. At several dollars per ounce, their day's collection is not to be sneezed at—especially by the allergy-free Millers.

During late fall and early winter, Mrs. Miller and her sons collect bark and roots. Bark peeled from sassafras roots goes into as many as 20 medicines and soft drinks, including cough sirups and root beer. Ginseng roots—of none but superstitious medicinal value—sell for $12.50 a pound, mainly to be shipped to China. (There's a slow market in ginseng today, but from Lenoir it's shipped to Hong Kong, where the British take over.)

The winter harvest also includes sumac berries and sumac root bark, wild-cherry bark (a cough sirup ingredient), devil's-shoestrings root (used in nerve medicines), balm-of-Gilead buds, Sampson snakeroot and—the biggest cash crop of all—the inner bark of the white pine that grows so prolifically in this rugged country and which is extensively used in cough medicines. Last winter Mrs. Miller and son Hayes walked 11 miles back into the mountains where a stand of white pine was being felled for sawing. In five days—during which time they camped and slept under an overhanging ledge of rock—they peeled and packed out enough bark to bring them $250. The lumbermen were glad to give a hand in off hours to get rid of the bark, anyway.

In her wanderings through the mountains, Mrs. Miller sometimes goes up to the crest of the Blue Ridge range, and frequently ventures alone into deep forests where none but occasional wild boar, deer or bear hunters go. I asked her if she'd ever been lost.

"I can't rightly say I was ever lost," she said. "But they's been times when I was a right smart confused. Then I jest followed streams, or sometimes even a bear trail, till I come out on open clearin's an' found myself."

As first taught by her father, Mrs. Miller also is expert in locating honey trees. When she finds swarms of bees feeding on poplar trees or Cherokee roses, she takes a speck of flour, sprinkles it on two or three bees, then times them on their trips to and from the nectar source and the hollow tree where they're hiving. She works closer and closer, by the flour-sprinkling method, until within two or three hours at the most she has the tree spotted.

Then she calls the boys, or her husband if he isn't off cutting railroad crossties or acid wood (another name for the oak from which tannic acid comes). They cut the tree, smoke the bees into somnolent daze, then lift out buckets of delicious honey. The honey is strained from the comb and used by the family or sold to neighbors. The comb is pressed into rough bricks and sold to the Greer Company in Lenoir, whence it finds its way into cough sirup or is processed as beeswax.

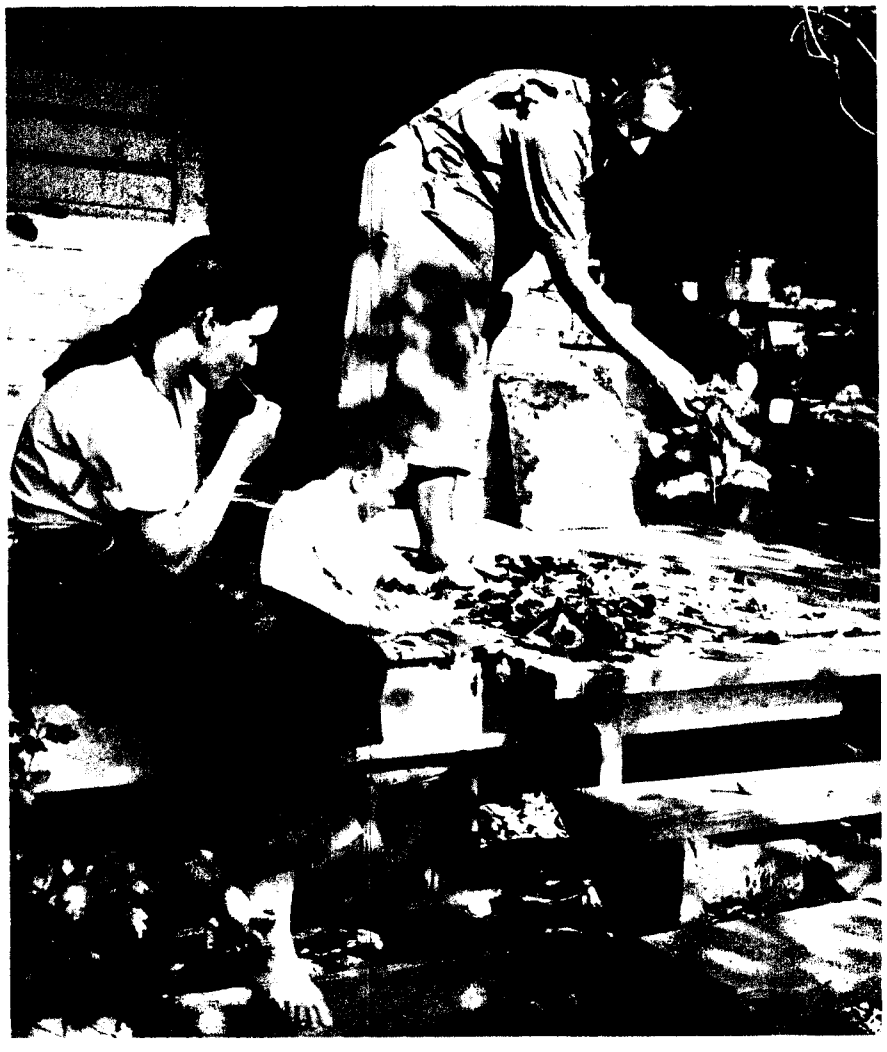
As I walked with her along Indian Grave Trail, leading out of Kite Hollow to Clover Hill, where she was gathering ironweed roots, Mrs. Miller looked around at the profusion of wild fall flowers and foliage, then just beginning to reflect autumn. Like most mountain women, she is deeply religious. "Sometimes," she said, "I think these mounting flowers is so purty God should of put a soul in them. I hear them preachin', even when I'm the onliest person around to listen."

Nine-year-old Billie was with us, and he was insistent that I notice his new overalls. "He's done shook enough pollen this summer to pay fer all his school clothes," his mother said proudly.

She Has Enough Book Learnin'

Mrs. Miller complains that nine months are too many to keep young children in school. "When I wuz a girl," she said, "I stayed in school three months. Only when Pa needed me fer plowin' or gatherin' corn, I stayed out to help. I didn't go up very far in learnin', but I reckon I got all I need to know fer the work I do."

The medicinal plants collected by Mrs. Miller and other herb gatherers have purely local names that would never be recognized by many schooled botanists. Thus, Mrs. Miller knows bearberry as kinnikinnick, mountain



With her daughter-in-law and youngest son watching, Mrs. Miller lays witch hazel and sourwood leaves out to dry on the porch of her home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...r many medicines man cannot reproduce

At the Greer Drug Company, Mrs. Elizabeth White—granddaughter of the founder—rids ragweed pollen of impurities by pouring it through sieve

ash as missey-moosey or life-of-man. Ground ivy to these people is creeping Charlie or robin runaway, and even the common dandelion is sometimes locally called Irish daisy or doon-head-clock. The graceful purple trillium, harbinger of spring in these mountains, is called daffydowndilly—why, no one could tell me.

Since pollen is sold by the gram, the Millers welcome the seasons when maple and willow trees are in bloom, for their pollen is heaviest of all they collect. In value, however, Bermuda grass pollen tops all others; it's worth roughly three times its weight in gold dust. The price is high because it's extremely difficult to collect; the blossoms are very small. But there's a steady demand for it.

Mrs. Miller collects pollens and herbs from practically everything that grows around her in Kite Hollow. She lets ragweed, Jerusalem oak, Jimson weed and cockleburs sprout up where they will in her yard. To her they're not weeds but money. Mixed with vegetables and weeds in her garden are Chinese asters, marigolds, dahlias, four-o'clocks, and field daisies, all of which she shakes for pollen.

Her front yard is shaded by privet, mulberry, shrubs and willow trees, and all of them at times contribute to the Millers' income. "I stripped that there privet of ever' leaf on hit last year, an' didn't hurt hit one bit," she told me.

But that isn't all her yard produces. It's crowded with a colorful collection of children of assorted ages from one year up, Bantam chickens with four or five broods of biddies, one duck and one guinea hen, two turkeys, two pups, too many cats and kittens to count, one cow and, most popular of all, a half-grown billy goat that follows young Billie around like a devoted dog.

At times the menagerie brings a cash income, too, without being bodily sold. For example, she frequently gets orders for "dander," as the trade knows dandruff. The dogs, chickens, cow and goat—and sometimes the cats—are clipped for the dander which clings to their hair or feathers. Both feathers and animal hair are used in allergy tests. Animals and fowl find shelter in an abandoned school-bus body permanently parked in one corner of the yard, although they all—including the goat—have access to the house at will.

Supplying World-Wide Markets

At the huge warehouse in Lenoir, where Lula Miller and her family go two or three times weekly to sell their herbs and pollen, a delicious spicy odor comes from the tons of baled medicines-in-the-raw awaiting shipment to American pharmaceutical houses, and to England, France, Belgium, Germany and Scandinavia, even to China and Australia. The firm buys 150 different herbs, barks and leaves found throughout the South, and deals in 250 kinds of pollen gathered by several hundred collectors in 12 states and Canada.

"Synthetic drugs," says a company spokesman, "have made inroads into the raw-herb business, but there still are many things in nature that science cannot reproduce to the satisfaction of the medical profession. Mrs. Miller will be kept busy as long as she can go into the woods and collect her barks, leaves and pollens."

Pollens have necessarily had quite an effect on the Millers, one way or another. When Billie Miller was seven years old, his mother recalled, the day I left the mountains, she was trying to explain life's cycle by using pollination as an example, rather than the conventional birds and bees. They were invited to a neighborhood wedding, and after the vows were concluded the groom took the bride in his arms and fervently kissed her.

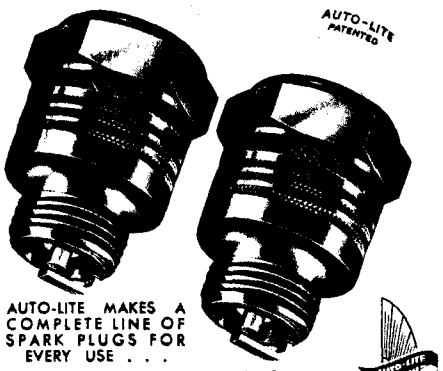
Billie's eyes glowed with understanding. "Look, Ma," he exclaimed, "ain't he pollinatin' her?" ▲▲▲

"Am I... really Jimmy Durante?"

(SEE ANSWER BELOW)

Spark plugs also look alike but AUTO-LITE gives SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE ...QUICK STARTS

AUTO-LITE Resistor



OF COURSE, there's only one Schnozzola but even the great Durante can have a look-alike, just as spark plugs have look-alikes. But don't be fooled by appearances. For smoother performance and quick starts, replace old, worn-out spark plugs with world-famous Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

If you thought the man shown above was Jimmy Durante, you were wrong. He's Lou Henry, 1026 West Pine Street, Santa Ana, California, who is frequently confused with Jimmy. But you'll be right when you ask your dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—specified as original equipment on many leading makes of our finest cars and trucks. Remember, "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

AUTO-LITE MAKES A COMPLETE LINE OF SPARK PLUGS FOR EVERY USE . . .

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

See and Hear **JIMMY DURANTE**
Star of
NBC-TV ALL-STAR REVUE
December 13

Phone Western Union . . . ask for "Operator 25" . . . she'll give you the name of your nearby Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer. There is no charge for this service.

"IGNITION ENGINEERED"

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

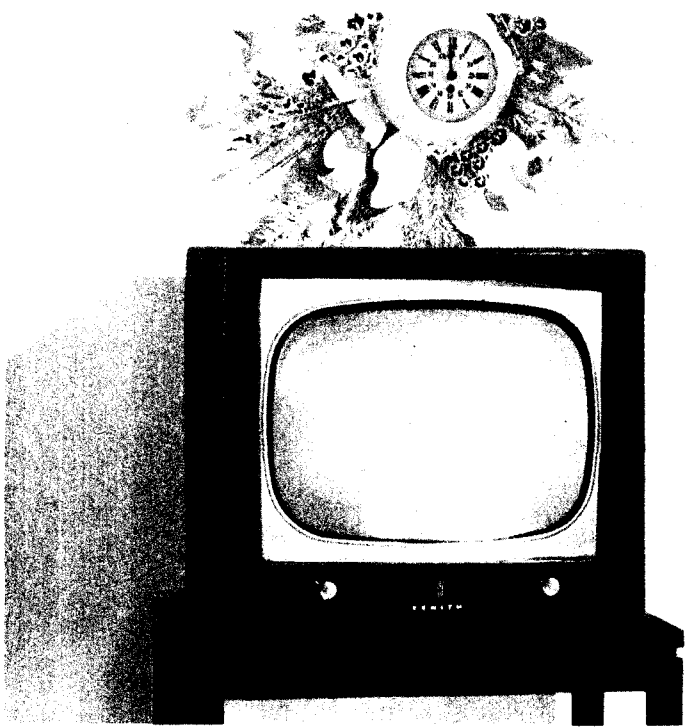
Tune in "Suspense!"—Mondays on Radio, Tuesdays on TV. See your newspaper for time and station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

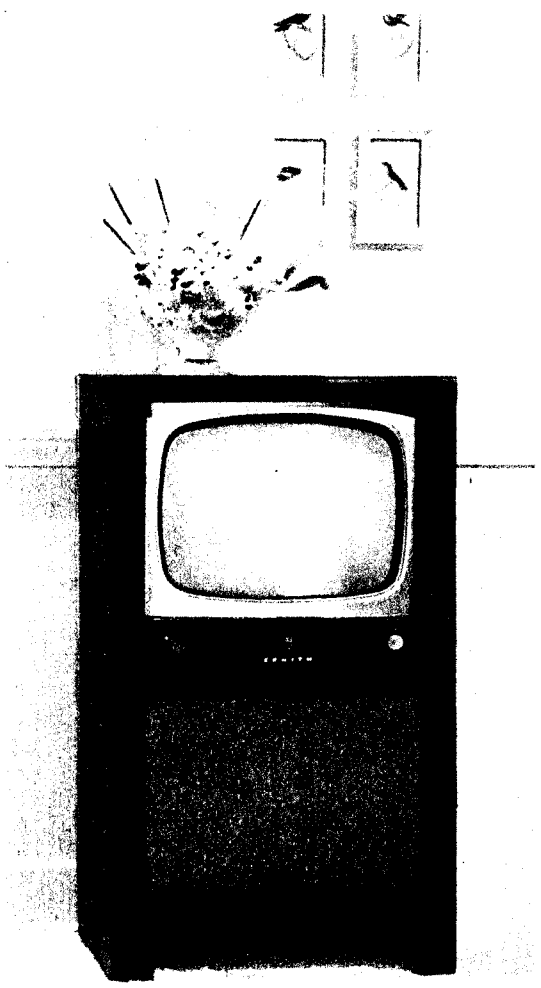
Give your family a Zenith

The **TUDOR**—17" Screen
Table Model K1812R. $199.95*

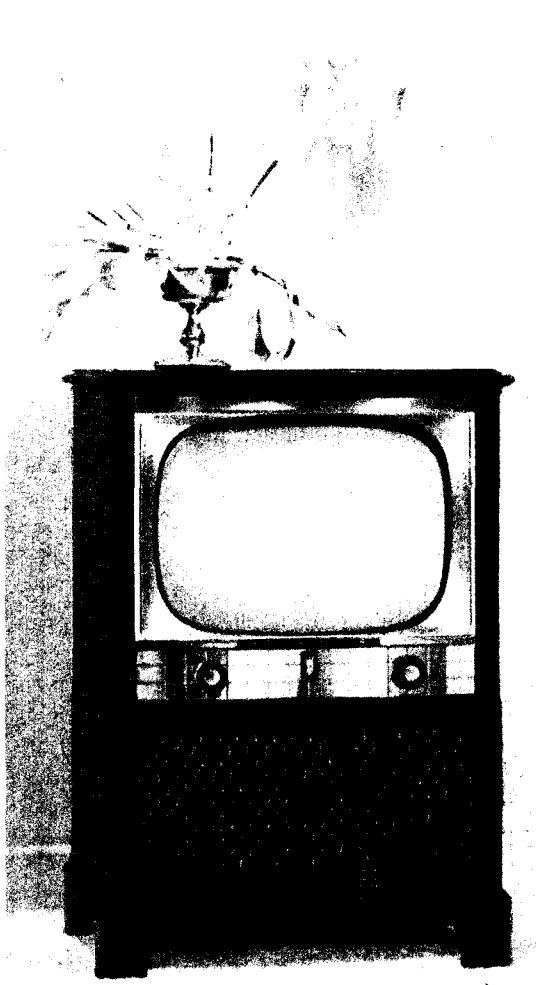
The **NORFOLK**—17" Screen
Table Model K1820R. $239.95*



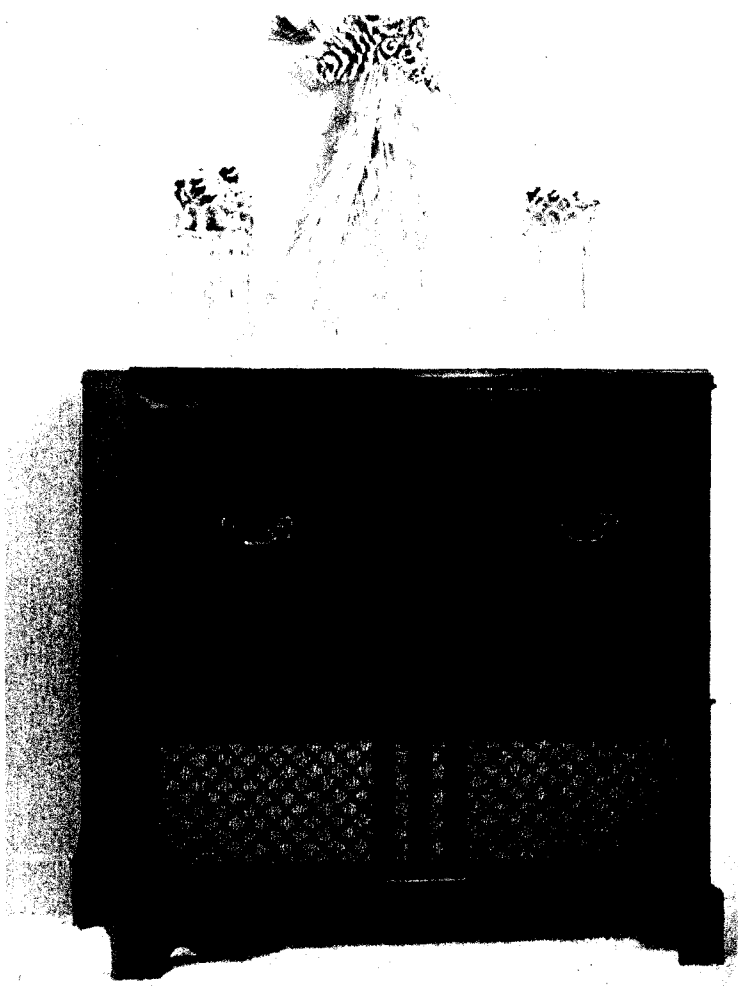
The **GRENVILLE**—21" Screen
Table Model K2229R. $269.95*



The **STAFFORD**—17" Screen
Console Model K1846R. $279.95*



The **MARLBOROUGH**—21" Screen
Console Model K2260R. $389.95*



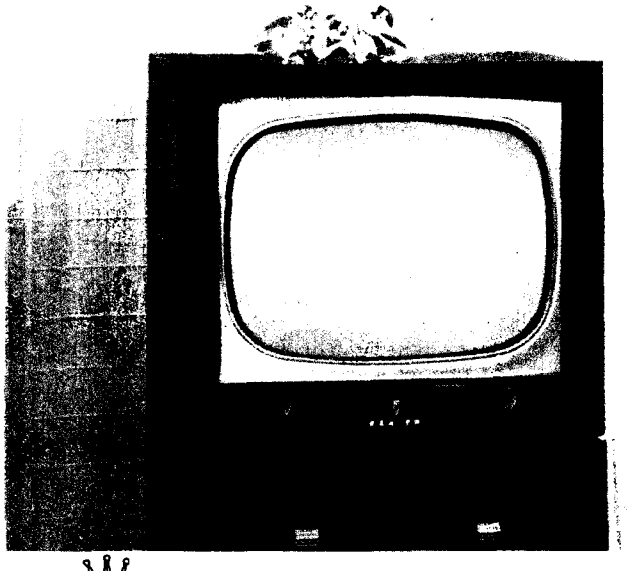
The **SUTHERLAND**—17" Screen
Combination Model K1880R.
AM and FM Radio, Cobra-Matic® Record Changer. $469.95*

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices shown include Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tube Warranty. Slightly higher in far South and West Coast.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quality Christmas

...and you will have many Happy New Years!



The **INVERNESS**—21" Screen
Table Model K2235R
less matching base. $289.95*

Memo to Father: *Your family* will get more enjoyment out of a new 1953 Zenith Television Receiver than anything else you can give.

Confidentially, you will too. You'll enjoy clearer close-ups of sport events with a big seventeen, twenty-one or twenty-seven inch Zenith picture. And you'll find reception of movies vastly improved by Zenith Quality TV.

When you visit your Zenith dealer you'll notice Zenith pictures are so fine grain you can watch in perfect comfort from a few feet away or across the room.

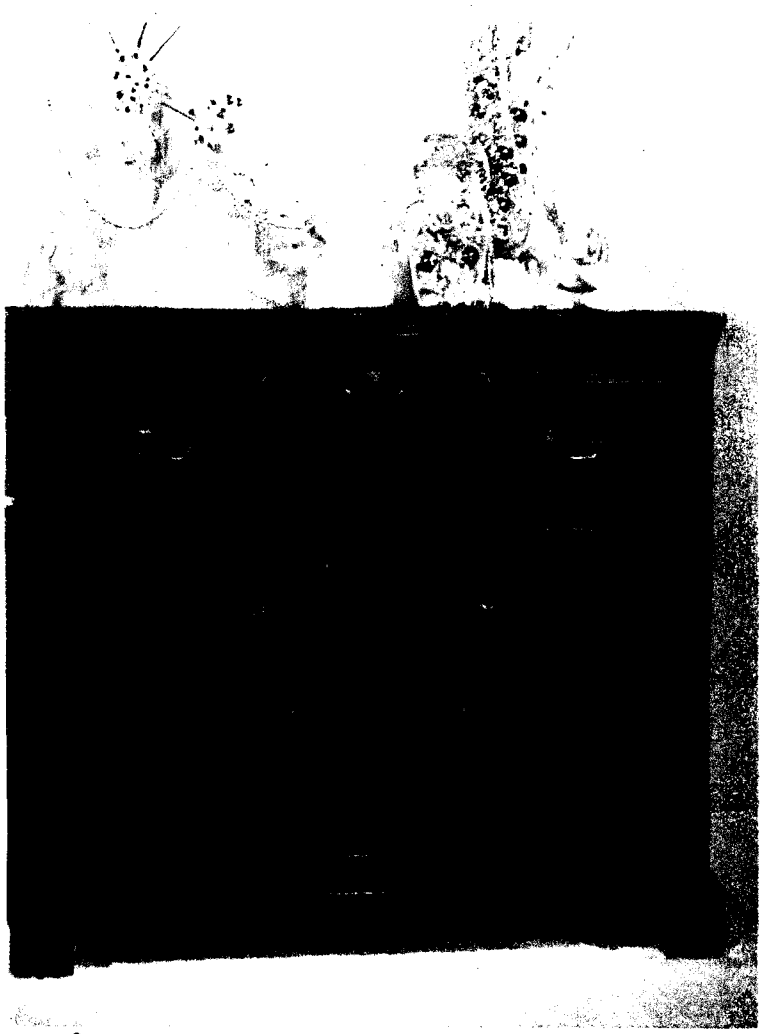
You'll find tuning a new Zenith is as easy as "push-button" radio. Turn one knob and "click"—your picture's really in true focus, your sound perfect. (Actually, you can tune a 1953 Zenith Television Receiver *blindfolded!)*

The new UHF stations? Ask your dealer to show you how addition of inexpensive UHF channel strips prepare your new Zenith TV (or any ever sold) for Ultra High Frequency telecasts.

Possibly you think you live too far out to enjoy television. Lots of people thought so until they saw the way the new Zenith brings in pictures where others won't. (Your dealer will know.)

There is more to the Zenith Quality TV story. There are special things—like the "Lazy Bones" Remote Control that lets you select stations without leaving your easy chair. Or "Private Phone" TV Earphones for individual listening. They are optional features that add a little to the cost. But if you need them or want them, they can add immeasurably to your enjoyment of television.

One word of advice: when you're ready to choose a particular cabinet for your home, bring the Mrs. along. She will know instinctively which one of the beautifully styled Zenith Receivers is a natural match for your furnishings.



The **BALMORAL**—21" Screen
Combination Model K2290R. AM and FM Radio, Cobra-Matic® Record Changer, 12-inch speaker, Radiorgan® tone control. $750*

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois
Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively

Also Makers of Zenith "Royal," "Super Royal" and "Regent" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

COPR. 1952

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Jallin stared anxiously. Neither man was looking at him. Their gun hands were rigid

Killer's Masquerade

By ROBERT SHECKLEY

AT FIRST, Walter Jallin thought it was the wind that had wakened him. He lay in bed, staring toward the window. He could hear the blind flapping against the frame.

Twisting his neck slightly, Jallin could see the luminous dial of the alarm clock beside the bed. It read three twenty. He grunted and rolled over. Too soon he would have to get up and start the morning chores, he thought hazily.

Then he heard the noise again.

Wide awake now, he sat upright in bed, a sturdy, heavy-shouldered man. The faint sound was unmistakable; someone was walking around downstairs. Jallin rolled noiselessly out of bed.

He got into his pants and tightened the belt firmly around his wide stomach, listening all the time. He was alone in the farmhouse. His wife had stayed behind to oversee the moving of the living-room furniture—antiques which she had inherited from her family and which she had protected fiercely, awaiting the day when she and Jallin would have a farm of their own.

As he padded silently across the floor, Jallin considered possibilities. Certainly his new neighbors would not be calling at this hour—not even as a joke. Only a thief would be sneaking into a lonely farmhouse two miles from the main road.

Jallin took the single-barreled shotgun from the corner where he had left it. Groping his way to the bureau, he found the paper cartridges in a top drawer. He slipped one into the shotgun, put it on half cock, and released the safety. Then he started for the stairs.

His bare feet made no sound; he moved downstairs slowly, like a great cat. About halfway down he stopped and listened again. The noise was very faint now; by straining he could just barely catch a scuffling sound. The thief must be wondering where everything is, Jallin thought, and smiled in the darkness. There was nothing in the living room to steal—or, for that matter, to hide behind.

The staircase faced the front door, and the living room was at right angles to it. Jallin stopped on the last step. He shifted the gun into a firing position. His plan was to turn on the switch at the bottom of the stairs, step into the living room, and fire. It seemed the best way to handle a thief.

Setting the shotgun at full cock, he flipped the hall switch and stepped into the living room.

He didn't shoot, because he didn't know which man to shoot first.

The two men were at opposite corners of the living room. Both had revolvers, both had turned and faced him when he had stepped through the doorway. Jallin's shotgun wavered between the two. The strangers glanced at Jallin, then faced each other again. Their revolvers were poised.

"Drop it," the man nearest the door said. He wore a brown gabardine suit. His eyes never wavered from the man at the other end of the room.

"What the hell is this?" Jallin asked, his shotgun gripped firmly.

"Drop yours," the man beside the window said.

"Who are you?" Jallin asked both of them.

"Don't you read the papers, mister?" the man in the brown suit said. "That guy is Richard Burns. I'm from the county sheriff's office."

Jallin blinked. He remembered reading something in the evening paper about a man named Burns who was wanted by the police. It was something about a bank robbery and a couple of murders. He started to swing his shotgun around, when the man by the window spoke sharply:

"Don't be a fool! Don't you recognize that man's face? You should. It's plastered over every newspaper in the country. He's Richard Burns."

Jallin hesitated. He stared anxiously, first at the one, then the other. Neither man was looking at him. Their bodies were tense, their gun hands rigid. One would open fire if the other blinked.

"Now hold everything," Jallin said nervously, looking back and forth at the two men. Which was Burns? He had seen the newspapers, had even been vaguely aware of a picture on the front page. But to save his life he couldn't remember what the picture looked like. And there was only one cartridge in his shotgun.

Suddenly, Jallin knew *he* was the reason they were waiting! They knew he would shoot the man who shot first. He looked the men over again.

Both were tall. The man by the door was almost handsome; his hair was blond and slightly curly. His brown suit looked new. The man by the window, wearing a blue suit, had wide shoulders. His features were strong and rugged. He had dark brown hair, parted on one side. Neither man looked especially like a cop, or like a killer.

"I've warned you," the man in the blue suit said through tight lips. "That man is a cold-blooded killer. You'd better—"

"Better what, *Burns?*" the man in brown answered.

"Just a minute," Jallin said hoarsely. He had never felt so helpless. He knew that the end of the deadlock depended on him—and if he guessed wrong he'd never have a chance to guess again.

"Listen," the rough-featured man in the blue suit said. "If you want proof, I've got my badge pinned inside my coat. Take a look."

Jallin started to walk forward, but the other man barked, "Stop!" Jallin stopped. "Are you an idiot? When you get in front of him, he'll be able to shoot us both. The only thing he's got pinned inside his coat is a shoulder holster."

There wasn't much time left. The tension was so great they wouldn't hold their fire much longer.

"How'd you get here?" Jallin asked, sparring for time.

"We drove up," the man in the blue suit said. "All routes out of the city were covered, and—"

"And," the man in brown continued, "I was covering the one he took. I chased him. He saw I was overtaking him and he turned—"

"—into the road that leads to your farm," the man in blue said. "It was a dead end. I followed him inside, into this room."

"He should have gotten me when I came in after him," the man in brown by the door said. "But he was looking for something to hide behind."

Jallin tried to watch both of them. It couldn't go on like this. Someone had to make a move—and he still didn't know which one to shoot at.

"You should have waited a minute more," the man in brown said to Jallin. "No problem then; someone would have already gotten it."

"That's right," the man by the window said.

At that moment Jallin felt a change in the attitudes of the two men. Time had run out. They were going to shoot. *Which man should he—*

Without any change of expression, almost without a motion, Jallin fired. At the same time, two revolver shots cracked.

Shivering uncontrollably, Jallin opened his eyes and realized that he hadn't been hit. The man in blue had been slammed over backward by the force of the shotgun's charge. He lay completely still.

THE man in the brown suit put his revolver in his pocket and started to unbutton his coat with his left hand. There was a smear of blood high on his right shoulder. Inside the coat Jallin could see the gleam of a badge.

"Nice guesswork," the detective said.

"No guesswork," Jallin muttered, laying the shotgun carefully on the floor. "I figured it out."

"How?" the detective asked.

"I figured," Jallin began slowly, "he must have been Burns. He was at the far end of the room, so he must have come in first."

"Nice work," the detective said in an odd voice. "But just for the record I want to tell you that your reasoning was wrong."

Jallin stared at him.

"Strange as it may sound, we city boys don't expect to find front doors unlocked. Burns went in through the window. I came in after him. He could have got me then, if he hadn't been looking for something to duck behind. Anyhow, we circled the room. I didn't want to fire first—if I missed, the flash would have given me away. Burns figured it the same way. When you turned on the lights, we had made a half circuit, looking for something to hide behind." The detective smiled wearily.

"The light stopped us, of course. But what I'm saying is, if you'd turned on that light a few seconds earlier—or later—I would have been back by the window, where I was at first."

Jallin sucked in his breath. "Well," he said. "I sure had to shoot someone." ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUT YOURSELF HERE ...AND UNSQUINT

From Maine to Mt. Rainier, snow country is pretty, but driving through it can be hard on the eyes.

But not behind this *shaded* windshield of E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass. Light blue-green in color, it eases the eyestrain of snow glare. The deeper-toned blue-green shading at the top reduces sky brightness and relieves you from squinting. And with E-Z-Eye in all the windows of your car, the interior will stay a lot cooler in summer. 69% of the hot sun rays are screened out. What a big relief that is!

With E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass in all windows as well as your windshield, every passenger enjoys maximum comfort. So to make driving more pleasant with less eyestrain and more alertness at the wheel, choose E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass when you buy a new car. Costs very little extra and notice how smart it looks! Made by Libbey·Owens·Ford, E-Z-Eye can be had in all General Motors cars.

LIBBEY OWENS FORD SAFETY GLASS
Authorized Replacement Service

Look for this sign when you need Safety Glass

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE

WITH THE SHADED WINDSHIELD

LOF GLASS PLASKON FIBER-GLASS

Reduces glare and heat
Less Eyestrain—More Comfort

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., TOLEDO 3, OHIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord and Lady

Irene was very much aware of his presence in the house. At times it seemed to her he was lord and master there. She had to admit that she hated him for never being—as she so often was—lonely

By ELVA WILLIAMS

IRENE CHICKERING let the lid on her left, and bluer, eye droop and tried not to look surprised. This trick always worked with the children. "Do you smoke?" she asked.

"Inveterately, madam," he answered promptly.

Naturally he smoked. Why shouldn't he?

"Do you drink?"

"I can rarely afford it, madam."

Another impasse. He stood with a rather exaggerated deference and a fixed gaze, like a soldier on dress parade. She read again the slip he had brought from Miss Elkins' Employment Agency: *George Ellery Fitzhugh Bates,* Miss Elkins had written. *English. His passport says forty-five. All his papers are in order. He's an earl of something or other, but don't under any circumstances mention it to him. He considers his title a drawback, naturally.*

Naturally. Then why had Miss Elkins sent him to her, Irene wondered. She decided to assert herself. She raised her eyes to him, the left one larger and bluer than the right. People had always found those unmatched eyes her most alluring feature.

"I've always had a woman in the kitchen," she said. "For twelve years there was a Finnish woman. She left soon after my husband died. Frankly, I think she preferred to work in a house with a man in it." So as not to appear to be merely chatting, she adopted a severer tone. "So you see, I'm not accustomed to having a man. It's very unusual for an Englishman to adopt the profession of a chef, isn't it? Cuisine isn't generally considered the greatest of the English talents, is it?"

"My grandmother was a Frenchwoman, madam. In my case, one might call it an ancestral memory."

"I see," she said, though she did not see at all. "Miss Elkins hasn't listed former employers. You've not worked before in San Francisco?"

"No, madam. This will be my first place in San Francisco." He took it for granted then that she would engage him.

"To be quite candid," she said, "it is most unusual for a man of your—background—shall we say, to be working as a chef."

"I haven't gone into the psychology of it, madam. I dare say years of war and an austerity diet has made us English abnormally interested in food."

"Look," she said earnestly, "let us suppose I found the stove dirty. How could I rebuke you? A man of your birth? How could I ask you to clean a stove?"

"But, madam, I assure you the stove will never be dirty. So that answers that, does it not?" It was plain he was eager for the job.

"I have a Filipino couple as maid and butler," she said, implying that he would be expected to take his meals with them. His right eyebrow rose, and he said, "And why not?"

"My children, a boy and a girl in their teens, are at school in the East. They will be home at the beginning of summer, and we'll be full of guests."

"Miss Elkins led me to believe you were a much older woman, madam."

She was quick to see an advantage in that. "By that you mean you thought the place wouldn't be so difficult?"

"On the contrary, madam. It is work I want, not just elderly suppers of toast and tea and a coddled egg."

Under his impersonal gaze she was cowed. She hired him, though she knew it was a failure of nerve on her part.

"And what shall I call you?" she asked.

"Bates, madam."

"All right, Bates. Suppose we try it for two weeks anyway."

The refrigerator began to sing a little. The music stopped abruptly then, and in a moment he was in the door. She was caught

THE row of cookbooks he unpacked and lined up on a shelf in the kitchen told her that he was far from being a master in his profession, for she was no mean cook herself. Her mother and grandmother had seen to that. At twelve she could bake the family's bread. Wouldn't that character in the kitchen be astonished if he knew what she had learned to do with oxtail in those days before they had been able to afford sirloin?

Bates's books ranged from the Boston Cookbook to a smelly old French one that looked like a cross between a book of prescriptions and a treatise on botany. For a week or so everything was Mornay. She suspected that was the only sauce in his repertoire—so far—because it was plain by now that he was learning, and on her time. Bit by bit she found out that he had attended the evening classes of a fashionable cooking school in New York, acting as a butler meanwhile. But it had proved embarrassing all around, he told her.

"I knew too many friends of my employers. They could never decide whether to hand me their wraps or shake my hand," he told her guilelessly, dead-pan. "You can see that wouldn't do at all."

Indeed she could. She herself was wavering between a sense of being manipulated and a creative interest in his progress. What he did, he did superlatively well—beef Stroganoff, he had mastered, and sauces for fish. It was impossible to get anything simple from him, like a plain beefsteak. He always overdid egg dishes too, as if he felt a compulsion to dress them up with cheese or capers or truffles.

Much to her surprise, however, there was now a new quietude in the kitchen. Formerly, around five in the afternoon there had been the noise of the radio and arguments between Lorenzo and his wife Filomena. Now Lorenzo sat at the kitchen

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep Office Records SAFE with B&P

No-Tear®

Loose-leaf Sheets

TOUGH MUSLIN STRIP "welded" to paper won't tear out at the holes even after long, hard use. Prevents loss of valuable records.

SAVES TIME retyping and replacing torn or missing ring book sheets.

SAVES SPACE. 30% less bulk than patch reinforcements. NO-TEAR Sheets come in rulings and sizes for every purpose — in paper for practically every reproduction method.

See your Stationer

Free—Mail this coupon

Make the NO-TEAR Test

FOR FREE TEST SAMPLE OF B & P NO-TEAR SHEET. NO OBLIGATION.

Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

Boorum & Pease

DEPT. C-5, 84 HUDSON AVE., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

table reading about world politics, and Filomena did needlework and studied House and Garden. Bates himself, when not bent over his cookbooks, relaxed with a volume of Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. At five o'clock there was now the air of a seminar in the kitchen.

For fear that the stove was neglected and that, if she noticed it, she would have to face the embarrassment of reminding him of it, Irene felt less free to venture into the kitchen. Altogether, she was much too aware of him down there in his high, white, starched bonnet, with his *Marzipan* (he was going through a phase of that) and his pestles and the marble slab he had insisted he needed for pastry.

And she had difficulty, too, in controlling her friends when they came to dinner; they all wanted to look at him.

ONE night Millie Howard found some excuse to peek in. "But he's beautiful, your Englishman," Millie said. "In that white bonnet he looks like one of the Queen's own Grenadiers, the ones who wear those tall bearskin hats."

"I think he's betraying his class," Angus Campbell said. "He must be some kind of Communist or something."

"On the contrary," Irene said, "he has the most lavish ideas. His improvisations, he calls them."

She began having people to dinner much oftener. She never dined alone any more. It's as if I'm deliberately having people to give him practice, she thought. If there was no one else, there was always Angus. Not the least of her reasons for choosing Angus so often was that he was a man. Two women, three women, any number of women did not make up a dinner table. No one felt that more strongly than a cook, she was sure.

Angus was a nice, sandy fifty-five. And because he was unmarried, he was nearly always available. He was spectacularly neat, had an impeccable reputation, and was an agreeable filler of chairs at dinner tables; Angus was the professional odd man who played unargumentative bridge and never gossiped.

"You could do worse," Millie advised her. "He'd make an exemplary husband. They're so necessary for entertaining. And indispensable if a woman wants to travel."

And there was another reason, one that Millie didn't know: with a husband you wouldn't have to be so conscious of the opinions of your cook. The personality in the kitchen, she was finding, had the most amazing faculty for making her feel an odd lot, for making her aware of all the drawbacks of being a widow.

She fully realized that one evening while she was dressing for dinner. Angus was coming again. Facing herself in the mirror, she saw that she was looking marvelously well. The mirror always accentuated the difference between her two eyes, and the drooping lid of the left one gave her a kind of tipsy look. As Millie said, "Be grateful for it. It's quite sexy, really." She was looking so well it seemed rather a waste that the evening held nothing more exciting than just plain Angus. It was then she realized with a shock that she was putting herself through this series of boring evenings with Angus simply because she wanted the kitchen to know there was a man in her life, an eligible man at her disposal.

"Really," she thought, "I'll have to think this business through sometime soon."

For dinner that evening, Bates gave them a cup of Vichyssoise with a pinch of curry in it, and then, a most deliberate spinach, chopped fine and incredibly green, with a scent of garlic, served alone in a large silver bowl, as a course in itself.

"If he isn't a Communist," Angus said, carving his squab, "he's probably secretly gathering material for a book of some kind—ridiculing America, of course."

"A cookbook, you mean?"

"Oh, you may jest," Angus said, "but just the same, do you think it quite proper, Irene, for you to have him here?"

"Angus, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Well, I mean you're an attractive woman and all that, and it isn't as if he were average. Because of who he is, the situation takes on a peculiar complexion, you know."

Was there something of a leer in Angus' mild blue eyes? She expected Angus at any moment to suggest marriage, but for Angus, whom she'd known all her adult life, to leer!

"If your children were here, Irene—"

She laughed. "I can't very well ask the children to come home from school to chaperon me and my cook, can I? Don't worry, Angus. They'll be here at the end of May, and we'll move to the house in Sonoma and it all will be very respectable."

"Cooks as a class hate the country, you know. Perhaps he'll quit."

"Damn it, Angus, you seem to rejoice at the prospect of my having to face a summer in the country with no one in the kitchen," she said angrily. Then she subsided a little. "Not that I couldn't do the cooking myself."

Angus dropped the subject during the rest of dinner, but with the coffee he returned to it. "I had occasion to call on the British consul the other afternoon," he said. "And who do you think was having tea with him? Bates. You can imagine how awkward it was for everyone."

Two weeks later she encountered him herself. It was during the intermission at a Thursday-evening concert. She and Millie had gone into the foyer of the opera house to smoke when suddenly Millie grabbed her arm. "Look," Millie said; "there's your Grenadier." Bates was leaning against a pillar, tall and remote, smoking.

"Don't stare, Millie," she begged. "It would be nicer, don't you think, to pretend we don't see him?"

A week after that she saw him again at the Palace Hotel at lunch. She was sitting with Millie and three other women. All of them were Europe-bound for the summer. She was feeling left out because she wasn't going. Her attention slackened, and, looking up, she saw him at the door. There was no mistaking that profile, that manner. With him was a young woman, very pretty, very chic. The headwaiter led them toward a table at the side of the room. Indeed, he was insisting on that special table behind a palm. Thank goodness Millie's back was turned.

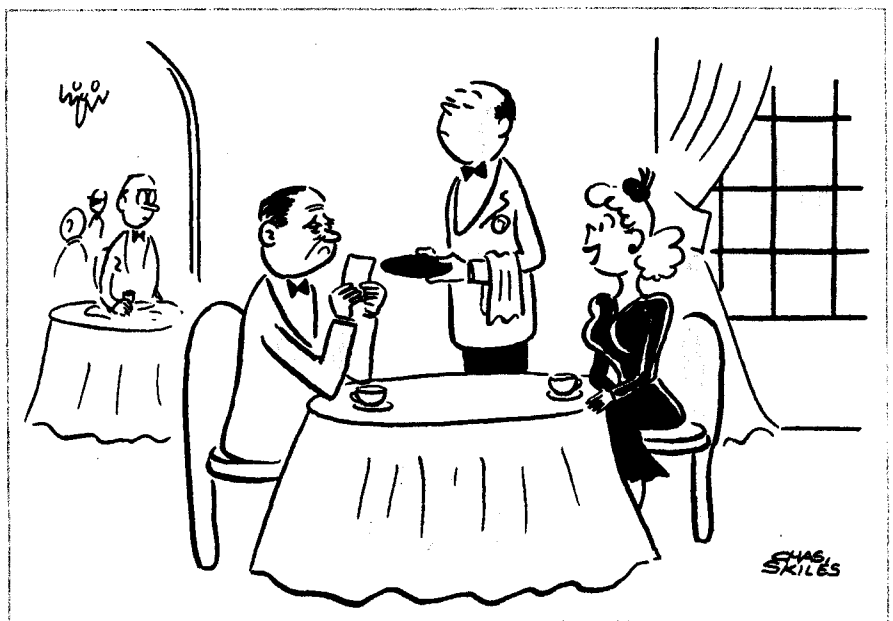
"What are you smiling to yourself about, Irene?" Millie asked.

What should she tell them? I see my cook lunching in style with a girl friend, a very good-looking girl friend. She wondered if the girl were English. Perhaps she was a cousin, or his sister. Still, a man doesn't take cousins or sisters to lunch and insist on being seated behind a palm. A man sits in the open with cousins and sisters. Irene envied them. She envied their reasons for wanting to sit half-hidden behind a palm, their absorption in each other. It was never too late for men, it seemed. He was certainly older than she, and yet there he was with that unmistakable aura of the rendezvous about him, while she sat with four friends, all of them women, in the center of the room, looking around at other tables, nodding to acquaintances, with nothing interesting to hide behind a palm.

He was on her mind all the way home. She wondered if the girl with him knew that he was, by profession, a cook. She was still thinking about him in the privacy of her bedroom. "I should have known it would be this way when I hired him," she thought. "Just too awkward for both of us."

ONLY that morning, when she had gone to the kitchen to discuss menus with him, she had found him on his knees scrubbing the floor. Not that there was anything shameful in scrubbing. She herself had scrubbed any number of floors in her time, as had her mother before her, and her grandmother, too. After all, she was the granddaughter of a gold miner whose wife had kept a boardinghouse. But it was simply too uncomfortable to know that an English earl was scrubbing your kitchen floor.

"I think, Bates, we could easily get someone to do the floors for you."



COLLIER'S "You look ill. Is it something I ate?" CHARLES SKILES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"By no means, madam. I don't touch the pantry. That is Lorenzo's province. The kitchen is mine."

"Many of my friends' cooks refuse to do the floor," she said, smiling.

The faint smile that played around his mouth accused her of being oversqueamish. "I've found that it's only when the muscles have been used, in sawing wood or scrubbing a floor, that the conscience is at peace. Like Spinoza, madam, grinding his lenses. Manual work frees the mind, curiously enough."

She understood exactly what he meant. Didn't she always look forward eagerly to mowing the lawn when she was in the country?

BUT Angus was right, she thought, pacing about her bedroom. It wouldn't work. Perhaps Angus was right, too, in supposing Bates wouldn't want to go to the country for the summer. She hoped he wouldn't; that would be a way out. She decided to broach the subject of Sonoma County to him the following morning. But at five o'clock Filomena came to tell her that Bates was in the kitchen and would like to speak to her. She went at once.

"I regret this afternoon, madam," he said. "It was my understanding that when you lunched downtown it was either at the club or at the St. Francis. It will not happen again."

"Today is your day off, Bates—to do with as you like. To lunch where you like—and with whom you like." He did not identify the young woman. Surely if she were his sister or his cousin he would say so. Did that glint in his eyes defy her to ask? How absurd!

"What do you suggest for tomorrow's dinner? We shall be eight." Why was she so continuously giving these dinners when she'd like nothing better than to dine alone, simply—one evening, anyway. Because, she supposed, she was worried about him and wanted to give him all the practice she could while she was able to hold the situation together. "But we can discuss menus in the morning. By the way, we move to the house in Sonoma for the summer at the end of the month. That's only two weeks away. If you've any objections . . ."

"Objections, madam? I'm very fond of the country."

"My children will be home, there'll be many week-end guests," she continued. "The work will be much heavier—lunches every day."

"I like work."

"Filomena and Lorenzo have each other. I warn you, you'll find it lonely."

"I'm never lonely, madam."

She hated him a little for that. "You're very fortunate then," she said curtly. "I often am."

As she turned to go, she added, "There'll be no dinner tonight, as you know. I'm going to one of those large cocktail parties that go on and on."

At the cocktail party she ate too many *canapés* before eight o'clock, and at eight thirty, when Angus asked if she wouldn't dine with him, she said no, she wasn't hungry. But when she got home at about nine she found that she was, after all, a little empty. She decided to fix eggs for herself, plain scrambled eggs without cheese or chives or truffles, and make a cup of tea. She was going to enjoy her own kitchen for one evening.

The kitchen was as clean as a surgery. She read the titles of his cookbooks on the shelf: Roman Cuisine of Apicius, Gastronomy of the Ancient Greeks. She supposed she'd been eating some of those classics. She lighted the stove. She opened the refrigerator, and it began to sing a little. As she reached for the eggs, she was startled to hear music, piano music on a tinny phonograph. At once she knew it came from Bates's room. Why hadn't he gone out on his free night, she wondered irritably. She tiptoed carefully about the kitchen, but not two minutes later the music stopped abruptly, and in a moment he was there in the door. She was caught.

All she wanted was plain scrambled eggs, she told him, and she was quite capable of making them.

"Nonsense." He was dictatorial. He suggested that she have a tray by the fire in the living room. Obediently she went in there to wait. Within fifteen minutes, he brought the tray to her.

"What was that music you were playing, Bates?" she asked, as he poured tea.

"A Chopin ballade, madam, played by Casadesus."

She pointed to the large phonograph in the corner. "It would sound so much better on that." She took a sip of tea and, without thinking, said, "Why don't you bring the record up here?"

"If you like, madam," he said, and went to get it.

It was, she felt, an insult to Chopin to eat scrambled eggs while listening to his music. On the other hand, if she didn't eat them, Bates would also feel insulted. She ate. She couldn't concentrate on Casadesus or Chopin while he stood there like that.

"Damn it, Bates, sit down."

"I can't, madam. Not if I wish to continue as your chef, and I do so wish."

She thought she caught the glint of his teeth in a smile.

When the record was finished he removed it tenderly.

"What were you in the last war, Bates?" she asked him.

"I was a soldier, madam," he said simply.

The eggs were eaten; the concert was over. He removed the tray and then returned for his record. He hesitated in the doorway before saying good night.

"Yes, Bates?"

"If I may say so, madam, your hair under that light is the color of a good sauterne."

Before she could check herself, she was doing the trick with her eyes that gave her the tipsy look.

THE house in Sonoma County had always reminded her of a fat, wide-lapped matron. There were too many porches, too many doors, and too many outbuildings. It lacked verve, Angus complained. Angus, who had a passion for doing old places over, suggested too that if she would buy the old winery down the road before someone else did, she'd have an estate to be proud of. The winery would make a perfect spot for a swimming pool and barbecue area, he said, and thus enormously simplify entertaining.

Though Lorenzo and Filomena lived in the house, where there was ample space for the servants, Bates, offered a choice, took up residence in the small apartment in the old stable, part of which now served as a garage. In the afternoons, Irene saw him scrubbing the place and arranging pots of herbs in the grape arbor at the back of the garage. He was obviously turning it into his own private patio.

At the beginning of June the children returned from school, and the house rang with a spendthrift energy. Their guests came and went in schools, like minnows. Irene had her own calendar

If your car feels like this... it's time for MARFAK chassis lubrication

That cushiony feeling lasts longer with— MARFAK Lubrication

Rough winter driving ahead! That means your car's chassis should have tough, longer lasting *Marfak* protection. This extra-stretchy lubricant guards against the washing action of winter slush and rain — fights jar-out and squeeze-out. *Marfak* is specially compounded to cling to bearings and points of wear—for 1,000 miles or more. For that *cushiony* feeling, get *Marfak* lubrication. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

Faithfully yours 50 for Fifty Years

TUNE IN: Tuesday nights on television — the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts on Saturday afternoons. See newspaper for time and station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1852

They had $68 and high hopes

That's how the Studebaker story began—two young blacksmiths, Henry and Clem Studebaker, with a yen to build wagons and $68 in cash. They opened up shop in South Bend, Indiana, one February morning in 1852.

1858

An unexpected gold bonanza

A younger Studebaker brother, John M., had trekked west, lured by California's gold. But instead of prospecting, he built wheelbarrows —earned $8,000 which he brought back to help vitalize the struggling little wagon business.

1868

A $360,000 a year "giant"

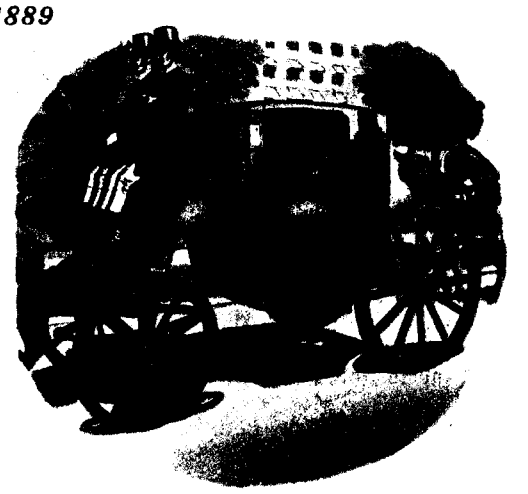
Studebaker vehicles were nation-wide favorites by 1868. A factory employing 190 men produced 3,955 Studebakers that year—did a $360,000 business. But this plant wasn't adequate. The brothers incorporated—expanded.

1874

Out of ashes to new strength

Studebaker thrived in the shaky '70s. Even in "panic" year '73, people bought over 10,000 Studebakers. Then fire leveled Studebaker's newly completed factories. Still larger plants rose. Sales passed a million dollars annually.

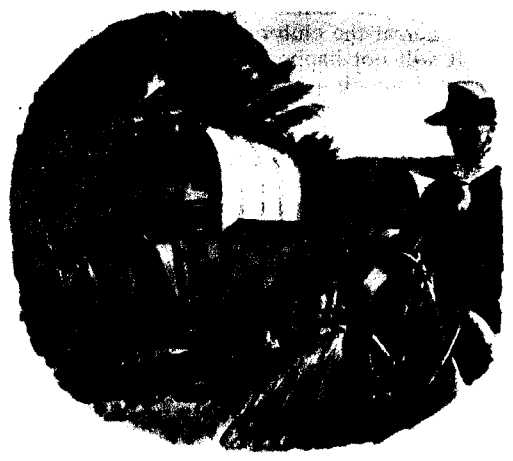
1889



Carriages for all the world

U. S. President Harrison—other celebrities —ordinary people—drove in Studebaker rigs now. On farms, in cities, over the roadways of the world, more and more hauling was being done in sturdy Studebaker wagons.

1898



From El Caney to Ladysmith

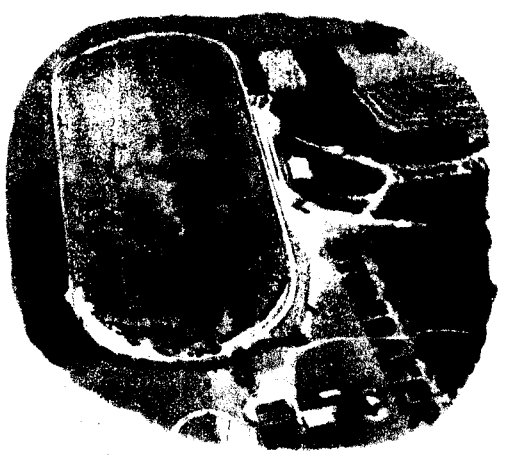
Horse-drawn Studebakers were transporting troops and supplies in Cuba in '98—serving as artillery caissons in South Africa in '99. But Studebaker automobiles would soon come. In 1899, bodies for some electrics were built.

1920

End of the line and an era

Horse-drawn Studebakers were discontinued as vast new Studebaker car and truck plants opened up. Studebaker hit new highs in output—had the biggest percentage of increase in its industry from 1919 through 1923.

1925



A testing laboratory outdoors

As the '20s began, Studebaker metallurgists perfected and patented molybdenum steel—an 800-acre proving ground was laid out. Studebaker introduced scores of improvements that all motoring would profit from.

1939

Revolutionary low price car

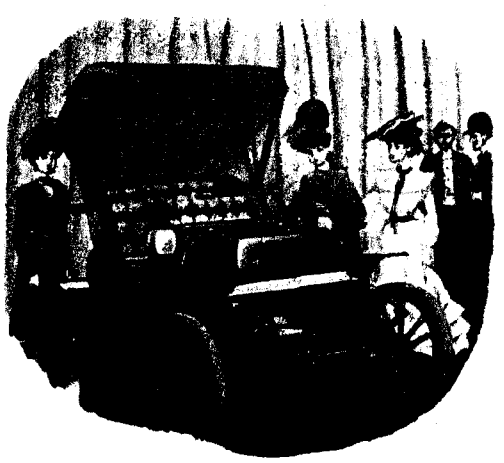
Ever since 1926, Studebaker had been successfully eliminating car weight to increase operating economy. In 1939, a revolutionary new Studebaker—the amazingly thrifty Champion—invaded the lowest price field.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One hundred years of Studebaker milestones in America's forward march

Studebaker's 100th Anniversary

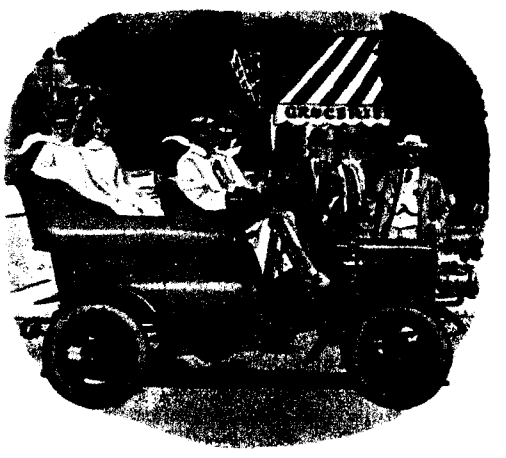
1902



First "horseless" Studebaker

Studebaker's first car was an electric, introduced in golden anniversary year, 1902. A notable early customer for one—Thomas A. Edison. That year, Studebaker had 2,500 employees—and sales reached 4 million dollars.

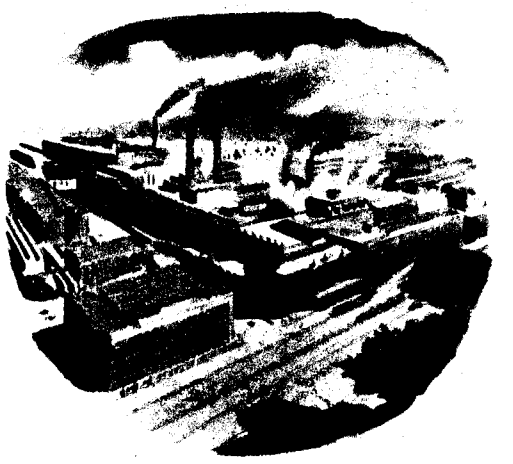
1904



Was "juice"—or "gas"—to win?

Electricity, gasoline and steam vied for preference in automobiles in 1904. Studebaker, already producing electrics, started building gas-powered cars, too—made arrangements to expand its output through allied factories.

1911



From $68 to this in 59 years

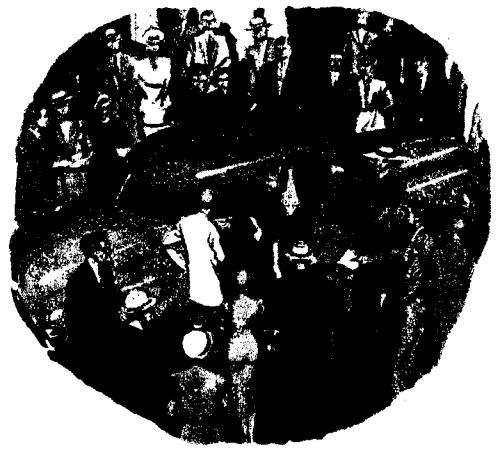
The hour of decision arrived in 1911. Studebaker erected and equipped huge factories for automobile production. The Studebaker Corporation with 8,000 employees, 1,500 dealers, $23,000,000 in tangible assets was formed.

1942

Bomber engines! Military trucks!

World War II saw Studebaker busy building over 63,000 engines for the Flying Fortress—nearly 200,000 military trucks—some 15,000 tracked amphibious vehicles called Weasels, powered by Studebaker Champion engines.

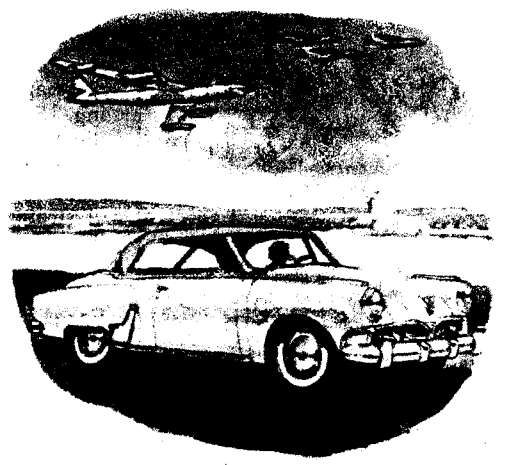
1946



First by far with a postwar car

A daring change for the better in automobile styling was introduced—ready just nine months after World War II stopped. The car—the trim, sleek, "new look" Studebaker. All modern car design reflects its influence.

1952



On to new responsibilities

National defense now has enlisted Studebaker competence extensively—for jet-engines and military vehicles. Meanwhile, public demand for Studebaker cars and trucks grows. The second Studebaker century has begun!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of week-end guests too. It was like going through your Christmas list.

By the end of June all those obligations had been met, and her closer friends, Millie among them, had all gone off on holidays of their own. Then Joan, her daughter, was invited to Santa Monica for a month—with friends who *had* a swimming pool. And Henry, the boy, who'd been talking vaguely about wanting a sport car to take back to school with him, surprised her by accepting a summer job on a ranch in Nevada. Irene was tempted to offer the boy the car as a bribe to keep his company. But she knew that would not have been his father's policy. She restrained herself and let him go.

"What is this rage for work that everybody has?" she complained to Angus. But he didn't know. His life had no gaps that needed filling, it seemed.

But she found gaps in her own when she woke one Monday morning with nothing on her calendar at all, faced with that leisure in which she could be herself that she had been wanting for so long. And now that it was here she didn't know what to do with it—unless the lawn needed mowing. She got into her blue jeans, and, looking trim and sassy, she went out hopefully into the garden. But the lawn didn't actually need mowing, not badly enough. She'd save that for later. She puttered among the rose bushes. But it was mere idling, for the gardener had done his job well. None of the servants had any time for her. In the kitchen, loitering was forbidden. Bates was at the moment concentrating on the menus of Provence—the country influence, no doubt. The peaches were all *flambé*, the chickens cooked with cognac. Now that she thought about it, her jeans were a little tight. She decided this would be a good period in which to diet. She would speak to Bates about less fattening menus. She decided to walk to the village and back each day for exercise.

WALKING through the bed of daisies, she was delighted to discover that in that well-watered section the weeds were thriving. She went at once to get a trowel. It was stoop labor, but she reveled in it. "I too have the rage for work," she thought wonderingly, feeling the sweat on her forehead under her ragged straw hat.

About three o'clock that afternoon, she put on a clean shirt, and, still in her jeans, she set out on foot for the village with a kind of Huckleberry Finn feeling. It was a good forty-minute walk. When she got there she had nothing to do. Filomena didn't need anything: no soap, no furniture polish, no nothing. She poked in the local five-and-dime. In the window of a hardware store she saw a food press which Bates would certainly appreciate, and a set of strainers, and a mechanism to keep flies out of the kitchen. She ordered them all.

She took the roundabout way home. For a stretch she thought she might be lost, which gave her a nice, adventurous feeling. And then she saw the roof of the old winery in the distance. As she approached it, she saw Bates sitting on a tree stump smoking a pipe and staring at the winery's ivy-covered walls. When he saw her, he rose, knocked out his pipe and waited for her.

He liked the building: the location of it, the stone walls, the ivy. He'd got the key in the village and had been inspecting it. Would she care to look?

He led her from room to room, pointing out their attractions.

"I've been advised to buy the place," she told him, "to build a swimming pool here."

"That sounds rather violent, doesn't it, madam?" Bates said. "I've been thinking it would be a spot for a good restaurant. An *auberge*, so to speak, in the style of Provence." His face was lighted up with the idea. She grew vaguely depressed. "I have a property in England," he said. "If it could be traded for this . . ."

But the prospect was melancholy. "Look, Bates," she said, "it seems such waste for you to go on like this. You could teach, couldn't you? Or better, go into the foreign department of a bank. Do let me speak to my banker."

He permitted her to tell him all the things he was fitted to accomplish, and when she had finished he said, "But desks and banks do not attract me, madam. Moreover, I make more money as a chef. My room and food are paid for, and that is no small item in these days." He said it simply, without embarrassment. She felt rich and ashamed.

"What madam does not perhaps understand," he added, "is that it is a choice with me. Cooking is one of the first things. A simplicity. It is human, organic—and desks are not." His face was stern with conviction. "My wish is to save enough money to go to France and study for a *cordon bleu*."

The depression hit her again. "But chefs are a luxury these days. Not many people can afford them." She wondered why she was being so unattractively argumentative.

"But if one had a restaurant—such as this spot—I've not so poor an opinion of the American palate that I believe everyone is satisfied with a quick ham-and-eggs in a drive-in."

They emerged again into the bright afternoon. He locked the door carefully. They started to walk back to the house together. He took her packages and set out with that Grenadier stride, then matched his steps with hers.

Once he broke the rhythm to look up at the sky. "I say, those clouds have the look of a very successful meringue."

She laughed, and they walked on. She felt stampeded into saying something. "Since there's no one coming this week, I do believe I should diet a bit. All your good menus are making me fat."

He stopped then, there in the dirt road, and looked at her closely, judiciously. Her left eyelid began its tricks. She felt herself begin to blush, and regretted the jeans which all of a sudden seemed a kind of braggadocio. She had a sensation of coming alive in that quick second that his eyes rested on her. All the countryside that she had been deaf to grew loud with the talking of birds, the crowing of cocks.

As they walked on, the beat of their matching footsteps was an intimacy. She glanced sidewise at him and saw his eyelashes flutter in response though he kept his eyes fixed on the road ahead. Reaching the gate, he opened it for her and stood aside, raising his hand to his forehead in a kind of military salute. As she went through the garden toward the house, though she dared not look again, she felt, across the bed of white daisies, his eyes upon her.

FOR dinner he made a superb strawberry soufflé which could only mean that he was defying her to diet. She started to the kitchen to compliment him on it, then decided against it. I'm really off center, she thought, going out on the porch. She considered telephoning Angus to come for the week end. If I don't call him on a Monday he may be promised to someone else. But she didn't stir. She turned on the radio and turned it off, wondering how she had passed all the other evenings of her life.

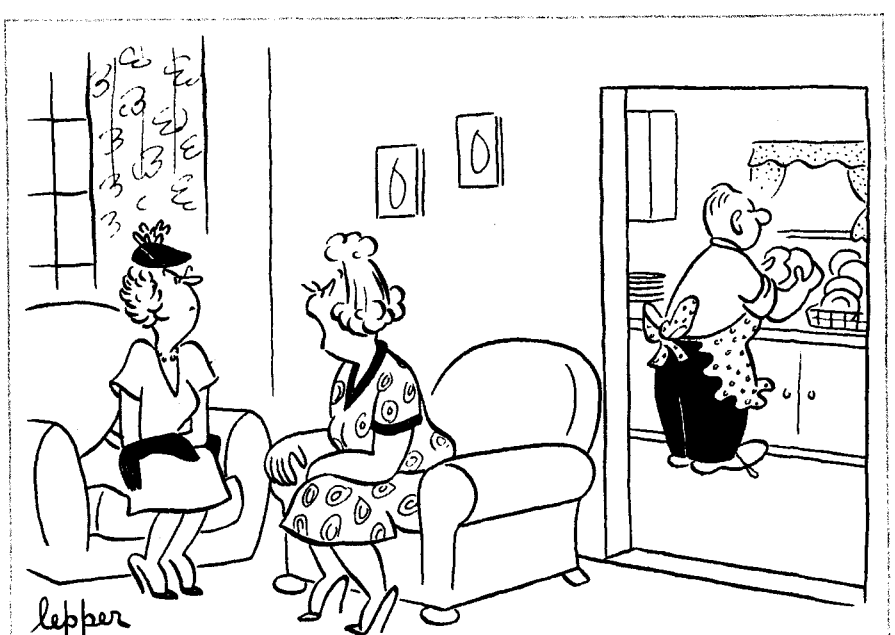
Across the daisy bed she saw his light go on; but he hadn't gone to bed, for she saw the flash of a match in the arbor at the back where he must be sitting with his pots of herbs, smoking his pipe. Because he must know she was alone on the porch, she felt extremely exposed sitting there. Not a leaf moved; every flower seemed to be holding its breath. She would have liked to water the lawn, but that would be too public, too. She decided to go up to bed. Even as she rose, she heard the sound of his phonograph, playing piano music again, the piping little voice of his portable machine playing Debussy's Clair de Lune. She stood smiling, knowing he knew she was listening.

Without consulting herself, she went to the house phone in the hall. She rang the garage once, tentatively, then again with firmness.

"I hear your music, Bates. It's delightful."

He had brought a number of records with him, he told her. Then he paused and she waited. "May I suggest something, madam? Let me be host tonight."

She saw at once that was the better



"First it was a vacuum cleaner, and then a new washing machine. Now he wants a garbage disposal unit"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way. In his own quarters he could sit down. In order not to appear too anxious, she dawdled before her mirror and then went down the stairs and out the door. Across those fifty-odd yards of moonlight she walked as if to music —like a prima ballerina—toward the stage he had set in the grape arbor, a little lantern on an unpainted table and the phonograph beside it and two old wicker chairs he must have retrieved from the storeroom.

He'd found time to bring glasses and a bottle of chilled wine. "Sylvaner," he told her. "Suitable for a warm night. It's your wine," he said, uncorking it carefully. "I'll replace it tomorrow." He handed her a glass and sat down with his own glass and lighted a cigarette, without, thank goodness, asking her permission. She read the labels on his pots of herbs: coriander, marjoram, basil, rosemary. Through the open door of his room she saw his narrow bed, and on the table a neat row of his books.

"Actually," he told her, "I never feel furnished without a set of the Britannica. But since I've been in America, each time I buy one, something happens. I lose my place, or I can't pay my rent. Landlords hold an encyclopedia as collateral, you know." No, she didn't know. "I left my last set in New York and never feel quite settled without one."

She raised her glass to him, intending to say, "But you're settled now," but for a moment their eyes locked over their wineglasses, and she knew she couldn't say it, not now, because he'd know it was false, as she knew it; for now some step had been taken in a reverse direction, and they were both aware of it.

She heard his wicker chair creak as he reached for the small stack of records by the phonograph. He moved nearer, and together they read the titles by the weak light of the lantern. He shuffled through them methodically, one by one: Mozart, Vivaldi, Debussy.

It was rather sophomoric, like two shy teen-agers looking at albums, picking them up, putting them down, without comment. Then they were back to Mozart again, and again Vivaldi, and again Clair de Lune, at which he stopped. He held it, staring at it. She stared too, reading over and over the blue label; until she felt her eyeballs throb. Then he said simply, and his low English voice was thrilling: "Do we need the music?"

"No, we don't need the music." Her hands were lying on the table, palms upward, and swiftly he bent his head and put his face in them. His hair smelled of coriander and basil and rosemary. Again his chair creaked, and he was rising to his feet, she rising with him.

"I quite know what I'm doing," he said. "I'm losing my place." She felt his arms around her waist, and hers went to his shoulders. Her eyes were hopelessly tangled with his, and then she felt the shock of his mouth on hers.

AT LAST he said, "The wine will be getting warm." He turned his back and began to refill their glasses. "You've lost a very good chef, madam."

"It can be forgotten, Bates. It's my fault."

"Not at all. I knew it was going to happen. I've known it for some time. I didn't feel permanent. Otherwise, I'd have sent for my Britannica."

"But, Bates—"

"Let's face it. We couldn't possibly —I couldn't—I'll remain, of course, the usual two weeks. Or until you find someone else." He stood there, tall and imperious—without a job.

She leaned on the lattice of the grape arbor and tried to think. When he came toward her, offering the refilled glass of wine, she shook her head dumbly and without a word turned and went back to the house.

Grimly, the next morning, she began to mow the lawn. She didn't think. She worked until lunchtime. For lunch he gave her cold trout in aspic. To be kind, she picked at it, but she couldn't eat. After lunch she went back doggedly to the lawn mower. She didn't see him when he came back to prepare dinner. For dinner he gave her plain broiled chicken—as if he too were tired of the pretense. After dinner she sat on the porch again. She saw his light go on, but whether he was sitting outside in the arbor she would not permit herself to look again to find out. And in order not to look, she went up to her room, avoiding carefully the window that looked out on the garage side.

SHE sat in the dark, and then it began to grow in her—the waiting to hear his phonograph. But he wouldn't play it now. Of course he wouldn't. Then why was she sitting there so insanely hoping? She went to the window she had been scrupulously avoiding and looked out. His lantern was lighted in the grape arbor. She looked hard, concentrating. She knelt down on the floor, resting her arms on the window sill, demanding, saying over and over, "Play your music, my dear, give me a sign." Her knees began to complain of the hard floor. She rose, feeling defeated.

Then she heard it, not at its proper beginning, but as if his hand had been unsure in putting the needle on the record. The first phrases were lost, but it went on from there—he was playing Clair de Lune.

Quickly, she went down the stairs, and out the door, and into his arms.

"Irene, what are we going to do with us, I wonder," he said after a while, his cheek against hers.

She waited for her heart to regain composure, but when it didn't, she said it anyway: "Marry me, George."

He thought a moment, unsurprised. Then, dropping his arms, he said, "What would your children say?"

"They think you're very distinguished."

"My position in the family would be very odd."

"I only know that without you, dear, I'm going to be extremely miserable." She sat down limply at the table.

"It doesn't sound too sensible, does it? That is, it sounds too pleasant to be sensible." He sat down. "If—"

"Yes?"

"If I could manage to trade my property in England for the winery, I could make a very good restaurant—"

"You could become famous and very fashionable, you know."

"I could change my name to something French."

"I'm very good at accounts," she said.

"I'm a Scot myself."

"But I'm very sharp at figures. And I'm so in need of work—"

"We would have everything, wouldn't we? Everything human beings need. Food . . . work . . . love . . ."

They sat silent, tasting the idea.

"To work all day and at night to come home to you . . ."

"You'd be a very busy man, Bates."

He bent his head over her hands, and in his hair she smelled again the rosemary. Or was it basil? Or coriander? ▲▲▲

Face feel BONE DRY after shaving?

Most shave creams are alkaline—tend to remove natural oils, so your face feels dry, taut. But your face feels smooth, soft, supple after your Barbasol shave. That's because Barbasol leaves natural skin oils *on*. And Barbasol has more "emollients" than any other shave cream. These soothing agents help you get close painless shaves—daily.

Slicks whiskers off, leaves natural skin oils on. *Try* Barbasol.

Lather shavers: now you can enjoy the Barbasol benefits in a lather-like cream. Try Barbasol lather-type brushless in the pressurized can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, there's a successful Christmas gift! She studied his ties well, chose pattern and color to suit his taste. Result: everyone's happy

But it could have happened this way. Like other lazy shoppers, she bought without considering his preferences. Result: well, just look

Give Your Gift a Lift

Yuletide shopping demands your good sense and good taste. Use both, for a merrier Christmas morning

By BERT BACHARACH

THIS Christmas some 50,000,000 gifts, costing an estimated $100,000,000, will be presented to the men of America. Most of this colossal sum will be well spent, as it is every year, by people who put a little thoughtfulness into their gifts. But while every man will appreciate being remembered, far too many gifts will inevitably end up as bottom-of-the-drawer and back-of-the-closet items. For, despite all the pre-Christmas guides and warnings, too many people still don't know how to shop.

The most important rules are so bromidic that most shoppers ignore them. Still, if you suspect that the ties you gave last year were never removed from their Christmas boxes, a reminder of the Seven Steps to Sensible Shopping should prove valuable now. These rules will help to give your gift a lift:

1. *Shop Early.* Often as they hear the advice to avoid last-minute purchases, people still make them. But if you're tempted to be a Johnny- or Joannie-come-lately, remember: the longer you wait, the less you have to choose from.

2. *Get an Idea.* Look over the ads and booklets in your pre-Christmas mail. Watch advertisements. If the man on your list is a smoker or an avid reader—if he has some particular sport or hobby—your choice is easy. The important point is: have the list all ready before you start looking.

3. *Avoid Duplication.* Look him and his belongings over, and see what's missing. A pen set, a wallet, a lighter are all extremely useful items—but not if he already has any one of them in good condition. So do some careful sleuthing.

4. *Pick Suitable Gifts.* Which means that a pair of British walking shorts may be a tribute to your good taste—but give it to the right person. It's not *quite* the thing for an octogenarian uncle. If you're close enough to someone to give him a gift, you're close enough to know what he likes and what leaves him cold.

5. *Know His Size.* Just about any man enjoys receiving something to wear. But his pleasure can be spoiled by the necessity of returning to the store to get the right size. And there may be a disappointing "We haven't any more." So snoop around his old clothes. And, if you're buying shirts, check *both* sleeve and collar measurements.

6. *Ask for Counsel.* If you're still in doubt, ask the salespeople or shoppers' guide departments for ideas. They'll be glad to help—it's in their interest to satisfy you, but only if you observe our first rule! Wait till the eleventh hour, and they probably won't have time to notice you even if you stand on your head pleading for assistance.

7. *Finally . . .* If you've really come a cropper (maybe he's one of those men who simply "have everything"), a gift certificate is your best bet. It may not be chock-full of sentiment, but it's practical as a baby's diaper: useful, appropriate—and guaranteed to fit. ▲▲▲

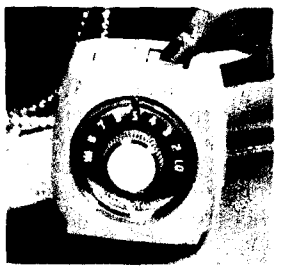
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NICK LAZARNICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Christmas, when you give the comfort of a

G-E AUTOMATIC BLANKET*—

YOU GIVE years of warm protection against winter's cold and dampness. Say "Merry Christmas" with a luxurious General Electric Blanket! Sunshiny, soothing comfort that helps invite refreshing sleep!

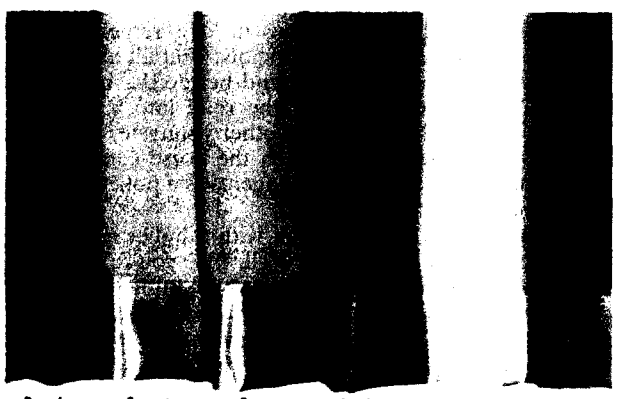


YOU GIVE warmth without weight. One G-E Blanket takes the place of 3 old-fashioned blankets.

YOU GIVE the extra comfort of a prewarmed bed, when the G-E Blanket is turned on a few minutes before bedtime! You give *personalized* comfort—for the *degree* of warmth that suits weather and sleeper best may be chosen on the G-E Bedside Control! The blanket then adjusts itself automatically to meet normal changes in temperature.

YOU GIVE a thoughtful, unusual gift that will bring years of practical pleasure. For those you love, you couldn't make a wiser choice than the beautiful G-E *Sleep-Guard* Blanket. Ask to see it today at your G-E dealer's or your favorite department store. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Winner of the National Home Safety Award Grand Prize as the product which contributed most to safety in the American home during the past year.



Dresden Blue | Sprout Green | Rose Pink | Garden Green | Citron | Flamingo

YOU GIVE beauty and color, as well as comfort. Six smart new shades to harmonize with every decorating plan, in sizes for single or double beds. Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices, $54.95 to $67.95.

More than 1,000,000 users have found sleeping comfort with G-E Automatic Blankets

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was sentenced to life and his world was a prison. He did not know what it was to kiss a girl or ride in an automobile. A fellow inmate tells the story of Ole Lindquist, who for 42 years, three months, 16 days and five hours was

NUMBER 9843

By TOM RUNYON

ON a warm day last spring, he was sitting under number six gun tower, leaning against the 30-foot limestone wall, faded blue eyes squinting a little in the sunshine. It was hard to believe he was a lifer who had served a 42-year stretch behind the walls of the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison.

"How goes it, Ole?" I asked. His name is Ernest Lindquist, but in prison practically all Swedes are called "Ole."

"Oh, Ole's doing all right. He's just doing it a day at a time." He often talked like that, in a sandy voice, in the third person.

At sixty-one, he looked nearer forty-five. Just a medium kind of fellow—medium-sized, ordinary-looking, every-day-acting—there was a hint of the North Sea in his weather-beaten face, just a trace of Sweden in his husky voice. He looked about the same as he did nearly 15 years ago when, a newly numbered lifer myself, I heard how much time he'd served—and shivered.

Somehow, it seemed he should look different; that something in his face should label him "old lifer." Somehow, the by-passed normal things missing from his life should have left some distinctive mark on his face—something like the faded shadow that remains when a picture is taken from the wall—but they had not. He hadn't kissed a girl, ridden in a car or talked over a telephone. In four decades of hurried, often furtive glances from prison-factory windows overlooking walls and countryside beyond, he had seen automobiles supplant horses on the highway, once-empty skies above the prison become a thoroughfare for planes. In a piecemeal, corner-of-the-eye way, he had watched dirt roads disappear and the Atomic Age arrive. During that time he had seen and felt the prison change from a hellhole of dirt and brutality and misery to a modern prison where, if men still served monstrously long sentences, they lived cleanly and were treated humanely.

Sentenced when he was 19, Lindquist grew old in an Iowa jail

"Guess those fellows think it's tough here now," Ole mused softly, watching the convict-crowded yard where men milled aimlessly during their 20-minute noon-hour rest. "And it is tough, too. But compared to what it was when . . ."

"When" for Ole Lindquist was 8:00 A.M. December 17, 1909, when he was "mugged," dressed in with a life sentence for murder and received number 9843. Still weak from a bullet wound in his stomach, he put his feet onto the long, hard trail a lifer must travel, and faced the impossible as best he could. He was nineteen, and a tiny prison cell would be his home for the rest of his life. That was what the judge had said, but a thing like that couldn't be grasped just by thinking about it—he spoke it aloud, softly, in broken English and then in Swedish, and still it didn't seem possible.

For Ole that cell was the end of a short trail. At thirteen, from his native Hälsingborg, he had dared icy North Sea gales as a deck hand on Swedish sailing ships, receiving the toughening he would need later. At fifteen, he fared forth like Vikings of old, bound for the United States—that fabulous land of cowboys, Indians and easy fortune. En route, a brash Ole tried his few words of waterfront and forecastle English on a young lass from London, promptly getting his face slapped. And his English still wasn't reliable when he pushed through frightening Boston traffic and bought a nickel's worth "of the prettiest red apples I ever saw." Five minutes later he was spitting and gagging, sure he was poisoned. Young Lindquist had tasted his first tomato.

The red plush elegance of huge trains carrying him into an ever-vaster land still pops up in his dreams, as does the marvelous bicycle he bought with his $10 monthly wages as a farm hand near St. Charles, Illinois, where his older brother lived. "That was the brightest, blackest, shiningest bicycle a kid ever owned," he says today. "They were good days for Ole, all right," but "there came a day," or one lifer would not be pecking out this story, letter by letter, about another lifer.

It was in the spring of 1907 he reached a turning point in his life that has puzzled and tortured him ever since. It was a sunshiny, meadowlark-noisy day and he hadn't a care in the world as he walked the railroad tracks to visit a nearby farm. A train came by, clanking its slow way up the heavy grade, and on it were two hobos. "Hey, kid," one of them yelled. "Hop on. See the world!"

Without a second thought, Ole swung aboard the next car, and that was the last he saw of St. Charles, or bicycle, or the happiest days of his life.

After two years of working at everything from Wyoming cow hand to West Coast laborer, he was returning to St. Charles to settle down in November, 1909. Robbed in his sleep, he had no need for the cheap revolver bought to protect his wages from hijackers. But it was in his pocket when he and another young Swede swung off a freight in Carroll, Iowa. Neither knew much English, but language was never a barrier to insult. Words passed between the Swedish youngsters and several local barroom citizens, and fists followed words. "There was a couple on the ground when it was over," Ole says laconically. "They weren't us."

Next morning, cold and hungry after spending the night in a farmer's barn, they were walking down a country road when two men drove up in a buggy. One of them jumped out. "I want you fellows," he bawled, drawing a revolver.

Ole's road mate broke and ran. Ole stood fast. There was a flash beside the buggy, and . . . "It didn't really hurt. Not then," he recalls. "It just felt like somebody hit me real hard in the belly. But I knew I'd been shot."

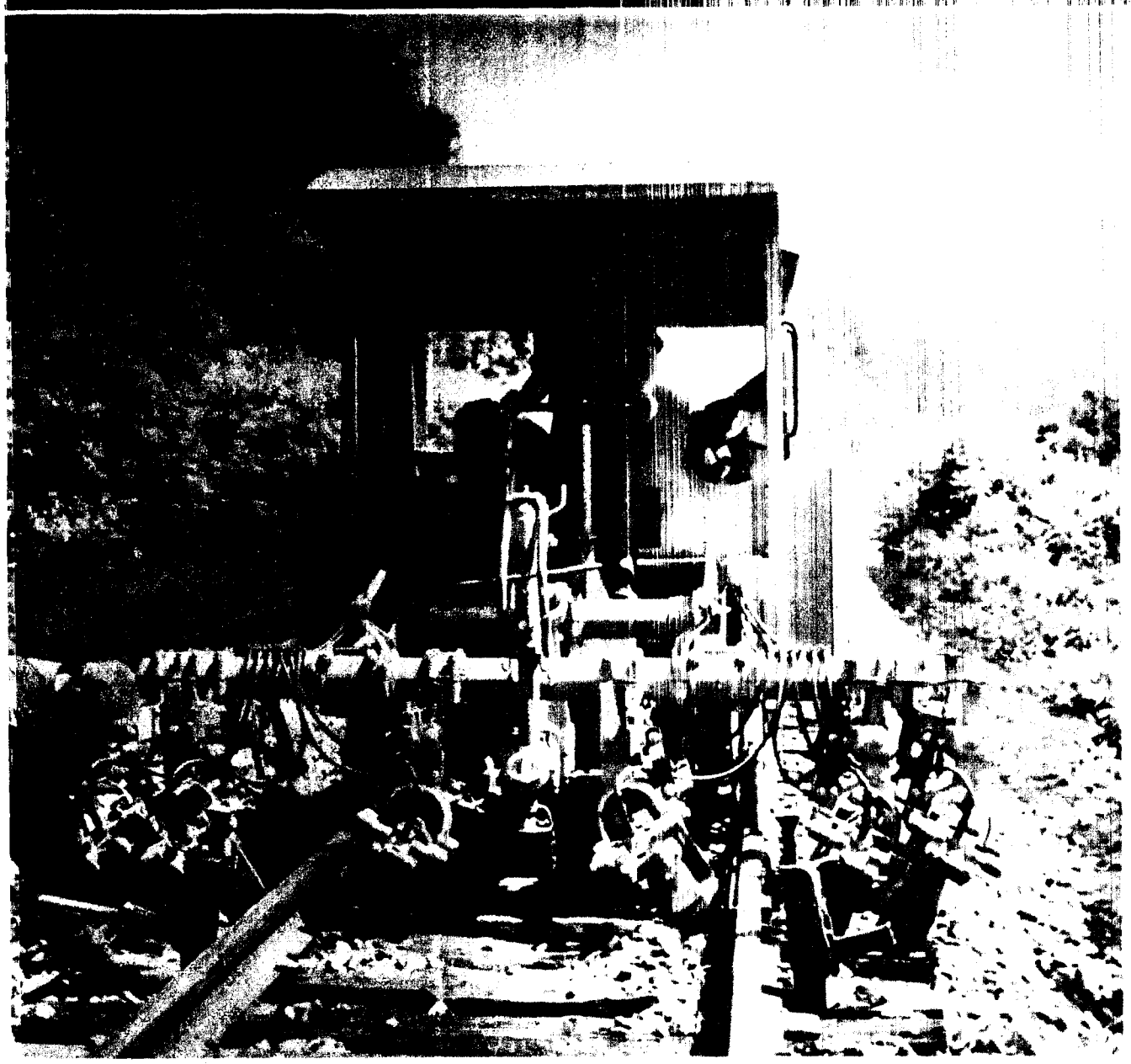
Across the gulf of 42 years, what happened next is a little hazy. He had not practiced with his gun, does not remember drawing it. He remembers firing, but not the number of shots. But all at once there was a man on the ground beside the buggy, and Ole was staggering off the road into a cornfield. He was there, with the other youngster bending over him helplessly, when the posse came. It was then Ole learned the stranger was a policeman, and that he was dead.

Soon, Lindquist was in jail with a bullet in him. A doctor came and said, "Well, kid, you're going to die anyway. Want me to take that bullet out, or leave it in?" Ole elected to have it out, and, tough youngster that he was, he survived. He was too weak to walk when he faced the judge.

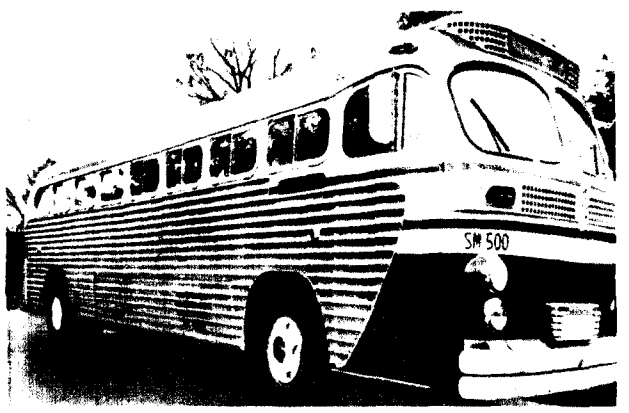
He pleaded guilty of murder and was sentenced to life. Two days later, Ole was locked in a cell, and the world began to forget him. Ole's cell was a 4- by 8-foot rock cave. Three walls, floor and ceil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only STEEL can do so many things so well!



HOW CAN IT BE SO SHARP? Razor blade steel must be *clean* steel, free from certain impurities, or blade edges will nick when honed. Today, United States Steel produces about three quarters of the special razor blade steel used each year in America.



STAINLESS PREFERRED. A bus manufacturer reports that the bus shown above is made in two models . . . a standard model and a model with side panels of silvery stainless steel. When the stainless bus and the conventional painted panel bus are dispatched for the same destinations at the same time, passengers will usually choose the stainless steel sided bus in preference to the other. Only steel can do so many things so well!

MECHANICAL MARVELS are becoming commonplace today . . . but here's one you may not have heard about. It's a multiple tie-tamper. Twelve tampers controlled by a single man, automatically compact ballast under ties, producing finished track in one operation, more quickly and more safely. Steel for machines like this is made by United States Steel.

GUN THAT SHOOTS AROUND CORNERS! Still undergoing tests by Army Ordnance is this curved steel barrel deflector for submachine guns. The automatic rapid fire weapon fires a 45 cal. bullet, the same as the 45 cal. automatic pistol, and the bullet is deflected in a groove (inset) to a 45 degree angle.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Last year, the iron and steel industry used about 100,200,000 tons of coal. If loaded in 50-ton hopper cars, that amount of coal would fill a train long enough to go more than halfway around the world at the equator!

Listen to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE *and* CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH**
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. · UNION SUPPLY COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing were of dirty, unpainted limestone; the front of lattice steel. It contained a metal cot, two blankets, pillow and straw tick; a three-legged stool; comb but no mirror; three wooden pegs for clothes; and a wooden shelf. A gallon bucket with wooden lid and a wash pan comprised his bathroom; water was delivered each evening by inmate attendants.

Prison Routine Under Silent System

The lock step was gone, but men marched close together, in step, looking straight ahead. A look aside invited a loaded, metal-tipped cane across the head. Always they marched—the plodding, heavy-footed cadence still echoes for Ole—from cell to shop to meals and back again, through years that turned into decades and seemed like ages. Strict enforcement of the silent system taught men to speak through stiff, parted lips, in sparing words and wary.

Outside firms had shops in the prison then. They furnished tools and materials; officials furnished and drove the convict labor. Each workman had a daily task, which he completed or else. Ole was assigned to a shop making forks and hoes. He had a comparatively easy task—on one type fork handle he pasted 25 dozen labels daily; on another, 100 dozen. Failure to make the task meant a trip to the hole where a man's first 12 hours were spent with hands shackled high over his head, without water or food, without once being let down. Sometimes he received a forcible dose of castor oil or salts before being strung up. After the first 12 hours, he would remain for a possible 30 days, with one slice of bread each 24 hours, and water if a guard cared to bring it. There was no bed or blankets, winter or summer.

Six days each week the prisoners labored from 6:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. On Sunday they attended compulsory chapel, which they hated bitterly, and spent the other hours in their cells. Each morning they emptied toilet buckets and then marched to breakfast without a chance to wash.

Ole's hard fists swung during his first week in the shop when another convict talked out of turn, so he learned about the hole early. After the first 12 hours of wrist-swelling agony, he finished a week on the concrete floor, joining most of the prison's 400 men in learning about that dreaded place which cane-swinging guards kept full. Most men took the brutality meekly, but Ole was evidently a throwback to berserker Viking ancestors; his early record is full of "assaults" on guards.

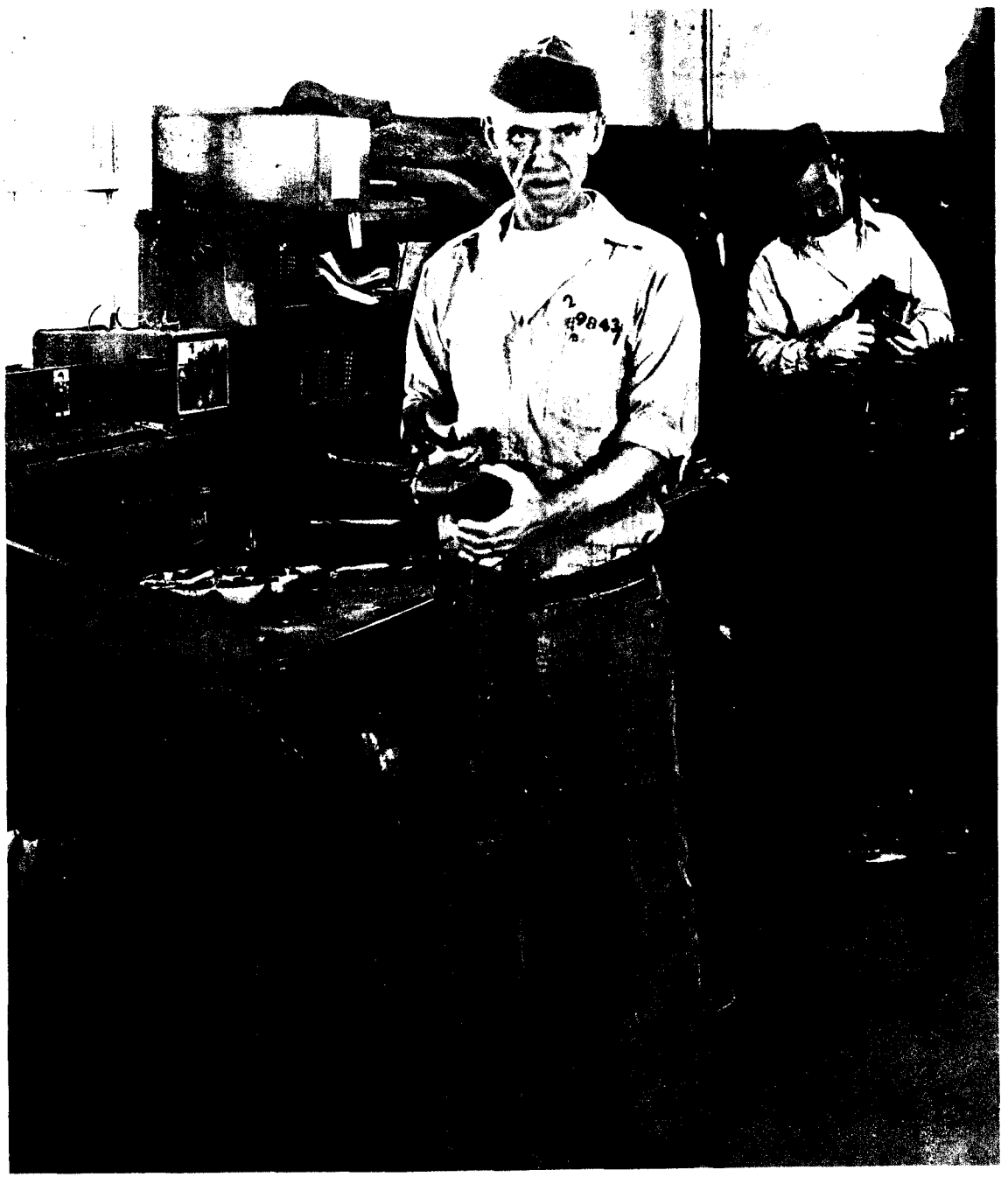
For the immigrant youth, prison was unusually lonely. Sensitive about his accent, he talked to few men. Neat and clean by habit, he found the filth a constant irritation. The nights were bad. Worry and regret and hopelessness crowded in on the young lifer then. Sometimes he would sit on the cot and try to really realize what a life sentence means, and always he failed—it was beyond imagining. It still didn't seem possible he would be in a cell always. Surely something would happen. But he had neither money nor influential friends; and all those other lifers, some of them old, old men—why didn't they get out? Why? So by day he tried to work himself into a stupor, so sleep instead of thought would come with the night.

At first he wrote to his parents in Sweden, but then officials stopped him because his people could neither write nor read English, and the prison's censors did not know Swedish. His brother's letters, from St. Charles, became fewer. Being forgotten is to occupy a special niche in a personal kind of hell, Ole found. He began to know the black despair of feeling abandoned. "I did a lot of hard time in those days," he says now.

In 1912 or '13 convicts here received an amazing break. They were allowed to have two hours in the yard on Saturday afternoons, where they could walk and talk and even toss a baseball. Oldtimers began to think the joint was getting soft. But the guards' attitude was not to change for years and years.

The Reverend J. R. Perkins, of Council Bluffs, Iowa—later to author the novels Antioch Actress and The Emperor's Physician—became warden and took over with unheard-of ideas. He believed if convicts were treated like men they would act that way. "But he was too decent," Ole explains. "He was ahead of his time. Neither cons nor officials understood him. They were too used to the old ways. Both double-crossed him right and left. He got disgusted and quit after three years."

Ole's brother wrote him in 1923. Their worn mother in Sweden was dead. The mother who had slaved to get her children to the United States and opportunity, while never daring to dream of coming herself, would worry no more over her son off there across the sea in a prison cell. Again Ole knew sleepless nights and bitter grief and the welcome daylight that could bring thought-drugging labor. He heard no more from his brother. Silence closed in around him. Had he known there would be no break in that silence for another 26 years, he might have tried to escape, which he never attempted, but he still held hope for some miracle that would free him.



Ole's final prison job was in shoe factory. Lifer behind him was freed after 30 years

When He Couldn't Do His Work Quota

It was in 1930, after serving 21 years, that Ole "wore out the hole." Unable to turn out his quota of work in the infamous old shirt works to which he had been transferred, he went to the hole for 13 days. By this time men were no longer strung up, but the slice-of-bread-a-day menu was the same. After 13 almost foodless days, Ole was sent back to his task again. Of course, weak as he was, he failed, and two days later he was returned to the hole for another 17 days.

Then he stopped trying. Then he "bowed his neck." Word went out over the grapevine that "they" meant to kill Ole—to so weaken him in the hole he would die of "natural causes" in the hospital. During that short summer Ole served an incredible 84 days in the hole. His almost unbelievable toughness became a prison legend, and finally officials gave up and put him at other work. After that he repaired shoes, work he liked and did exceedingly well. Made optimistic by being left alone for almost two years, in 1932 he asked the parole board to recommend his life sentence be commuted. Refused because of his record, he never again asked the board for help. With no hope whatever of regaining his freedom, he settled down to do his time, waiting with patience and courage and good humor for what might come. There came 17 years of complete anonym-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a personal letter in over 20

ity, comparative peace and lots of work. Always a hard worker, Ole liked to sing as he repaired shoes. He favored And the Band Played On, something ribald about The Bird on Nelly's Hat, and many hymns.

I, as co-editor of the Presidio, monthly inmate magazine here at the prison, needed Christmas copy in 1949, and Ole was a natural. He was probably the most forgotten man in Iowa, and I decided to tell Presidio readers about him—the man who had not had a visit in nearly 40 years, a Christmas present in 30 or a personal letter in over 20 years. "I'm going to get that Swede some Christmas," I resolved.

As censor, Warden Percy A. Lainson read my article and slapped his fist on the desk. "Good! It's about time something was done for Lindquist."

Public Sympathy Aroused by Story

The article, reprinted and amplified by newspapers and radio, seemed to shock people. Their response shocked Ole—in the process of suddenly becoming unforgotten he almost came unraveled from sheer astonishment. "Look," he told me a week later. "Ole's got a letter." It was a heartwarming expression of shock and concern from a young Des Moines couple who wanted to send him a Christmas box. "That's a fine letter, huh, Tom?" There was a tentative, bewildered little smile on Ole's face as he tucked the letter carefully into his shirt pocket and went back to work.

Within a week that tentative smile turned into a broad grin, and years began slipping off Ole's shoulders. Something about that 40-30-20 combination of years "got" people. Before the avalanche stopped on his 41st prison Christmas, Ole had received 125 packages and hundreds of letters.

Many of the writers were obviously thinking of all lifers, and not just Ole, which pleased him mightily. "Maybe they'll realize I'm not the only forgotten man in here," he said. "Maybe they'll really think about us a little." And when many people asked the governor to grant him clemency—offering jobs and homes and any help they could give—Ole began to think there might —there just might—be a little hope for him.

Early in 1951, besieged by requests in his behalf, the parole board recommended his life sentence be commuted to a term of years by the governor, making him eligible for parole. Physically as tough as an old pine knot, a hard and capable workman, Ole knew he could make good if given the chance. So he kept hoping the powers-that-be would give him another chance after 42 years. He had more than just freedom to look forward to. One of his first outside contacts on his most memorable Christmas was Addie, a kindly,

DONALD ULTANG

Lindquist isn't facing the outside world alone. He soon will marry Mrs. Addie Jackson

Author Tom Runyon (l.) and Warden Percy Lainson of the Iowa State Penitentiary. Both played a part in Lindquist's parole. Runyon, a lifer himself, first called attention to Lindquist in the prison paper. Warden was in favor of Lindquist's release

understanding widow. Now he was "my Ole" to her. She visited him each month, and they planned to marry when and if.

Early this year, Governor William S. Beardsley commuted Ole's sentence to 90 years, and he was paroled, after serving 42 years, three months, 16 days and five hours.

With his $272.18 life savings in his pocket, Ole shook hands with Warden Lainson and left with Albert O. Jensen, of Omaha, Nebraska, who had read the stories about Ole, had helped free him and was his parole sponsor. Ole held on a little desperately as Jensen's car covered the marvelously smooth roads at 70 miles an hour, passing trucks that amazed him with their size. Skimpily dressed women on horseless streets of small towns shocked him a little. Of course he had seen pictures of them, but . . . He had seen many strange things he was still trying to arrange in his mind when the car stopped before Mrs. Addie Jackson's home in Indianola, Iowa, and he was bashfully receiving a hug and kiss on Addie's porch steps.

She shooed reporters and sat Ole down to a fried-chicken and cherry-pie feast, only to have Ole eat little—he was afraid the rich, outside food might make him ill, nervous as he was. He wanted to stay there with Addie, but had to report to his $35 weekly shoe-repair job in Omaha. For the parole board has refused to let them marry for at least six months. It was board policy, so Ole was treated like any twenty-year-old parolee. Already wise in convict idiom, Addie wrote back to the prison: "I sure have done some hard time since Ole went to Omaha." But they couldn't keep her from looking after Ole. She got herself a job in Omaha's St. Joseph's Hospital so she wouldn't worry about his being alone in a big city in a strange world. She was there when the shoe-repair shop went out of business and Ole went to work for Jensen in his wholesale furnace company. But not long after, Ole also found a job at the hospital where he is now working on the floor above Addie and earning $145 a month.

Ole is deeply grateful to all who have tried to help and cheer him. He is also grateful to the only official who ever helped him. "I think Warden Lainson would help all lifers if he could, and not just me," he says. "He's trying to make this more than just a lock-up. When I compare it to the old days, I want to rub my eyes."

Today's prison holds nearly 1,300 men compared with 1909's 400; much larger, it has comprehensive athletic and educational programs, an Alcoholics Anonymous group, group therapy classes, weekly movies in the winter, two-channel radio in modern one-man cells. Chapel attendance is voluntary, and men may sell hobby items they make. The task is gone—men work eight-hour days, five-day weeks—and they must be silent only at mealtime. DDT has chased the bed bugs and thinned the flies; the prison is clean. The hole, with its bread and water, is still here but stays in it are shorter. Guards carry only blackjacks, which they may use only in self-defense. Treated like men, prisoners act that way—as the Reverend Perkins knew they would—for rule infractions are few and seldom serious.

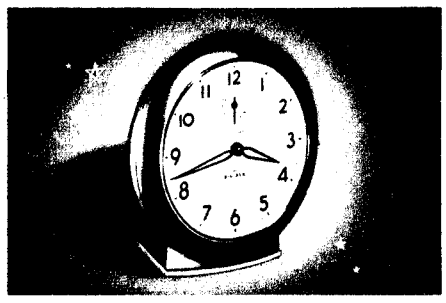
Partly because of the publicity given Ole's long confinement, a three-man board—a criminologist, a psychiatrist and a psychologist—has been studying the prison's 167 lifers to find what can be done to avoid having more forgotten men. Nearly forty of the lifers have served more than 25 years each, the great majority over 10 years. Most are friendless, resourceless men who can become forgotten easily. Perhaps Ole's suffering will help others in the end. "It would seem worth it if it does," he says. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

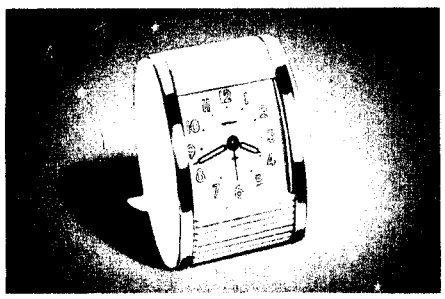
take your pick

spring-driven or electric

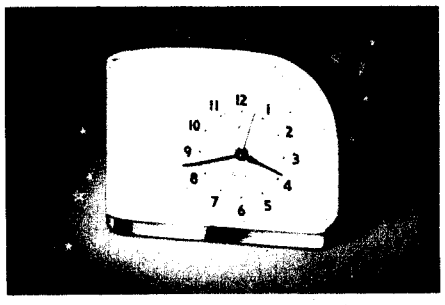
by Westclox



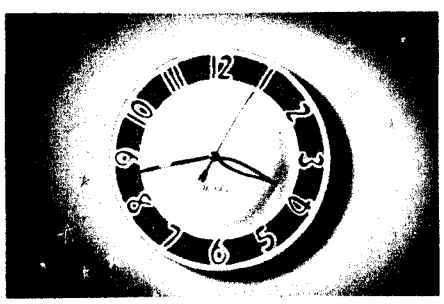
BIG BEN Spring-Driven Alarm. World-famous! A tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. $5.55. With luminous dial, he's $6.60.



TRAVALARM Spring-Driven. You *can* take it with you. Closes like a clam. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Non-breakable crystal. Luminous. $7.60.



MOONBEAM Electric Alarm. Calls you *silently*. First call is blinking light; later joined by audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



MELODY Electric Wall Clock. Fits any room, any color scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord concealed. Wide color choice. $6.95.

Prices quoted do not include tax and are subject to change

WESTCLOX

Made by the Makers of Big Ben

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

The Second-Grade Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

away from everything, she scrutinized Tommy's paper about the robins. "He's misspelled two words," she said in an informative tone which implied that Carol, herself, hadn't detected those errors. "But it's not bad for a little fellow who's never been to school. Of course, *birds* are a *first*-grade interest."

"I'll have to tell my husband that," Carol said, wanting to giggle. "They're a passion with him."

"We all have our weak spots," Mrs. Womble said indulgently. "And men are just little boys grown up. Is your husband employed?"

"Oh, yes," said Carol. She wondered uneasily if her old linen dress were shabbier than she'd thought it. "He was in graduate school under the GI bill until year before last"—and why I'm discussing Ned's private affairs with this woman I really don't know, she thought—"but he has a job now with a firm of architects."

"I see," Mrs. Womble said.

"Tommy's just outside the window," Carol said, "taking care of his baby sister."

Mrs. Womble moved, with a lightness oddly at variance with her heft, to the open window. Following her, Carol looked over her shoulder at Tommy. Her heart constricted with a spasm of love, as it always did when she saw him suddenly or from a distance.

TOMMY was an engaging child. He wore a white sweat shirt with a likeness of Hopalong Cassidy stenciled on it in red, and blue jeans that made his legs look long and thin. His brown hair was cropped short, but it curled at his temples, and the summer bloom on his face and arms was as rich as that of a ripe peach. He was bending over the baby's carriage, shaking a rattle very gently. He straightened up, saw the two women at the window, and smiled—not bashfully and not brazenly either, Carol thought, but with just the right mixture of deference and aplomb.

"Immature, isn't he?" said Mrs. Womble.

"We don't think so," Carol said. She longed to tell Mrs. Womble what sort of little boy—what sort of person—Tommy was: how, from his earliest infancy, in those desolate weeks when Ned, his father, had been listed as missing in Germany, he had seemed a solitary star of hope dancing upon dark waters. And how, later, living on a shoestring in two mean rooms in New Haven while Ned studied architecture, Carol hadn't been really lonely because she'd had Tommy's company. But she looked at Mrs. Womble, and, "He's a big help with the baby," she said lamely.

Mrs. Womble wheeled around. "Well," she said, "he should be in the first grade, but we can't put him there. You've already taught him to read, and one fish out of water can spoil a whole class. I'll try him in the second. No use locking the stable door after the horse is gone!"

Meekly, Carol said there wasn't.

"You meant well, Mrs. Nelson," Mrs. Womble said. "And I'll take care of him. After a few months with me he'll be a different child."

The woman's bland assumption that she would welcome the least change in her son sent Carol from the school building in a froth of fury. But once outside, in the mellow September sunshine, she was able to reflect that Mrs. Womble's obtuseness was like that of the girls in beauty parlors who often promised her that if she'd permit them to pluck her eyebrows and give her a henna rinse, her best friends wouldn't recognize her!

"You're going to be in the second grade," she said cheerfully to Tommy.

"The *second* grade! Gosh!" Tommy said. He walked along, sober and silent, like a man upon whom greatness has been thrust without warning. But when he reached home he fairly flew apart with excitement. He rushed into the house and flung himself upon his father, who was home for Saturday afternoon and relaxing with a can of beer and Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds. "I saw my teacher, Daddy!" he shouted, sprawling in Ned's lap. "She has a round face like an owl, only her eyes are slanty. And her chest puffs out like a pigeon. She looks nice." He lolled his head against Ned's shoulder. "I'm in the second grade!"

"That's terrific," Ned said. He smiled at Carol as she passed through the room carrying the baby.

"Hi," Carol said. "I'm going to start our lunch and get this infant fed before she goes sound asleep."

In a few minutes Ned joined his wife in the kitchen, where she was arranging strained spinach and a poached egg in a silver porringer. Jane, the baby, was in a high chair in a corner of the room, squirming and making lusty, inarticulate noises.

"I'll see to Jane," Ned said. He took the porringer from Carol.

"Thanks," Carol said. "I'm running behind schedule." She rummaged in the refrigerator for salad ingredients.

BENDING from the waist, keeping what distance he could, Ned hand-fed his daughter. She made a game of her dinner. She would receive the spoon demurely and then, clamping her gums tight and squinting and wrinkling her button-nose with great archness, she would refuse to release it. Patiently, almost absent-mindedly, Ned kept on scraping food off her chin and replacing it in her mouth.

"Tommy's reviewing arithmetic," he said to Carol. "How were you impressed with the school?"

"Not favorably," Carol said, "but it may be no worse than average. That Mrs. Womble must have been chosen for her propensities as a bore. She's a master of the cliché, and she writes proverbs on the blackboard—to make her little folks think. The principal said—and he's a jerk if I ever saw one—he said Mrs. W. understands the second-grade mind!"

"Poor Tom," said Ned. "But boredom is a part of education, like spelling or catching cold. There are worse things."

Carol, chopping celery and carrots in a wooden bowl, said morosely: "Name three."

"I can't offhand," Ned confessed. "But we've treated Tommy so much as an adult that a letdown may be good for him. Keep his nerves steady. And I'm intrigued with the proverbs. Everyone should learn some. A penny saved is a penny gained. You can't have your cake and eat it too." He shot a sidewise glance at Carol. "A boy's best friend is his mother."

"Stop there," begged Carol. Her voice was shaky.

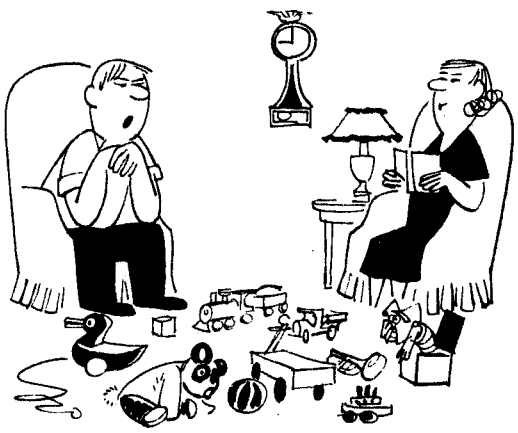
"You're going to miss him, aren't you?" said Ned.

Carol groaned.

"I know," Ned said. "I'm not with him as much as you, but I hate to see him fly the nest. It's damn' sentimental, but I hate it. I don't want him changed. I don't want anything in my life changed. Not a single thing!"

Carol understood what he meant. Ned, the most amiable and unmilitary of men, had swallowed a heroic dose of war. He had seen his friends killed; he had been wounded; he had been captured and half starved in an enemy prison. Most important, he had been shocked. When he returned he hadn't been jumpy, as many men had been; he had been simply and calmly determined to shake off the memory of brutality and to live on a sort of private island of tranquillity. That retreat he had found in family life. Just as he delighted in the study of birds that, being

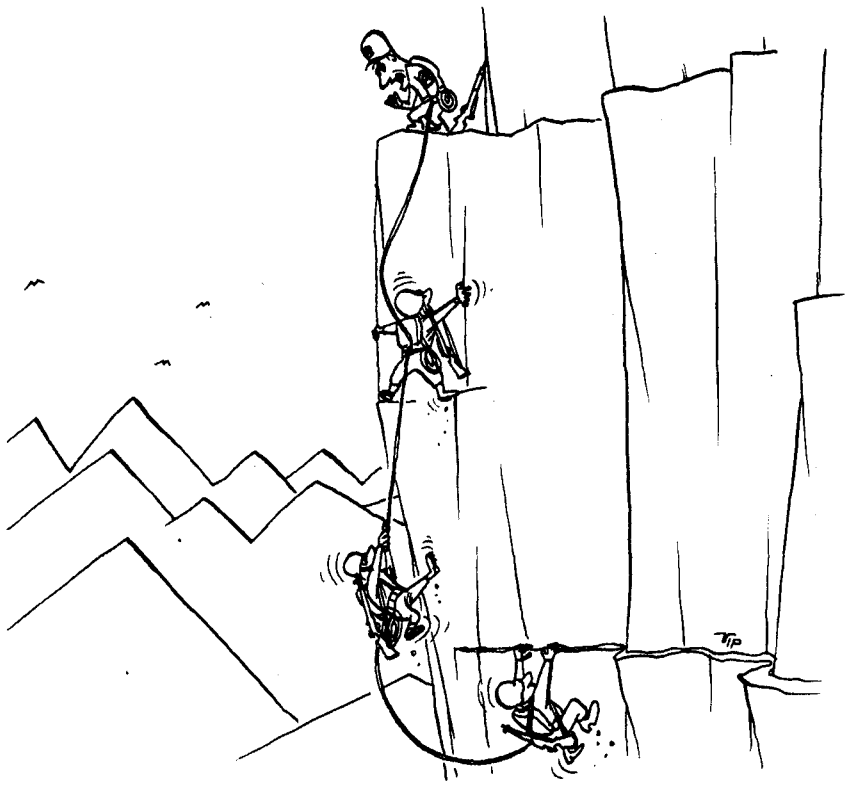
"Before you go up to bed, every one of those things must be picked up and put away'"



COLLIER'S "I'll toss ya" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S **"O.K., men, take a ten-minute break"** VIRGIL PARTCH

creatures of instinct, never knew discouragement, so he delighted in household trivia. He liked to help Carol choose the color of curtains, and to polish silver, and to associate with his children. It was an attitude, Carol knew, that was tinged with escapism. But it was an attitude, also, that made him a good father and bestowed a certain grace and dignity and heart upon the small domestic sphere.

"Are you ready for Jane's applesauce?" she asked gently.

TOMMY started school the following Monday. Carol let him go alone (he said that if his mother went with him he might be mistaken for a *first*-grade boy), and when he came home he was in lively spirits. Certainly he hadn't been bored. The procedure of the classroom had been fresh and enchanting to him, and even Mrs. Womble's proverb had been more entertaining than Carol had expected.

"It said: 'He who kills time commits suicide,' " Tommy reported. "But some of the children didn't know what suicide meant, so this boy named Forrest explained. He said his uncle committed suicide. He put a shotgun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. Do you think Forrest was just bragging?"

"Probably," Carol said.

"Did Daddy ever see anybody killed? In the war, I mean?"

"I suppose he must have," Carol said, elaborately casual.

"I guess he doesn't like to think about it. I wouldn't," said Tommy. "Gosh! A shotgun. He put it in his *mouth!*"

"He must have been a dope," Carol said. "You get yourself a glass of milk and three cookies. Then if you'll go in the back yard and gather some sunflower seed, Daddy will show you how to dry them for the birds' feeding station."

During the next weeks Tommy showed no sign of boredom. He did, however, fulfill Mrs. Womble's prophecy that he would act like "a different child." He wanted to hang about his mother all afternoon, and when she insisted that he play in the open air with the neighborhood children he came back at frequent intervals, ostensibly to go to the bathroom, but obviously to see that nothing was amiss at home. One evening, when his father was late for supper, he went into a panic. He asked to have a night light and to leave his bedroom door ajar. When questioned about school he was apt to assume a transparently blasé expression. "It's okay," he would answer. "We had fire drill today," or "She put a new proverb on the board: 'Curiosity killed the cat!' "

"He's growing up," Ned said, when Carol complained that Tommy was uncommunicative. "He can't stay a chatterbox forever. And I, for one, am a firm believer in the separation of school and home."

"He's so withdrawn," Carol said. "He behaves like you, when you're putting something unpleasant out of your mind."

Ned narrowed his eyes. "Don't explore my subconscious, honey," he said. "And give Tommy time. If anything's troubling him, it'll come out."

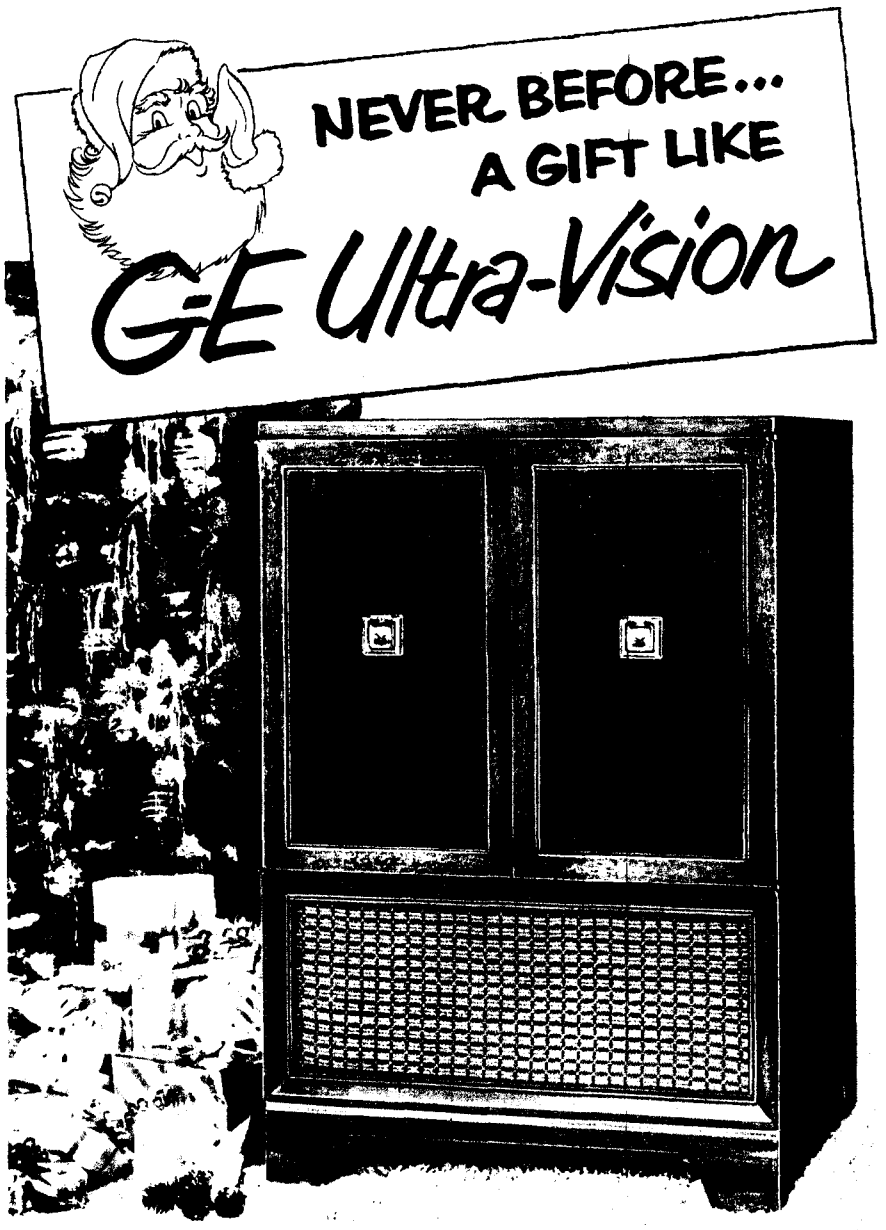
A few bits did come out in November, on Tommy's birthday. After a festive supper Carol said that since they had plenty of cake left she might invite Mrs. Womble to tea next day. Tommy was instantly alert. A bright wariness veiled his eyes.

"I wouldn't ask her *here*," he said. "Not with Jane."

"Why not?" Carol countered, thinking him ashamed of his sister. "Jane's a nice, normal baby."

"I don't think she likes babies," Tommy said. "Not girl babies." He drew a deep breath. "We read this story in Children of Distant Lands. It was about a Chinese family. And afterward Mrs. Womble told us how Chinese people threw girl babies in the river. Right in the muddy river. Maybe she was sad about it, but she didn't sound sad." He paused. "Do you guess she's Chinese?"

"No," Carol said. "Why do you ask?"



Model 21C214 (Above)

G-E BLACK-DAYLITE TV

FIRST time ever—the magic of G-E Ultra-Vision for Christmas! It's the most exciting picture in TV history. See it in action—compare new 21-inch G-E Ultra-Vision *side by side with any other TV at any price*—right at your G-E TV dealer's. The difference is startling. Whiter whites, blacker blacks...100% greater range of grays ...picture contrast and clarity impossible in any TV until now! And G-E Ultra-Vision has the great G-E Stratopower chassis—267% more pull-in power than previous sets. Engineered for UHF and VHF. See it today—and your gift problem is solved!

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York

• World's only TV with 21-inch G-E Aluminized Picture Tube that sharpens contrast, increases picture brightness up to 100%. Tilted, dark-tint safety glass and cylindrical tube give TV's widest range of picture tones, virtually banish all glare and reflections.

G-E TV Prices Start at $199.95*

**Including Federal Excise Tax and one-year Factory warranty on picture tube and 90 days on parts. Prices subject to change without notice.*

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Stars of CBS Television's "I Love Lucy"

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100 Proof • Bottled in Bond • James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Ky.

BONDED BEAM

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A distinguished gift, made especially attractive by its gay Christmas carton.

"She has those slanty eyes and those little bitty feet. I thought maybe they'd been bound, like Chinese ladies' feet."

"She's plain American," Ned said. "And if she were Chinese that would be fine. Most of them are highly civilized."

"I didn't know that," Tommy said. "She didn't tell us." He seemed relieved. "We have another proverb on the board. 'Pride goeth before a fall.' " (An improvement on the previous two, thought Carol.) "She wrote it today. There's this girl in our room named Phoebe Wilkins. Her daddy's a professor, and she's awfully smart and stuck-up. Mrs. Womble doesn't like her."

"Why not?" Ned asked.

TOMMY said, "Because she's stuck-up. Nobody likes her. She told Mrs. Womble she said a word wrong."

"What word?" asked Carol.

"Mrs. Womble said amb*ulance*, and Phoebe raised her hand and said her daddy called it *am*bulance. Which was right?"

"Phoebe," Ned admitted. "But she shouldn't have corrected the teacher."

"No," Tommy agreed. "Well, today Phoebe walked up to Mrs. Womble's desk to get a spelling paper that had a hundred on it. She was real proud, and she walked real switchy, the way stuck-up ladies walk. And then her panties fell down. Everybody laughed."

"What did Mrs. Womble do?" Carol asked.

"She got up and went to the board and wrote: 'Pride goeth before a fall,' " Tommy said. "I don't like Phoebe, but I feel sorry for her."

"I do, myself," Ned said.

Tommy got up and started out of the room. (He was reliable about keeping track of his bedtime.) At the door he turned. "Daddy," he said, "would you rather sit in an electric chair or a gas chamber?"

Ned looked startled. "The choice is hard," he said.

"The electric chair would be bad," Tommy said, "but Forrest says the first shock knocks you out. The gas chamber is a little glass room. You sit in there, and they let in this poison gas—a kind of smoke—and lots of preachers and newspapermen look at you through the glass wall and watch you die." He put his hand to his throat. "It makes me feel like coughing."

Ned assumed a jocular manner. "*You* quit gassing, and make for bed."

"Okay," Tommy said. "Will you tuck me in? Can I have my door open?"

When he had left them, Ned and Carol eyed each other.

"Kids' talk," Ned said. "They're born morbid. Remember when we were in grammar school how we used to dwell on the possibility of coming alive in our graves?" He lighted a cigarette. He stared at the match before he blew it out. "Still," he said, "a pop call on the school would do no harm."

A day or so later, when the weekly cleaning woman was present to keep an eye on Jane, Carol visited the school.

The second-grade room was empty except for the teacher, who greeted Carol cordially. The children, she said, were having "tiptoe recess" which, Carol gathered, was a euphemism for going to the toilet. They would be back soon.

"We have our literatoor period next," Mrs. Womble said. "I'm glad you'll be able to observe it. You can see my methods—the way I relate literatoor to the little folks' own lives and make them think. I welcome mothers, so long as they don't come too often. There's such a thing as *smother* love."

Carol said she hoped she'd never be guilty of that and asked how Tommy was doing.

"He's a quaint little fellow," Mrs. Womble said, "immature. But I'll fix him. I have another immature child. Phoebe Wilkins. Did Tommy tell you about the proverb?"

"Yes, Mrs. Womble. He told me," Carol said.

"Here they come," said Mrs. Womble as her thirty pupils, rising bouncily on their toes, filed in from the hall. They were clean, brushed children. None of them was much bigger than Tommy, and none of them, with the exception of Phoebe, a thin, angular girl, appeared so intelligent. But Carol could see why Mrs. Womble thought them more mature. Those children had guarded faces. It was as if their actual epidermis had become opaque and tough, concealing their inner lives and resisting outside impressions. Among them Tommy's countenance was as candid and translucent as a peeled grape.

Tommy paled when he saw his mother. She smiled at him. He flushed.

"We have a guest," Mrs. Womble told the class. "Tommy Nelson's mother will sit here beside me and hear us do our literatoor. We must all put our best foot foremost."

The literature lesson consisted of the reading and discussion of a story from the oft-mentioned book about distant lands. It was a stupid story, in Carol's opinion, about a small Canadian girl named Elsie, whose idiotic mother permitted her to venture alone, after nightfall, across frozen, wolf-infested wastes, to deliver kerosene to a lumber camp. Happily, the story was short, and the children, each of whom read a sentence or two aloud, read well. Then Mrs. Womble took over.

"'Now we will put on our thinking caps," she said. "Ready. Think!"

THE children folded their hands on their desks. They leaned forward, jaws jutting, brows beetling, in the attitude of thought.

"The author tells us that Elsie's mother was afraid for Elsie," Mrs. Womble said. "What was Elsie's mother afraid of?"

"Wolves!" several thinkers cried in unison.

"Elsie might freeze to death," said another.

"She might starve," said a third.

Mrs. Womble nodded. "Those are good answers. Those are the things Elsie's mother, way up in the frozen northland, feared for her little girl. But think. Those aren't the fears *your* mother has when she sends *you* off to school. There are no wolves in this town. Our weather is never cold enough to hurt you. Think. *What is your mother afraid of?"*

The children, without visibly moving a muscle, seemed to draw away from Mrs. Womble. Their faces were closed, incurious. Tommy shot his mother a wild look, a question.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mrs. Womble said. "First of all, she's afraid you'll be run over by a car or a truck and killed or crippled for life." She paused. Silence lay like a trance upon the room. Then there was a faint, nervous rustling among the children. "Second, she thinks of mad dogs who might bite you and give you hydrophobia." The children dropped their eyes as if the possibility embarrassed them. "And last, she's afraid of bad men who might kidnap you and torture you, or keep you for their own wicked purposes." The children looked up. Their eyes glit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tered. This was real, their faces said; this was what one heard on the radio. "You see," said Mrs. Womble.

Carol left as quickly as she could. She wanted to hurry away before she revealed the rage that quivered in her mind. . . .

Late that evening, Carol told Ned about the literature lesson. "I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me," she said. "The woman sat there, just as calm as you please, talking on in that monotonous, fatuous voice of hers and needling those children with fear!"

"Stupidity," said Ned. "The second-grade mind, I guess. She's been exposed to it so long that she's caught it herself."

NEXT morning was rainy. Carol, knowing she'd have to drive Ned to work and Tommy to school, got up and fixed breakfast earlier than usual. She put her brightest china and a bowl of shiny fruit on the table. By the time the family came down, the dining room looked cozy, and the first slices of brown toast were popping up in the toaster.

Ned settled Jane in her high chair beside Carol and took his own place at the head of the table. Tommy slid into his chair and bowed his head to ask grace.

"Come, gentle Lord, and be our guest; what Thou has given, by Thee be blest. Amen," said Tommy.

"Amen," said Jane who was beginning to repeat words.

"Don't laugh at her," said Tommy, seeing the quick smiles on his parents' faces. He reached out and patted her hand.

Ned took a swallow of coffee. "Tommy," he said, "I understand Mrs. Womble thinks your mother is afraid when you leave for school."

Tommy toyed with his scrambled eggs. "Isn't she?"

"No," Ned said. "Why should she be? You know how to cross streets, so you won't be run over. There are no rabid dogs in this neighborhood, so you won't be bitten."

"If I was I could take the Pasteur treatment," said Tommy.

"Sure," Ned said, "and you have sense enough not to go off with strangers, so even if there were bad men around—which there aren't—you'd be safe. Your mother would be silly to worry."

"I'm glad she doesn't," Tommy said. "I can take care of myself."

Jane blew out some oatmeal. "Amen," she said. "Amen, amen, amen, amen!"

Ned looked hard at his son. "Tommy," he said, "are you afraid of Mrs. Womble?"

Tommy stuck out his chest. "No!" he almost shouted. "Forrest says she's flabby. If you hit her in the stomach she'd cave in. I'm not scared of anything."

"I am," Ned said. "Lots of things."

"Gosh!" Tommy said. "Well, I'm not scared of Mrs. Womble." He spread jelly on a piece of toast and raised it toward his mouth. He laid it down. "Mr. Womble's dead," he said. "Do you think she killed him?"

"What?"

"Forrest says so. A boy in fourth grade told him Mr. Womble was a little tiny man, and Mrs. Womble rolled on him one night and smothered him to death."

"That's nonsense," Ned snorted. "You know she didn't."

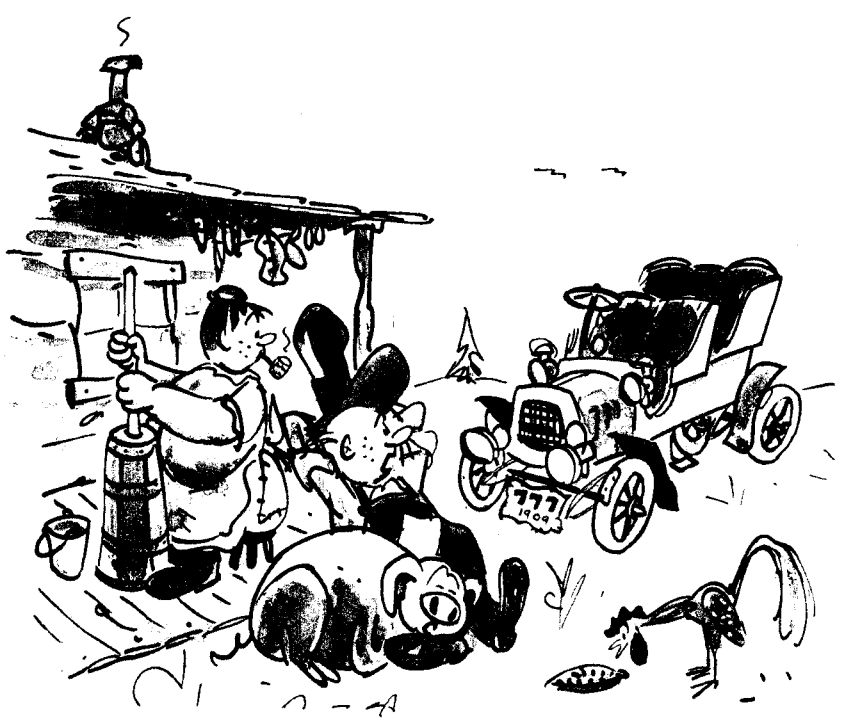
Carol said nothing. She gazed apathetically out the window. The maple tree was bare and gray in the rain. The empty robins' nest hung crooked from a twig, like a wet-weather moon. A few snowbirds, gray too, pecked at the sunflower seed on the feeding station.

"I guess not," Tommy said to his father. "I guess if she had, she'd have been sent to the electric chair or the gas chamber. Or the rack."

"The rack?" Ned asked.

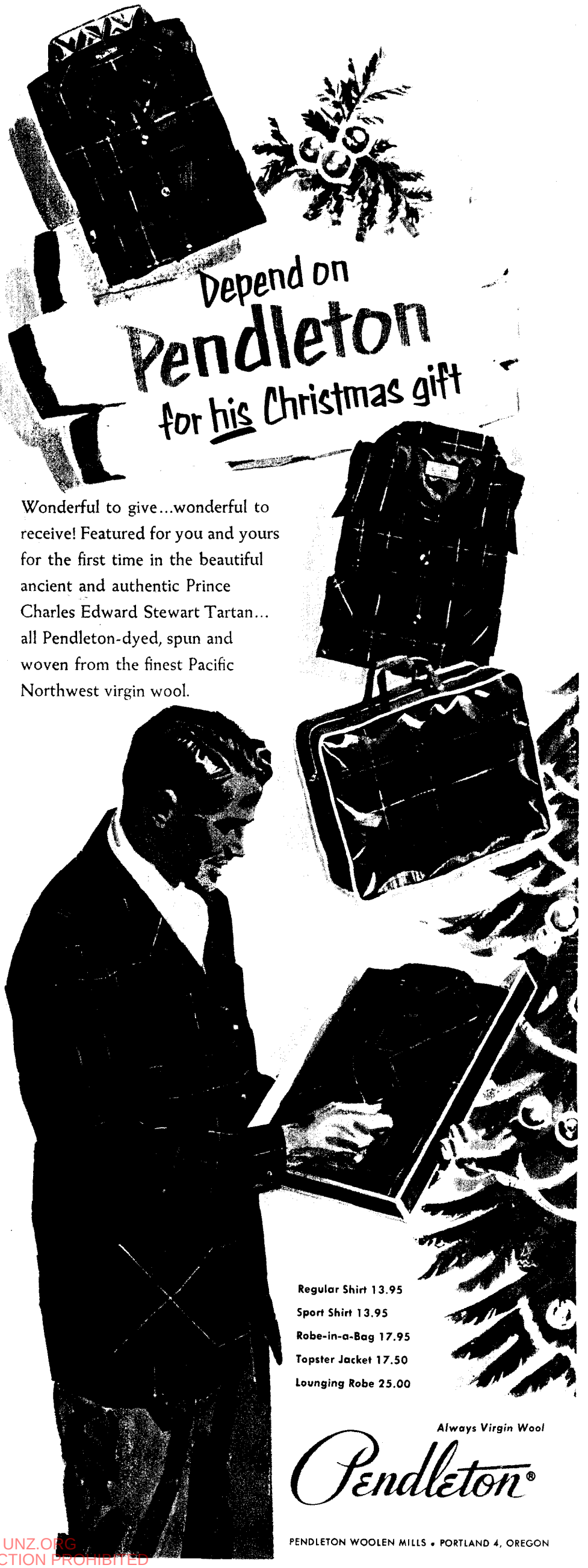
"She told us about the rack," Tommy said. "We were reading this story about a boy in Russia. His father had been put to death. Then Mrs. Womble explained how the law put people to death. Gas, you know, and the electric chair, and hanging with ropes, and sometimes the rack. It's a machine that

KENNESAW



"Looks like we'll have to get new license plates this year, Bessie. These are just about worn out"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

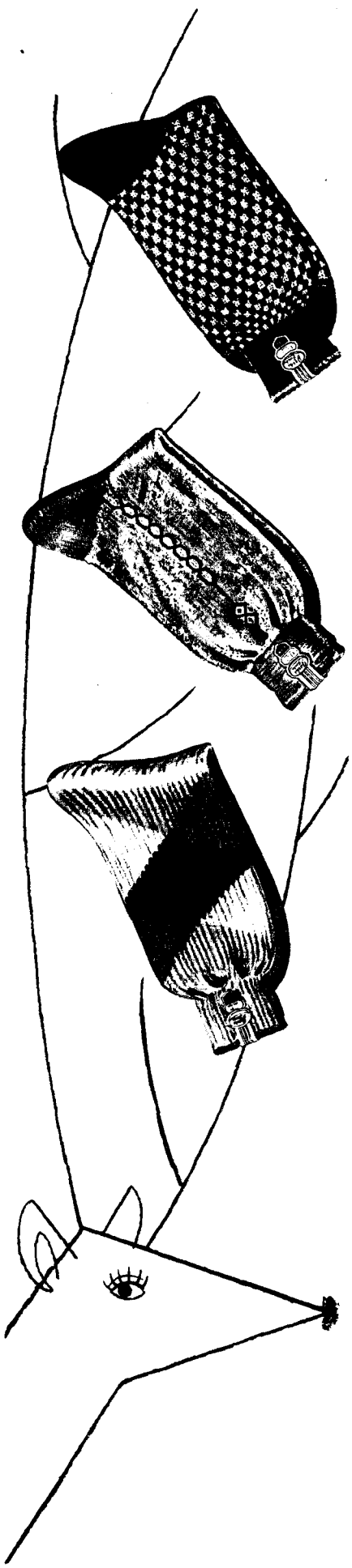

Depend on
Pendleton
for his Christmas gift
Wonderful to give...wonderful to receive! Featured for you and yours for the first time in the beautiful ancient and authentic Prince Charles Edward Stewart Tartan... all Pendleton-dyed, spun and woven from the finest Pacific Northwest virgin wool.
Regular Shirt 13.95
Sport Shirt 13.95
Robe-in-a-Bag 17.95
Topster Jacket 17.50
Lounging Robe 25.00
Always Virgin Wool
Pendleton®
PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND 4, OREGON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for your dears young and old

Jerks Socks®

the kind that STAY UP



pulls your bones apart. It makes my hips hurt."

"The rack hasn't been used for hundreds of years," Ned said. His voice trembled.

"Oh," Tommy said. "Then there *was* such a thing. I thought Mrs. Womble made it up."

"Made it up?"

"It's the kind of thing she *would* think of," said Tommy. "Look at the juncos eating my sunflower seed. Daddy, did you ever hit a bird with a rock?"

"No," Ned said.

"Did you ever see anybody hit one?"

"No," Ned said. "I can't say I did."

"It would be a mean thing to do," said Tommy.

Carol looked at her wrist watch. "We must go," she said. "You boys get on your raincoats and rubbers. I'll wrap up the baby."

SHE drove downtown with Jane strapped into an infant's car-chair on the front seat, Tommy beside Jane, and Ned in the back. Ned kissed her on the neck before he got out on a corner near his office. As he walked away she saw him lift one shoulder, like a man warding off something colder and more searching than a November wind.

"See the pretty streets!" Tommy said to Jane as they drove on. He pointed to the red and green traffic lights reflected on the wet pavement.

"Amen, amen!" said Jane.

When they stopped in front of the school, Tommy nuzzled the baby. " 'By," he said. "Be a good girl." He looked at his mother. "You know," he said, "I *am* afraid of Mrs. Womble. I just didn't like to tell Daddy."

"He would have understood," Carol said. "But she's nobody to be afraid of. She's old and dull and maybe lonesome. She likes to talk about horrors. But deep down I'm sure she's kind."

"No," Tommy said, "she does cruel things."

"Now, Tommy," Carol said, "you've been influenced by boys like Forrest."

Tommy shrugged. "I don't pay attention to Forrest. He brags too much. I don't believe she rolled on her husband. But I know other things she does."

Carol held her breath. She waited to hear.

"The principal knows, too," Tommy said darkly. "I heard her tell him. She was bragging about it."

"What did she tell him?" Carol asked.

"It was yesterday," Tommy said. "We were on the playground having a relay race. Then the principal came and said something to Mrs. Womble, and she went round the building to the front, where we're not allowed to play. The principal stayed with us."

"Yes?" said Carol.

"Then she came back and told him. I heard her. She was rubbing her hands together like she was real proud of herself. She said"—Tommy's face was pinched with outrage and pity—"she said: 'I killed two birds with one stone!' "

"But, darling—" Carol began.

"The birds like the berries on the bushes," Tommy said, pointing to the hedge of ligustrum that hid the foundations of the school building. "Sometimes there's a flock of them, whitethroats and chickadees. Once I saw a cardinal." He sighed a weary, unchildish sigh. "I hunted all around after school, but I couldn't find the dead bodies. Mrs. Womble must have thrown them in the trash can."

"Tommy," Carol said, "you misunderstood her. She was using a figure of speech. She didn't mean—"

A bell shrilled through the air. Tommy leaped from the car. "The warning bell!" he gasped.

"Wait!" Carol implored him. "Let me explain!"

"But I'm almost tardy!" Tommy said. He darted up the walk, splashing through puddles. His black slicker flapped behind him as he ran. He looked like a little bird himself, Carol thought tenderly. Then he pulled open the heavy front door and went inside.

Carol sat staring at the squat brick building. Within its walls her own son —her first-born child for whose sake she would have tossed away her whole life, like yesterday's newspaper—lived with terror in the marrow of his bones. Alone, untutored in cruelty or evil, he was picking his way among bizarre anxieties and fantastic confusions. She took a deep breath and tried to shrug off her despair. She was being childish, she told herself. She was letting Tommy's irrational fear color her mood just the way Ned had said the second-grade mind affected Mrs. Womble. Where was her sense of proportion, of humor? The child had only made the natural and easily corrected mistake of taking a metaphor for literal fact. She'd explain it to him this afternoon. But she failed to reassure herself. The afternoon seemed like years away and not certain to come at all.

The baby began to rock back and forth, pulling and pushing at her strap. "Go! Go!" she commanded. "Car go!"

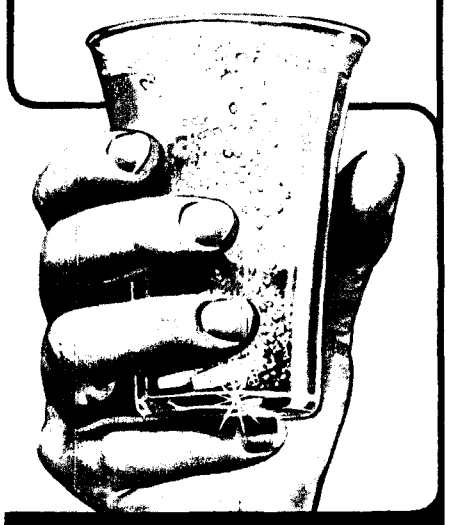
Carol turned to her. "Let's take it easy, Janie. Let's not go home just yet," she said. (She had fallen lately into the habit of addressing the baby as a contemporary.) "Let's go help Tommy."

As she unbuckled Jane's restraining strap and wrapped her in a square of red tarpaulin, Carol had a qualm of misgiving. To rush into a public school, the very citadel of convention and decorum, with an old, damp bandanna on her head and a baby, like a bundle, in her arms—! But a sense of urgent haste possessed Carol. She clutched Jane against her right hip. She held her pocketbook in her mouth so as to leave her left hand free for the door. She ran through the rain.

INSIDE the door Carol paused to turn the tarpaulin back from Jane's head and arms. The corridor was dim-lit and quiet in an eerie way. From behind closed doors came a muffled drone of voices that produced an effect more of vibration than of actual sound in the air. Carol began to run again. Her feet, in their clumsy galoshes, bore her too slowly, she thought, as feet bear a runner in a dream. As she careened around a corner, down the hall toward her destination, she skidded on the slick composition floor. The baby flapped her arms like wings. "Whee-eeeee!" she cried, as Carol recovered her balance.

Without knocking, Carol flung open the door of the second-grade room. What sinister rites she had expected to interrupt, she couldn't have said, but the commonplace serenity of the scene surprised her. Mrs. Womble was standing beside her desk. She looked a trifle weary, more than a trifle complacent, and quite human. The children, bent over notebooks, appeared at ease and reasonably cheerful. Tommy, sitting over in the row by the windows, shot Carol a swift, astonished glance. Then he bowed his head as if beneath a weight of shame.

Here's to FIRST AID FOR COLDS



Alka-Seltzer

BRAND Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SPEEDY RELIEF FOR THESE COLD DISCOMFORTS

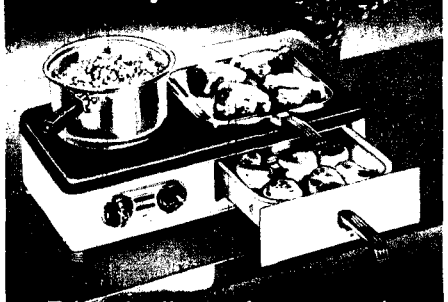
ACHE-ALL-OVER MISERY
FEVERISH FEELING
HEADACHE
SORE THROAT OF A COLD

Also Use Alka-Seltzer for
ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
MUSCULAR ACHES

ON DISPLAY AT ALL DRUG STORES U. S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND

Full-scale cooking in any little corner!



Bakes, broils, cooks, toasts, in only 2½ sq. ft. Portable, plugs into wall outlet. Aluminum griddle. Removable, deep broiler drawer with 2-position rack. Steel body, white enamel finish. Black porcelain enamel top deck. Two "KwiKook" interlocking 3-heat switches on AC model. No circuit overload! AC-DC model has two separate switches, three heats each. Either model, $39.95.

EVERHOT Rangette

TROPI-AIRE, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, ELGIN, ILLINOIS © 1952

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

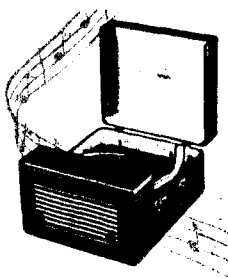
V-M tri-o-matic phonographs

V-M tri-o-matic 972 Phonograph with Siesta Switch, top quality amplifying system, all the tri-o-matic features and luxury styling. **$57.50***

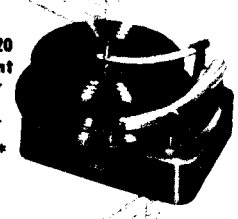
Everyone Likes Music Year Around

Give the gift that's *sure* to please any loved one all year 'round—a beautiful, fine quality V-M tri-o-matic phonograph! You'll give glorious, "full-bodied" tone reproduction that brings out the best in any record; care-free, completely automatic playing of any size, any speed records; gentle, noiseless changing that protects valued records; and beautiful luxury styling that is "right" for any room. See the complete V-M line—from $29.50 up.

Siesta Switch. A V-M exclusive for extra record playing pleasure. Lets you read or fall asleep to music because Siesta Switch turns off everything (amplifier too!) after last record plays. V-M Models 972 and 920 will also turn off the lamp you can plug into phonograph base.



V-M tri-o-matic 985 Portable with all V-M features plus Lazy-Lite (rejects records with lid closed).



V-M tri-o-matic 920 Changer Attachment plays through any TV or radio. World's most popular changer! **$39.95***

V-M phonographs and changers are sold in leading music stores everywhere. Manufactured by V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

*Slightly higher in West.

SEE YOUR V-M DEALER SOON

"Good morning, Mrs. Nelson," Mrs. Womble said. She moved lightly to the doorway. "And good morning, little *Miss* Nelson!"

Carol saw Tommy turn in his seat. He leaned forward, muscles flexed, ready to spring to his sister's defense.

The teacher smiled a maudlin, sentimental smile. With a gentle forefinger she prodded the baby's dimpled cheek. "Itsy-bitsy butterball!" she cooed. "Did peshy det all wained on?"

Jane bounced in the crook of Carol's arm. "Amen!" she yelled in her lusty voice. "Amen, amen, amen!"

The pupils roared applause. Jane rewarded them with the coy, ecstatic smile of the successful exhibitionist.

Carol removed her pocketbook from her mouth. "Could I speak to Tommy privately?" she asked Mrs. Womble.

"Why, yes, if it's necessary," Mrs. Womble replied. Her polite tone was flavored with reproach and a hint of *noblesse oblige*. "We run on schedule, you know, and we're in the midst of dictation, but—"

"I'll make it snappy," Carol said.

Tommy's face was blank and stern as he crossed the schoolroom. He didn't speak until he was in the hall with Carol and the door was safely shut behind him. Then he leaned against a wall, limp with fury. "You look like an old peasant woman in our literature book," he said in an outraged whisper. "Like somebody in Siberia!"

Carol was too distraught to be hurt. "Never mind my looks," she said. "I want a serious talk with you."

"Why did you carry your purse in your mouth?" Tommy demanded. He sounded on the verge of tears. "Like a dog!" He shut his eyes for an instant as if the recollection were mortifying beyond endurance. "Oh!" he moaned. "They all know you're kin to *me!*"

Carol set Jane down on the floor. She gave her the chain of car keys to play with. "You must listen to me now, Tommy," she said.

"What about?" Tommy asked.

"About your teacher," Carol said. "I can't have you afraid of her. She's not mean. You saw how nice she was to Jane. She's just—just sort of bored with life, I guess. She talks about dangers and executions and things because they're exciting to her. Like Western movies."

Tommy's expression was skeptical and wary.

"And as for what you heard her tell the principal," Carol went on, "she was using an old saying. A kind of proverb. She merely meant—"

TOMMY heard her out. At first he preserved a grudging show of reluctance, but gradually—for he was a child who enjoyed ideas and getting at the roots of things—his eyes betrayed his interest. "I see," he said when Carol had finished. "But I don't know if Forrest will. It's hard to explain things to Forrest."

"To Forrest?" Carol said.

"I told him what she'd done. What I thought she'd done. He helped hunt for the bodies."

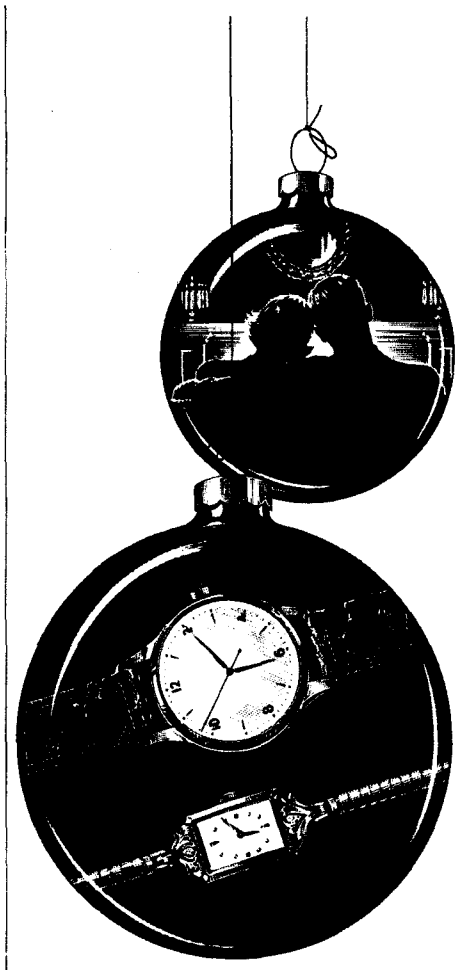
"Oh," said Carol. "You told Forrest." She began to laugh. She was swept by a sense of heady, malicious glee as she relished the poetic justice inherent in the legend that would now attach itself to Mrs. Womble. Generation after generation of second-grade children would preserve and cherish it. Each time she disappeared from their sight, they would imagine her crouched in the shrubbery, teetering on the toes of her ridiculous, undersized feet, shying rocks at songbirds. Knocking them off, *in pairs!*

Tommy stared at her, half puzzled. Suddenly, *he* laughed. His laughter came out in a whoop that echoed against the ceiling. He clapped his hand over his mouth. Jane, always eager for fun and frolic, laughed too. She flung the car keys down the hall. Tommy ran to retrieve them.

"Gosh, I was dumb," he said, as he offered the keys to Carol. "To think that ole sissy could hit two birds at a time!" His upturned face was merry and relaxed. He held his chin at a new angle, cocky and masculine and even a little tough. "I bet she couldn't hit an elephant, if it was standing still in front of her. Why, she couldn't throw as straight as a baby girl!"

"You have been told that you can look upon your First Sergeant as a counselor, an older friend, a helpmate and a Father-away-from-home. You men will look upon me as your First Sergeant"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE



Now's the time for the Gift of a Lifetime

A WATCH WITH INCABLOC PROTECTION!

The gift you'll be remembered for through years to come is the watch equipped with INCABLOC shock absorbers.

INCABLOC protects the watch from those daily shocks and jars that impair accuracy and damage delicate parts.

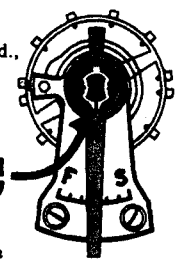
- INCABLOC saves dollars in costly repair bills by keeping repairs to a minimum.
- INCABLOC maintains watch accuracy and extends its useful life.
- Over 65 million watches are protected by INCABLOC . . . the world's most famous shock absorber.

Make your *gift* the gift of a lifetime . . . a watch with INCABLOC shock absorbers.

Take your jeweler's word for it:

"Watches equipped with INCABLOC outlast and outperform others—two to one!" *says Samuel T. Schwartz, President, Charles Schwartz & Son, a leading jeweler in Washington, D. C.*

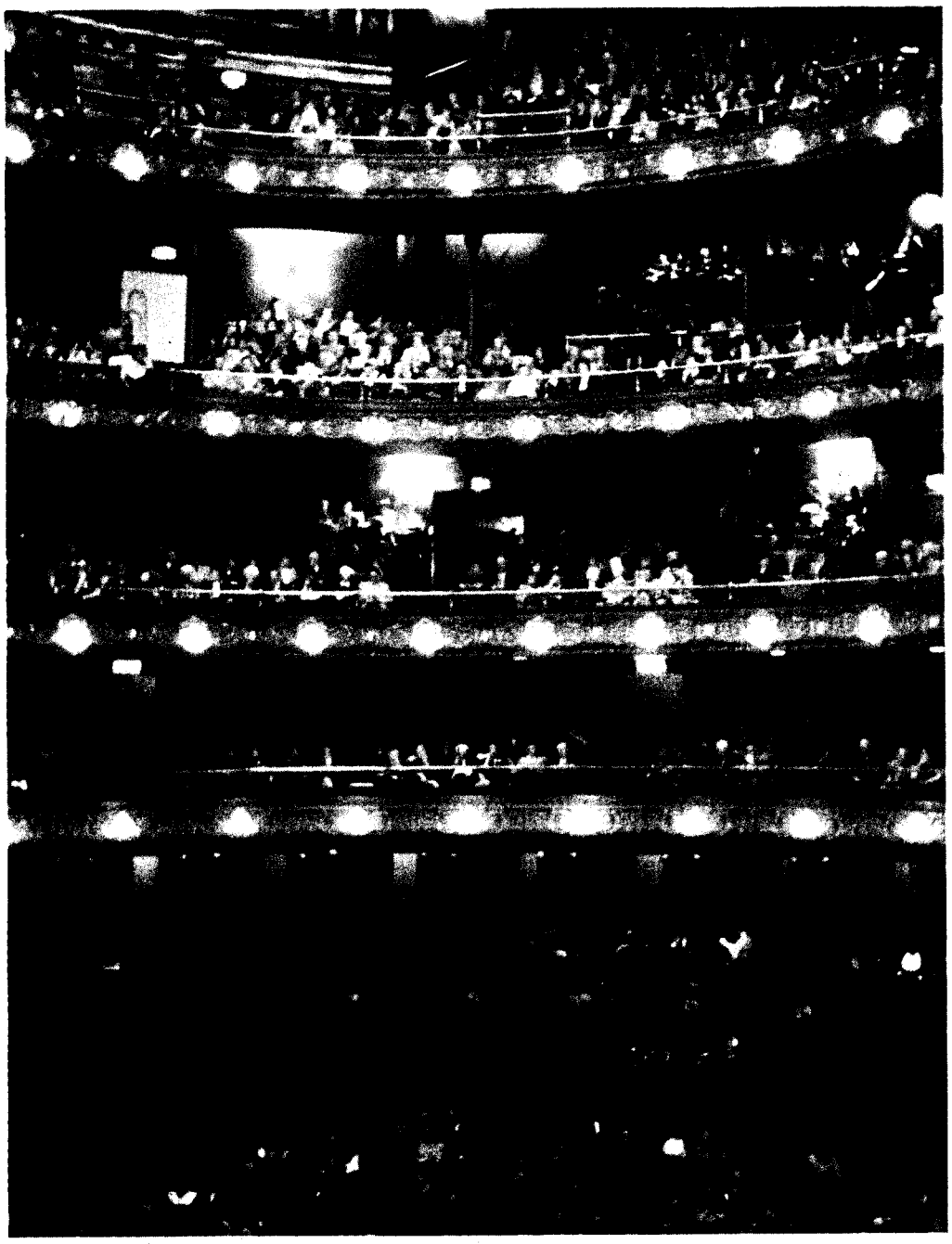
The Universal Escapement, Ltd.,
9 East 40th Street
New York 16, N. Y.



incabloc
Made in Switzerland
Protects the Life of Your Watch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's COLOR CAMERA



In New York's glittering red-and-gold Metropolitan Opera House, 3,500 spectators watch performance. Coast-to-coast radio fans swell the audience to over 12,000,000

The Met

For the 21st year, opera becomes

ANYONE who still believes that Main Street America has little interest in culture is stuck with a moth-eaten myth. Americans are, on evidence, as receptive to the joys of art as any group anywhere. Among the most impressive exhibits in the case for culture in the U.S. today is the Metropolitan Opera on the Air—a radio show which is almost certainly the world's champion in its field.

The Met on the Air (starting its 21st season on November 29th) holds the attention of 12,000,000 people for three hours every Saturday afternoon from November through March.

Heard over the ABC network and sponsored for the 13th consecutive year by The Texas Company, the broadcasts have revolutionized the status of opera in the U.S. They have brought opera lovers in every whistle stop, back street and hamlet the formerly unattainable prize of complete performances by one of the greatest musical-drama companies of modern times. But even more important,

Mikes are put between footlights before the broadcast. Others are concealed in scenery

Former Met tenor Giovanni Martinelli (second from left) joins group watching question-answer intermission feature in Opera Quiz room

Met's George A. Sloan (second from left) meets to discuss policy with D. W. Stewart, W. S. S. Rodgers and R. L. Saunders of The Texas Co.

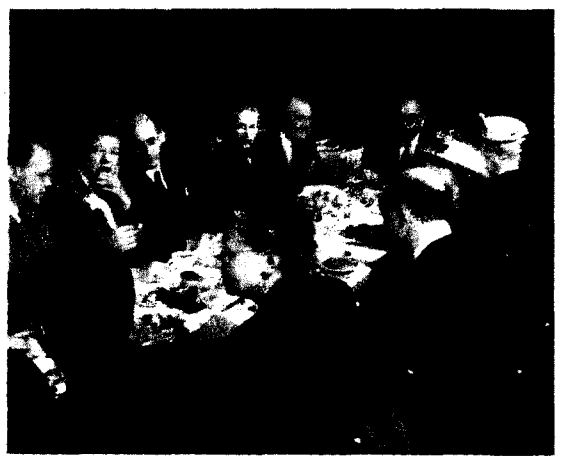
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the Air

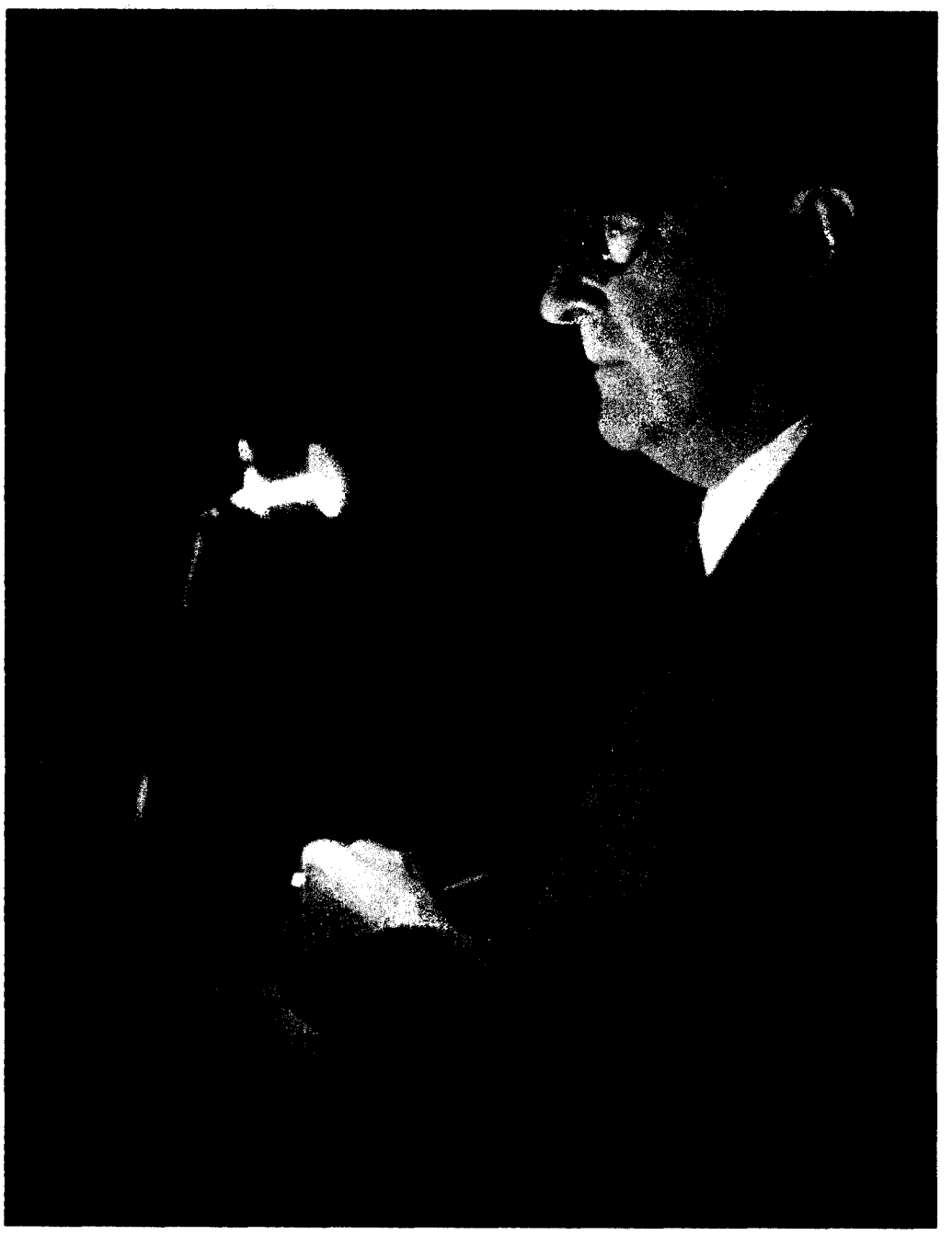
available to anyone with a radio

the broadcasts have made vast new audiences for opera. Millions of Americans who dialed to the Met on wintry Saturday afternoons became devoted fans. And thousands more join the ranks of the charmed every week.

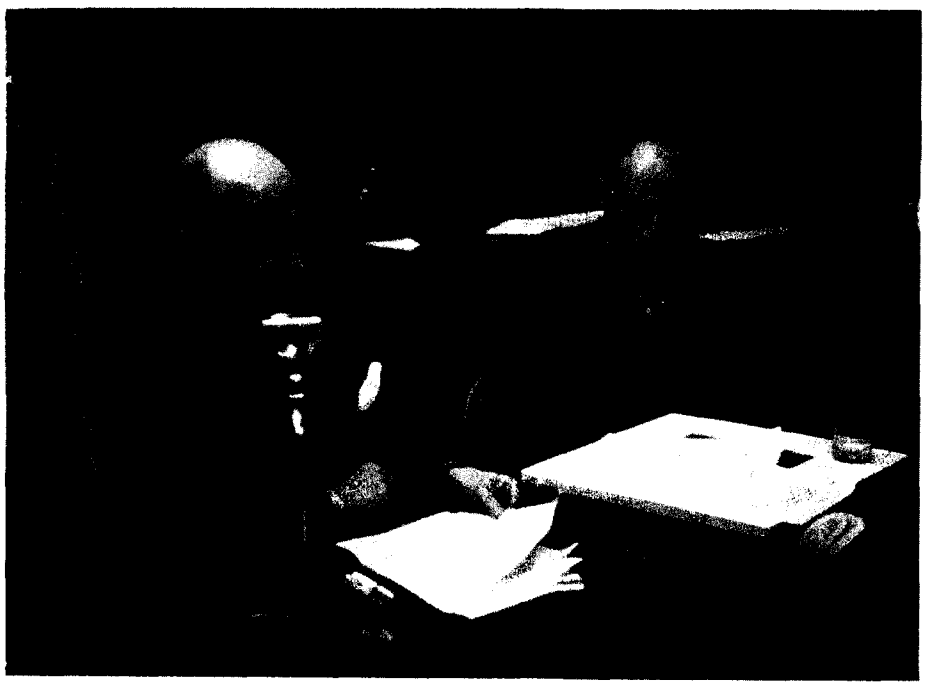
During intermissions, The Texas Company fills in with two informative programs: Opera News on the Air, an informal discussion of the day's opera or other operatic subjects, put on with the co-operation of the Opera Guild, and the Opera Quiz, in which radio listeners try to stump the experts. Further, the Metropolitan fosters the idea that the opera company belongs as much to the folks in Abilene and Zion City as it does to the dowagers on Park Avenue. In a real way the Met does belong to its distant listeners: in four fund-raising campaigns on the air, home audiences contributed nearly $1,000,000. They helped save the old opera house. What more eloquent proof can there be that America's heart is not beyond the reach of opera's sweet voice? ▲▲▲



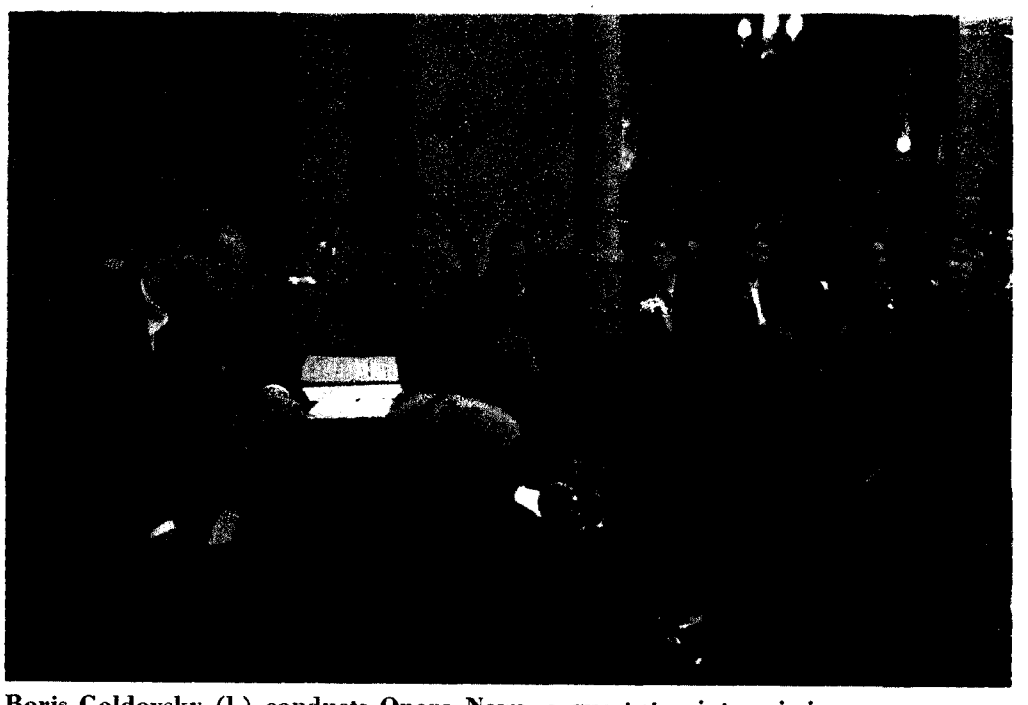
Met on Air producer Henry Souvaine (end of table) lunches with Met and Texas Co. group



Voice of the opera for Saturday-matinee radio audience is Milton Cross, who sits in a dim booth guiding unseen listeners through intricate channels of opera plot



Quizmaster Robert Lawrence (right) stands by during the Opera Quiz while Rudolf Bing, general manager of Met, greets radio audience



Boris Goldovsky (l.) conducts Opera News, a guest-star intermission program. Backs to camera are guests Dorothy Kirsten, George London

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Mr. Trenholme...

When her dividends were cut in half, (Miss) Dorothy Hastings sprang into action. She went straight to the top, to young, bewildered A. L. Trenholme, III, himself

By MAX WILK

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City

August 15, 1952

Dear Stockholder:

Enclosed you will find a check representing a dividend of fifty cents (50¢) a share on the number of shares outstanding in your name as of August 5, 1952.

Because of decreased gross and net revenues for the first six months of the fiscal year, February-July, 1952, it was voted at a Board of Directors meeting of your company on August 1, 1952, to reduce the quarterly dividend from one dollar ($1.00) to the current figure. Whether or not we shall return to the customary four-dollar ($4.00) a year rate will depend completely on future net earnings which cannot be predicted at this time. Sincerely yours,

A. L. Trenholme, III, President

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut

August 17, 1952

Mr. A. L. Trenholme, III
Standard Cycle Company
18 Morris Street
New York City

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

When my Grandfather Beggs died two years ago, he left me in his will some stock in your company. Ever since then you people have been sending me a check every three months for $100, and believe me, with expenses the way they are today, a girl can certainly use such extra cash. Yesterday, however, you sent me a check for $50, and I am writing you to find out why, all of a sudden, somebody in your bookkeeping department has made such a silly mistake.

I would appreciate your sending me the rest of my money by return mail, as I need it for some specific things around the diner. And let's hope this mistake doesn't happen again. If I were you, I'd check up on your bookkeeping department.

(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

August 19, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch, General Manager
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

I found this on my desk today. As I have to run out to Chicago for a meeting of the Trenholme

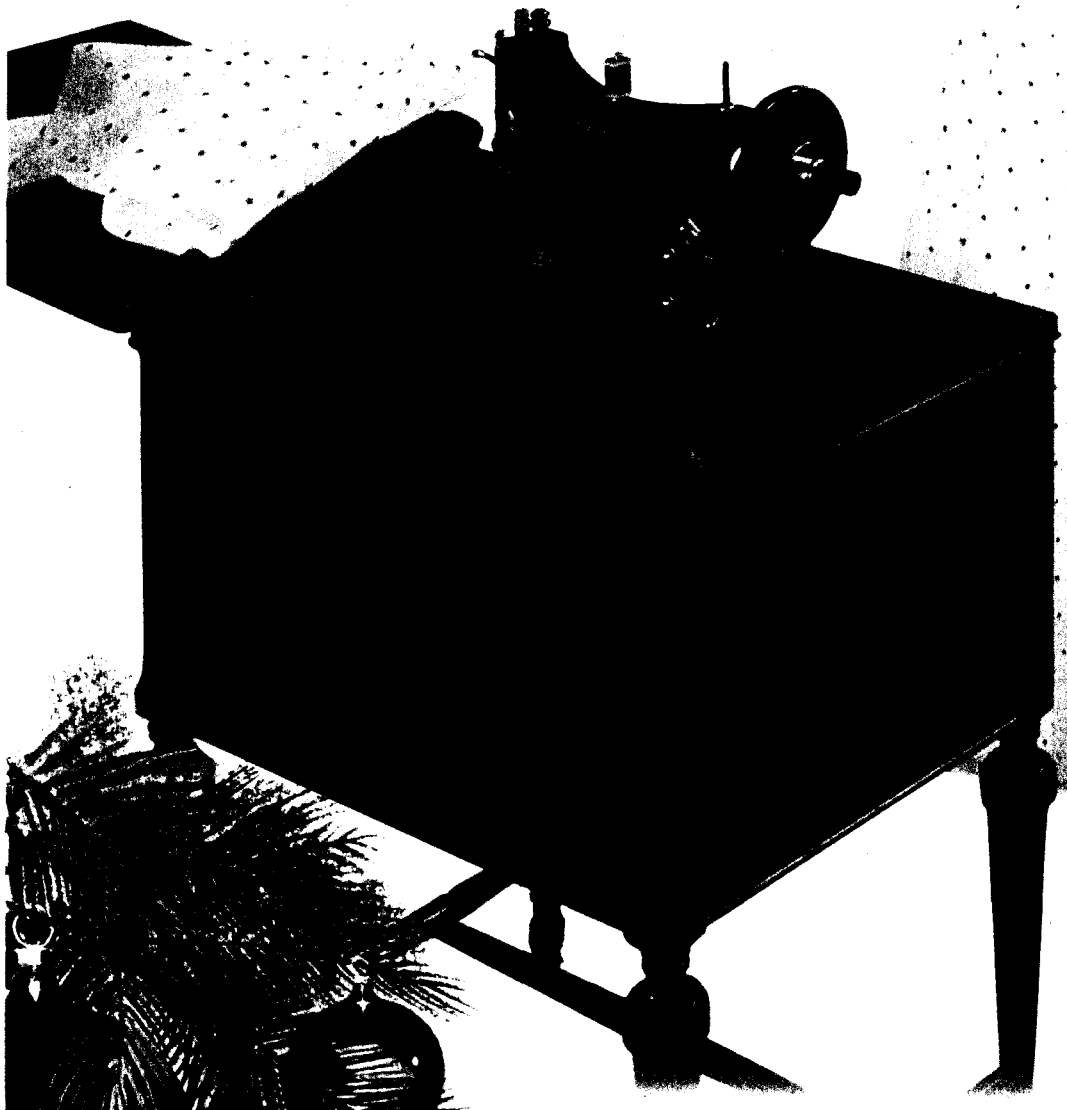
ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT DARLING

"I thought I was having a business discussion with you," I reminded him. "All you seem to have been interested in is my personal life and my legs"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonderfully simple
simply wonderful

For a Christmas Surprise... and a lifetime of easy, budget-stretching sewing... at "down-to-earth" prices, make a Domestic Sewmachine your "big gift" this Christmas. It's built to stay in adjustment. That's why it's guaranteed forever. See all the beautiful cabinet and portable models at the shopping spot that's handiest for you.



Domestic
SEWMACHINES

MADE IN AMERICA FOR OVER 80 YEARS . . . Domestic Sewing Machine Co., Inc., Cleveland 1, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR MUSCULAR PAIN
TAKE BAYER ASPIRIN
FOR QUICK RELIEF
FEEL BETTER FAST!

MY ELECTRIC THINGS RUN SMOOTHER WITH A FEW DROPS OF 3-IN-ONE

3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Mend broken dolls, wood toys with amazing PLASTIC WOOD

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from *these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes* and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5207-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Foundation, would you please explain things to the lady?

A. L., III

August 20, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: A. L. Trenholme, III
FROM: Harry Busch

In re: Miss Hastings. I'll do my best. But she obviously can't read.

H. B.

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City

August 20, 1952

Miss Dorothy Hastings
Dorothy's Diner
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut

Dear Miss Hastings:

In answer to your letter to Mr. Trenholme, I hasten to assure you that no mistake in your quarterly dividend check was made. If you will read the notice accompanying the check, you will note that the Board of Directors reduced the quarterly dividend by half, because of decreased profits for the first six months of 1952.

I hope you will believe that all of us here at Standard are doing our best to increase profits so that at the end of the next quarter we can return to the old dividend figure; and trusting that this answers your question, I am,

Very truly yours,
H. Busch,
General Manager

From The New York Herald Tribune, August 21, 1952

TRENHOLME FOUNDATION ELECTS NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS

A. L. Trenholme, III, One of Three Brothers, *to Serve as Chairman*

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut

August 22, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

In answer to my letter to you I have received a reply from somebody named Busch. I showed it to my lawyer, Malcolm Judd, who knows more about these things than I, a mere novice, do. Malcolm and I discussed the whole thing, and both of us agreed we can't understand why you aren't making more money. First of all, my Grandfather Beggs was a real shrewd customer, as anyone here in Stonefield will tell you, and Malcolm says he never would have invested in your company unless he was sure it would make money for a long time to come. Secondly, we can't understand why motorcycles aren't selling well. Here in Stonefield the police force just bought three. Multiply that by the number of small towns all over the country—and a person realizes that *somebody's* selling motorcycles. Why isn't it Standard?

I hope you will be able to explain all this to me. I was planning to buy a new coffee urn for the diner with that $100 check. Now I will have to put up with the old leaky one until the next dividend check. Have you ever tangled with a leaky urn? Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut

August 23, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

I'm adding this to last night's letter. It's important. I've been talking with some of the policemen who come in here for coffee at night, and Patrolman Charlie Quinn tells me that the police force in East Kilby, which is five miles from here, is in the market for two new motorcycles. Suggest you have your local dealer get in touch with the chief over there right away. This is inside information, and I am sure no other motorcycle company has it yet, so please act right away. Yours,

(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

August 28, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch, General Manager
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

Just got back from California and found these letters on my desk. Have to catch a plane for New Orleans—family matters—so will you attend to them? Maybe the sales department should follow up on the lady's tip.

A. L., III

August 29, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: A. L. Trenholme, III
FROM: Harry Busch

Followed through as per your request. East Kilby outside our Hartford sales agency territory.

H. B.

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut

September 2, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

I just can't understand it! I wrote you more than a week ago with an inside tip on a chance for the company to sell two motorcycles, and this morning Charlie Quinn tells me that East Kilby closed a deal last night to buy two Harley-Davidsons! If this is the kind of sales department Standard has, no wonder business is falling off! I'd be very interested in your explanation of how this happened, especially since you already cut the dividend once because of poor sales earlier this year.

Incidentally, Sam Tucker, of Tucker's Elite Garage, says if he could get a dealer's franchise to sell Standards, he could get rid of at least ten around here a year. There are lots of motorcycle enthusiasts here in town, it seems.

Waiting to hear from you, I am,

Perplexedly yours,
(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City

September 10, 1952

Dear Miss Hastings:

Mr. Trenholme was called out of town for a few days, and I am taking the liberty of answering your letter of the 2d. Our sales organization is concentrated mostly in large cities, and therefore at times it is impossible to penetrate to towns the size of East Kilby, Connecticut. Inasmuch as our system has proved successful in the past, and we have every reason to believe it will do so in the future, we contemplate that we shall continue to operate our business this way. This method of operation would, of course,

COLLIER'S

"Well, I've finished my list of presents. Now I've got to find someone who'll give them to me"

MICHAEL BERRY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preclude our granting a sales franchise to your local friend, Mr. Tucker.

Thanking you for your kind interest in our company, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Harry Busch,
General Manager

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
September 12, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

I am coming down to New York next Thursday, the 18th, to buy some new crockery and silverware for the diner, and I will be free around 1:30 in the afternoon. I would very much like to come down to your office and see you inasmuch as I am quite disturbed about certain things in the company. Malcolm Judd says that, as a stockholder, I am certainly entitled to an appointment with you. He also bet me a fried-chicken dinner that you'd never give me the appointment. Apart from winning the dinner, I think it would be in the best interests of the company for you to grant me the time. I have been thinking a good deal about the sales situation and have quite a few notes on improvements I want to discuss with you.

Unless I hear from you to the contrary, then, I'll expect to see you around 1:30 on Thursday.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

September 15, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

I can't seem to get Miss Hastings out of my hair. When she shows up here on Thursday, will you please talk to her? I must be in Cleveland for a Board of Directors meeting of Trenholme Industries. If her notes have any value to our business, please pass them along where they'll do the most good.

A. L., III

September 16, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: A. L. Trenholme, III
FROM: Harry Busch

I will *try* to take care of Miss Hastings. Incidentally, I've heard through a third party that Ajax Industries might be interested in taking over Standard Cycle in a merger deal. Are *you* interested?

September 17, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

I'm surprised at you. This business has been in the family for nearly fifty years, and we won't sell for another fifty, at least. Suggest you worry about boosting sales instead of selling us out.

A. L., III

HOTEL NEPTUNE
A Residence for Ladies
East 50th Street
New York City
September 18, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

I am writing you this letter by registered mail, just so that you will be sure to receive it and it can't possibly be tossed into a wastebasket somewhere in the company offices.

I am going to try and control my feelings in this matter, although I must say that I have every reason for losing my temper. My Grandfather Beggs, who was a very smart man, used to say, "You can be polite just so long, and then, if you're not getting anywhere, be rude."

First of all, when I got to your office —which was a $2.15 cab ride, plus tip —your secretary was out to lunch. I waited until 2 P.M. before she came back, and then she told me you were called away to Cleveland, and that if I wished, I could see Mr. Busch, the general manager.

Well, by that time I had waited half an hour, and decided that rather than chalk the trip off as a total loss, I would see him.

Frankly, I do not like Mr. Busch. He is what we in Stonefield call "wise." His whole attitude toward me was annoying. He began by saying, "Miss Hastings, we're quite busy here, working in your best interests, so fill me in on whatever is bothering you and I will give it my attention."

He treated me in much the same way our high-school principal, Mr. Nelson, would call us down for making disturbances during study hall. The word is "condescending."

Well, I realize I can't like everybody in the world, but Grandfather Beggs used to say you have to at least try, so I took out my notes and began to discuss them. From that point on, I could hardly get one word in.

First, two salesmen came in and discussed prices on a shipment to England. That lasted at least ten minutes.

Then Mr. Busch's secretary came in with some letters to sign.

After that, Mr. Busch got a call from a friend of his, and they chatted for at least six minutes. They seemed to be arranging a meeting for tomorrow afternoon, at some club or other. When he hung up, Mr. Busch said, "Very important business date," but he must think I'm a fool, because I happen to know that the 9 and 18 he mentioned during the conversation did not refer to motorcycles, but to the number of holes of golf they intended to play. We know about golf in Stonefield. He must think we're real hicks.

"Now," said Mr. Busch, "what's on your mind, girlie?" He was leaning over the desk, obviously to get a better look at my legs. Before I could answer, he got up from behind his desk and walked over to my chair. "You know," he said, before I could return to my notes, "from your letters, I kind of expected an older girl. You're much younger than I thought you'd be."

"Thank you," I said. "Now—in regard to sales of motorcycles—"

"How did a pretty girl like you ever come to own stock in this outfit?" Mr. Busch asked. He sat down in a chair about two feet away from me. I explained that my Grandfather Beggs had left it to me, and that although I hadn't had the faintest idea of what owning stock meant, I was doing my very best to find out.

"You really shouldn't bother your pretty head about matters of business, Miss Hastings," Mr. Busch said, pulling his chair closer.

I told him that I had managed my own business, Dorothy's Diner, for four years, ever since I had graduated from the Winstead School of Home Economics, in Hartford.

"Ever have trouble with customers who get—fresh?" Mr. Busch asked. By this time he was grinning at me in a most unbusinesslike manner. In a diner, a girl gets to recognize these things.

"Yes," I told him, "that used to happen. But I put a stop to it."

"Must make it pretty dull now, eh?" he asked.

"I don't believe in mixing pleasure with business," I told him, "and I think you'd do well to follow the same procedure."

He was about to say something when the phone on his desk rang. He went over and picked it up. I don't know what the call was about, but Mr. Busch became rather upset. He said something to the person on the other end about not calling him at his office. He turned to me and said, "Would you mind if I took this call in private?"

"I thought *I* was having a business discussion with you," I reminded him. "I've been here for nearly half an hour, and so far I haven't been able to discuss *one* idea. All you seem to have been interested in is my personal life and my legs."

Mr. Busch sighed with very badly disguised impatience, and he told the person on the other end of the call that he'd call back. Then he hung up and turned back to me, but now he was brisk and curt. "Let's get down to cases," he said. "What ideas?"

"I have here three suggestions for improving the sales of the company," I told him, "and if you'll just keep quiet for about five minutes, I'll explain them to you."

He sighed again. Then he told me to fire away.

I outlined my first idea, which is for the company to sponsor motorcycle races among various police departments around the country.

"Out of the question," Mr. Busch said. "Number two."

I had hardly opened my mouth to explain that I thought the company should co-operate with high schools in teaching traffic safety to teen-agers who want to run their own motorcycles, when Mr. Busch's secretary, without even knocking, walked in.

"You asked me to tell you when it was time for the plans meeting," she said. "Well, it's time."

Mr. Busch jumped up like a rabbit flushed by a hound-dog, came over and shook my hand and told me he'd enjoyed our chat tremendously, but that the press of business kept him from going any further with it.

"But—my ideas—" I protested, as he guided me to the office door. And I must also add that he seemed to be squeezing my arm with considerably more than what I consider common professional courtesy.

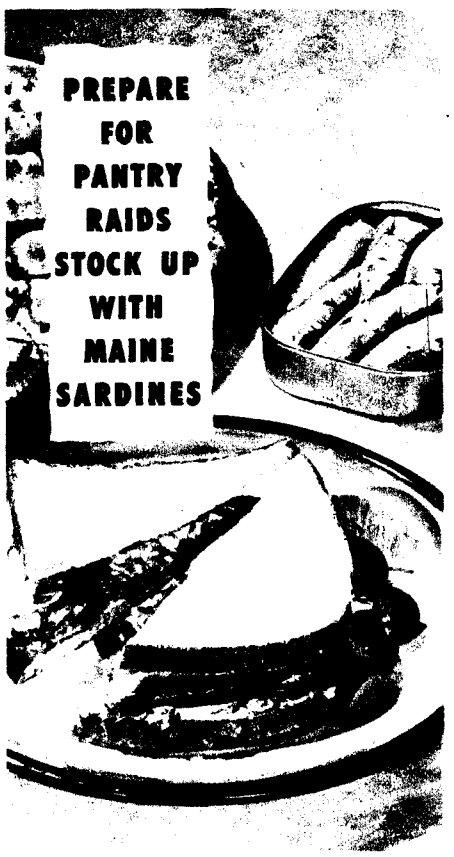
"Tell you what," he said. "Leave a copy of them with Miss Whitmore, and when I have a spare moment, I'll run through them and let you know how they strike me."

"Before I could say anything in reply, I found myself in Mr. Busch's outer office, and as his secretary took my notes, she also gave me instructions how to get to the elevator.

I walked down the hall, and I can tell you that the experience I had just been through made me very angry. And I am a girl who does not lose her temper easily. When you run a diner, you acquire plenty of self-control.

Mr. Trenholme, I'd like you to know something. You people are operating on outmoded theories. Just because I come from a small town in Connecticut doesn't mean I'm as naïve as all that. This isn't 1902. And if your Mr. Busch were a little shrewder, he'd realize that we in Stonefield are pretty sophisticated. We know a brush-off when we get one.

Now, Mr. Busch has my recommendations. I happen to have a copy. I expect him to read and report on them to you within the next week, or else I will be forced to become more annoying



When Junior and his gang raid the pantry after the game or movie, you won't be caught napping if you have plenty of Maine Sardines on hand.

They can help themselves to husky, man-sized sandwiches, enjoy this popular seafood on crackers or right out of the can. The appetizing flavor and wholesome tenderness of Maine Sardines make them ideal for informal snacks.

Your family will enjoy Maine Sardines in appetizing, nourishing main dishes . . . casseroles, croquettes, omelets and loafs, with rice, cheese, eggs, macaroni, and many vegetables. Maine Sardines are packed in modern sanitary plants under rigid Government inspection. Only the purest of vegetable salad oils and tomato and mustard sauces are used.

You can s-t-r-e-t-c-h your food dollar further by stocking up on Maine Sardines at your grocer's at new lower prices. Stock up and save!

FREE *62 easy interesting recipes plus full-color illustrations.*

MAINE Sardines

Remember the name — MAINE For sardine value you won't forget!

MAIL TODAY!

Maine Sardine Industry, Augusta, Maine

Please send me a free copy of the new Maine Sardine Recipe Book. P-3

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

THE LOW-COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Winter Winner * on Union Pacific Dining Cars

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

* The December feature.. Pancakes and Sausage

The thought of pancakes—light as snowflakes—and sizzling sausages, will bring you quickly out of that cozy Pullman berth. It's a breakfast that fits perfectly with the crisp, winter morn framed in your dining-car window.

That's our December suggestion for Union Pacific travelers . . . pancakes and sausage served with butter, syrup and rich, fragrant coffee. Yes, the top of the morning is really tops on a Union Pacific diner.

* * *

For fine trains, fine foods and fine service, ask to be routed by Union Pacific through the West.

*Free Recipe . . . for delicious pancakes as prepared by Union Pacific chefs. Write Union Pacific Railroad, Room 578, Omaha 2, Nebr.

Streamliners

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"
(Between Chicago-Los Angeles)
"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
(Between Chicago-San Francisco)
"CITY OF PORTLAND"
(Between Chicago-Portland)
"CITY OF DENVER"
(Between Chicago-Denver)
"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"
(Between St. Louis-Kansas City-Pacific Coast)

Also between Chicago and the Pacific Coast are LOS ANGELES LIMITED . . . SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND . . . and GOLD COAST.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

than you seem to find me at present. I'd just like to remind you that ownership of stock in a company constitutes part ownership of that company. If I had partners in the management of Dorothy's Diner, and business weren't good, I would certainly listen to the advice of my partners.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

September 19, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

The enclosed letter from Miss Hastings is self-explanatory. I would like your side of the story immediately.

A. L., III

September 19, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: A. L. Trenholme, III
FROM: Harry Busch

You asked me to get Miss Hastings out of your hair, remember? In answer to the rest of her letter—

A. Yes, I did make a golf date. For tomorrow afternoon.

B. Yes, I did get a private call. This isn't a prison, it's a business office.

C. I've gone through Miss Hastings' suggestions, and while I find them interesting, I don't think there's anything in them that will help sales. As far as I can see, business is slow everywhere in the industry. It's not just us.

D. If you and the stockholders really think I'm loathsome, maybe I'd better resign.

E. I'm sorry she doesn't like me. The feeling is somewhat mutual.

Also I'm sorry you're not interested in Ajax Industries' take-over of Standard Cycle. It might make you a nice capital gain, income-taxwise.

H. B.

September 23, 1952
INTEROFFICE MEMO
TO: Harry Busch
FROM: A. L. Trenholme, III

Don't get your back up, Harry. I'm convinced you acted in good faith. And as far as resigning is concerned, how could Standard do without you? You've been here longer than I have. If you weren't around, I shudder to think what would happen.

I'll write our mutual lady friend a nice letter and hope that's the end of it. See you when I get back from Toronto Friday—more family business.

A. L., III

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City
September 23, 1952

My dear Miss Hastings:

First, let me say that both Mr. Busch and I wish to apologize to you for any insult, real or imagined, which you may have suffered during your recent visit to our home office. Naturally, the interests of our stockholders are always of paramount importance to us, and if, in the press of current business affairs, some of us tend to forget our obligations to you, our loyal co-owners, then we stand ready at any time to be corrected.

As for your welcome suggestions, Mr. Busch assures me they will be given the closest scrutiny, and he will attempt to implement whatever elements of them he finds to be of practical value to our business.

In conclusion, may I say that I can only hope that our future earnings will reflect increases that should gratify you and all of us at the same time.

Thanking you again for your interest, I am,

Very truly yours,
A. L. Trenholme, III

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
September 24, 1952

Dear Mr. Trenholme, III:

Thank you for your letter. It reassured me. I'd begun to believe you were just an imaginary name on the letterhead.

As far as what you wrote is concerned, my Grandfather Beggs had an expression that covers it well.

"You can keep flies away from the house," he said, "by leaving honey way out in back."

All right: for the time being, I'll stay out in back of the house. I have a business to manage.

But I'll be waiting to see the next company report.

Tentatively, then,
(Miss) Dorothy Hastings

From The New York Times,
October 10, 1952

A. L. TRENHOLME, III,
ACCEPTS JOB
IN FUND-RAISING CAMPAIGN

To Head Industries Division of
New Hospital Campaign

From The New York World-Telegram and Sun, November 20, 1952

"Standard Cycle Company today reported sales of $801,234, and net income of $78,912, for the three months ended Oct. 31 compared with sales of $914,776, net income of $98,244, for the previous three-month period. Dividend on common stock was declared at 50 cents a share."

MALCOLM F. JUDD
Attorney at Law
43 Main Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
November 21, 1952

Secretary, Standard Cycle Company
18 Morris Street
New York City

Dear Sir:

As attorney for Miss Dorothy Hastings, a registered stockholder possessing 100 shares of stock in your firm, I hereby request permission to examine the company's complete list of stockholders.

I believe that Miss Hastings is entitled to this privilege under the company by-laws.

I will come to New York whenever it is convenient to you, for the purpose of checking the list.

Awaiting your reply, I am,

Respectfully yours,
Malcolm F. Judd

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City
November 24, 1952

Dear Stockholder:

The annual meeting of stockholders in this company will be held on December 15, 1952, at 10 A.M., in Room 901 of our office building, for the purposes of making a yearly report and of transacting the following business.

1. Re-election of the officers of the company.

2. Any such other business as may be desired, although it is not presently contemplated that there will be any.

Enclosed you will find a proxy, entitling the management of the company to cast your vote for the officers of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the company, namely: A. L. Trenholme, III, president; Harry Busch, general manager; and Joseph Sillcox, secretary-treasurer.

If you do not plan to attend the meeting in person, kindly sign the enclosed proxy and return it to me.

Very truly yours,
A. L. Trenholme, III,
President

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
November 27, 1952

Colonel H. H. McClanahan (ret.)
871 Finch Avenue
West Hartford, Conn.
Dear Colonel:

Thanks very much for the proxy you just sent to me, enabling me to vote your shares of stock for you.

Isn't it interesting, you and I living so near to each other, and neither of us knowing we were held together by an invisible bond—our stock in Standard Cycle?

And let me say this, Colonel. American business need have no fears for the future when it can boast of such shrewd, hardheaded, clear-thinking men like you. . . .

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
November 28, 1952

Mrs. Lucy Mae Forsythe
"Shore Cove"
Guilford, Conn.
Dear Mrs. F:

The recipe for black-molasses cookies worked out simply *fine!* My customers can't get enough of them. I hope you'll drop over to Stonefield someday soon and try some.

Oh, yes, the proxy came today, and I want to thank you for it. You can be sure I'll let you know how it all comes out after the meeting. Please come and visit before you head south to Florida, and we can exchange some more ideas on food. . . .

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
November 30, 1952

Emerson L. Curtis
903 Yale Station
New Haven, Conn.
Dear Hoot:

Friday night was lots of fun, and I want to thank you again. I really don't know yet whether or not I can make the dance next week.

I'll try. But when do you boys *study?*

You're a love-boat to send the proxy, just as you promised. I'm sorry I wasn't in when you phoned. Maybe I'll be in the next time. Try me again. . . .

From The Wall Street Journal,
December 16, 1952

STANDARD CYCLE MEETING MARKED BY STOCKHOLDER-MANAGEMENT DISSENSION

". . . At the conclusion of the reading of the company report by A. L. Trenholme, III, it was then moved and seconded that the current slate of Standard's officers be re-elected for the coming year. At this point, a young lady, later identified as Miss Dorothy Hastings, of Stonefield, Connecticut, arose and demanded the right to speak. General Manager Harry Busch, who was presiding over the meeting, attempted to head off Miss Hastings, by calling her a known troublemaker, but Miss Hastings waved a handful of proxies which she claimed represented 11 per cent of the firm's stockholders, and demanded the floor. After a heated exchange between Mr. Busch and Mr. Trenholme, III, the young president, she was allowed to speak.

Miss Hastings immediately demanded the resignation of Mr. Busch as general manager of Standard. Her request threw the meeting into an uproar. The twenty-odd stockholders present were finally quieted, and Miss Hastings continued speaking.

"I originally canvassed my fellow

COLLIER'S "Snap it up! I've got some Christmas cards to send out, too, you know!" JACK MARKOW

Give White Stag "Misters" to Your Mister

Overnight...across the nation...the Mister Jacket is establishing a tradition for men in the family. Men recognize the perfection of design . . . fabric . . . and outdoor wearability of the Mister. They proudly respect the White Stag label that has been symbolic of "he-man" wear since Paul Bunyan days. The Mister is durable, water-repellent, spot-and-stain-resistant Cotton and Rayon Twill. The unlined Mister is washable...lined Misters are easily cleaned. And there's a Mister to fit every Mister's taste and way of life in every climate. What a gift this Christmas!

THE MISTER — Unlined in Cocoa, Sage Green, Dark Green, Natural, Brown, Grey, Weathered Blue or Navy.
Sizes 36 to 46 . . . . . $10.95
Extra sizes and longs $11.95

THE PLAID MISTER — Lined with 100% Wool Plaid in Cocoa, Weathered Blue, Navy, Dark Green.
Sizes 36 to 46 . . . . . $18.95

THE THERMOSTAG MISTER — Lined with 10-ounce Quilted THERMOSTAG. Sage Green, Dark Green, Navy, Brown. Sizes 36 to 46 . . . . . $16.95
Long length $18.95

THE MOUTON MISTER — Lined with quilted THERMOSTAG. King size, weatherized Mouton Collar. Cocoa, Navy or Dark Green, 36 to 46 . . . . . $19.95

WHITE STAG MFG. CO. • PORTLAND 9, OREGON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stockholders," she said, "in an effort to get enough votes to back a movement to ask Mr. A. L. Trenholme, III, to step down from his post as president of our company and allow himself to be replaced by a capable executive who could devote his full time to the firm's affairs." There was further consternation at this new accusation. When, at last, Mr. Trenholme, III, seized the gavel from Mr. Busch and rapped for order, Miss Hastings continued.

"Since then," she stated, "I have become convinced that a much more serious situation exists within our company. I have discovered that I am not the only person engaged in canvassing Standard's stockholders. Several of the people with whom I have been in touch have been approached by an individual who has made them offers amounting to a slightly higher figure then the current market price for their shares. The offer has, in all cases, come from the same individual—a Mrs. Stanley E. Mason, of Englewood, New Jersey."

At this point, Mr. Trenholme interrupted Miss Hastings' speech to point out that under our system of free enterprise, there is no law prohibiting one person from buying stock from another.

Sharp Interchange

Miss Hastings replied that if Mr. Trenholme, III, were to spend a little more time in the management of the affairs of his company and devote less time to other matters, he would discover the facts of the matter. "My lawyer, Mr. Malcolm Judd, and I have done a little checking into this matter, and we have uncovered the following facts. First, that Mrs. Stanley Mason is the sister of Mr. Harry Busch, general manager of Standard. Second, that Mr. Stanley E. Mason, her husband, is currently employed by Ajax Industries, a competitor of Standard Cycle. I may be just a simple country girl," the attractive blonde added, "but it would seem fairly obvious that there is dirty work at the crossroads going on here. As my Grandfather Beggs once said—"

Unfortunately, in the ensuing uproar, this reporter was unable to catch Miss Hastings' conclusion.

Mr. Trenholme, III, known throughout the business world as the scion of a family long identified with fair dealings, was observed to have seized Mr. Harry Busch by the lapels of Mr. Busch's suit. In a loud voice he demanded to know whether or not this accusation was true.

"What if it is?" Mr. Busch shouted. "Business is business!"

"Not behind my back, it's not," Mr. Trenholme, III, cried in an angry voice. A moment later he had ejected Mr. Busch from the meeting room. When he returned, he apologized to the stockholders for the undignified manner in which he had conducted himself.

"I can assure you ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Trenholme, III, then remarked, "that this situation will not be tolerated in our company any further. If Mr. Busch was plotting to take control, at least it's out in the open. I want to give you further assurance that from this moment, I will personally attend to the management of the firm. I would therefore request from you a vote of faith in my future actions."

The motion was immediately made. Miss Hastings arose once more and pledged the 8,605 votes for which she held proxy, in favor of Mr. Trenholme, III's, actions. The vote was carried, 25,500 to none. Mr Trenholme, III, thanked the assembled stockholders and pledged Standard Cycle to improved management throughout the coming year.

STANDARD CYCLE COMPANY
18 Morris Street
New York City
December 17, 1952

Dear Dorothy:

First of all, I want to thank you for the great service you have rendered Standard by uncovering the action taken by Harry Busch and Ajax Industries to attempt to seize control of the firm behind my back. Needless to say, the publicity the plot has received will forestall it for the moment. Whether or not any of the other stockholders will wish to sell their shares will, of course, depend upon whether they consider them worth holding.

Which leads me to my second point. Now that I intend to take over personal operation of the firm, I intend to get all the advice I can from people like yourself, on such matters as sales, promotion, etc. I have tried to find the letter you left with Mr. Busch, embodying your suggestions, but unfortunately, he seems to have thrown it out. Your suggestions were obviously valuable, or else, in the light of his plans, he wouldn't have disposed of them. Therefore, would you mind making a copy and sending it to me?

Or better still, could you drop down to my office one day this week, and we can discuss your ideas over lunch?

Thanking you again, I am,
Your friend,
Arthur Trenholme, III

DOROTHY'S DINER
88 East Street
Stonefield, Connecticut
December 18, 1952

Dear Arthur:

I'm terribly sorry, but I simply can't get down to New York. My chief cook, Tim Jesse, is down with a bad case of lumbago, and I am handling short orders for the time being.

I have another suggestion, however. Why don't you drive up to Stonefield this coming Monday—around two o'clock it's pretty good—the lunch-hour rush is over, and the place is quiet until later in the afternoon—and we can sit down and go over my suggestions?

Unless I hear differently from you, I'll expect you Monday. And don't eat en route. The food won't be as good as our Monday blue-plate special. It's braised short ribs, and I'll save you a portion. Hoping to see you then,

Dorothy

P.S. I almost forgot. Charlie Quinn was in last night, and he told me that the West Kilby police force refuses to be outdone by East Kilby, and they are going to buy *three* new motorcycles. Now, let's not pass up an opportunity like this again. If I were you, I'd bring up one of the new Police Special Standards I read about in the company report, and you and I can trot over to West Kilby and make a sale right on the spot. How about it? D.

DOROTHY HASTINGS
88 EAST ST STONEFIELD CONN

WILL ARRIVE AT TWO SHARP. SAVE ME TWO HELPINGS SHORT RIBS. HAVEN'T RIDDEN A MOTORCYCLE IN YEARS BUT WILL DO MY BEST. DEAR DOROTHY WOULD YOU CONSIDER TAKING A POSITION IN OUR SALES DEPARTMENT?
ARTHUR T. III

ARTHUR TRENHOLME III
STANDARD CYCLE CO 18 MORRIS ST NYC

STOP WASTING COMPANY'S MONEY ON WIRES. YOUR OFFER FLATTERING BUT YOU KNOW I HAVE NO HEAD FOR BUSINESS. I'M JUST A SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL WHO LOVES HER QUARTERLY DIVIDENDS. HOPE YOU MAKE IT TO STONEFIELD SAFELY. I'LL BE WAITING.
DOROTHY ▲▲▲

"What would happen, do you suppose, if an emergency order came through freezing all of us to our present jobs?"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

How to select the ideal Christmas gift

No man has a *complete* hat wardrobe!

Some men are content to have one or two hats which they wear everywhere. But today more and more men know the satisfaction of owning several different hat styles to change for different occasions.

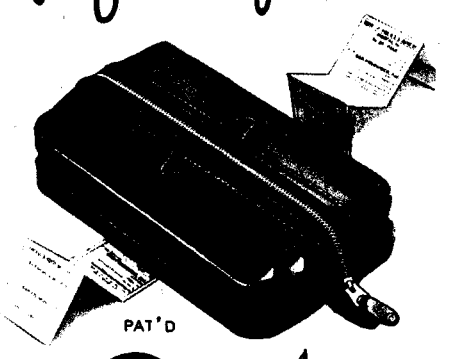
A basic hat wardrobe contains a business hat, a dress-up hat and a sport hat or cap for leisure wear. However, a *complete* hat wardrobe includes hats that blend with blue, grey, brown and tan clothing.

To be sure that man of yours has the proper hat for every occasion, give him a Lee Gift Certificate—and suggest a style or color his wardrobe is lacking. He's sure to appreciate it . . . and you'll be proud of your gift every time he wears it.

FREE! Handsome, valuable hat brush worth $1. It's our Christmas gift to you. Just *bring this ad* to any Lee Hat dealer. He'll mail us your name and address with this ad and we'll rush you your *free* hat brush.

Look to Lee...
for the newest in hats . .
for every place and face

Perfect Companion!



the original DOPP-KIT
for the Man who's going places!

DOPP-KIT the most popular, most practical kit of all. Holds all those hard-to-pack toilet articles—yet takes so little space. In beautiful top-grain leather,

Considerately priced $5.50—$12.95*
At better stores everywhere.
*plus federal excise tax

the Brand of Royalty in Leather!
CHARLES DOPPELT & CO., INC. • CHICAGO 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

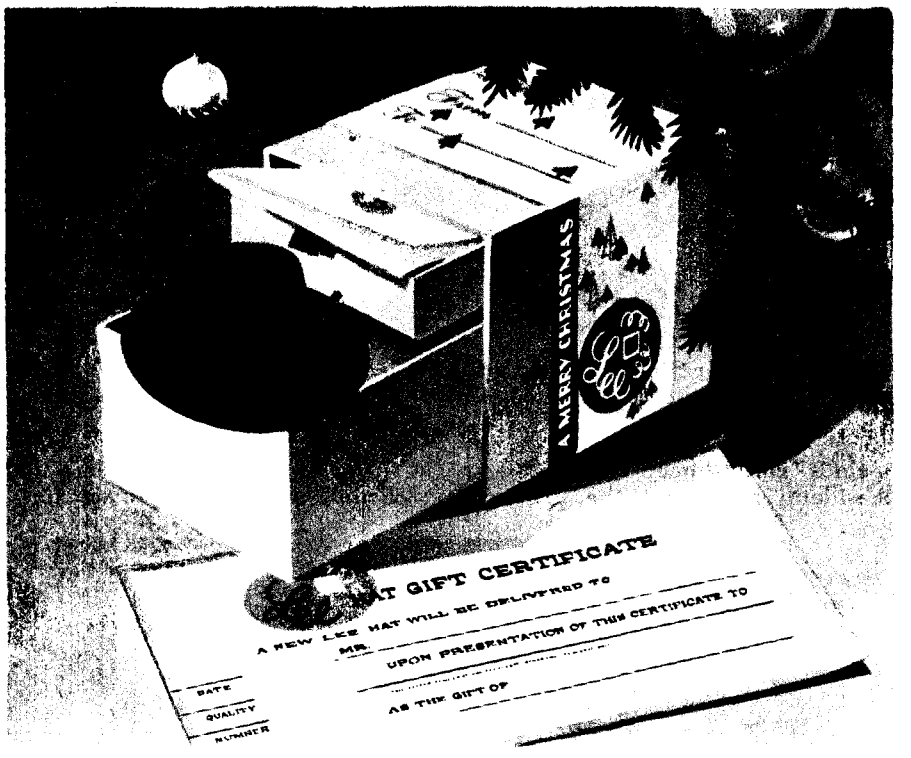
this Christmas...put a Lee under his tree!

Lee Twenty...a truly fine hat that's in perfect taste anywhere. Carefully made of superb, imported furs...sewn with 100% pure nylon thread throughout. The good-looking *hand-detailing* of the brim-edge is a mark of quality. **$20**

Lee Smartlee...a handsome, pre-creased beauty with exclusive comfort-cushion, wide leather band. Crafted of fine imported furs...DuPont "Aridex" treated for water repellency and shape-retention. In smart new weather-proof colors. **$10**

Choose the hat he'd choose himself...right from this page!

Lee Trinity...the famous businessman's classic. Pre-shaped *right* at the Lee factory ...to retain its good looks for the life of the hat. A perfect combination of style, comfort and durability. A wonderful hat—to give—or to wear yourself! **$10**



New Idea! Solve your gift problems with a Lee Gift Certificate. Every man will welcome a new Lee Hat—and he'll put to good use the Treasure Chest his certificate came in. Lee Gift Certificates fit every budget...**$7.50, $10, $12.50, $15, $20**

Look to Lee

Every man you know could *really* use another hat. For, actually today, *different* occasions call for *different* hats. That's why a Lee makes such a perfect gift for any man on your list. *You* know he'll appreciate a new, smartly styled Lee Hat...and *he* knows that if it's made by Lee it's the best!

And men...here's how NOT to get any of those gadgets you don't know quite what to do with this Christmas. Drop a few subtle hints that what you'd like is a Lee Hat. Better still...play it safe. Buy *your own* Christmas present...and make it a good-looking LEE!

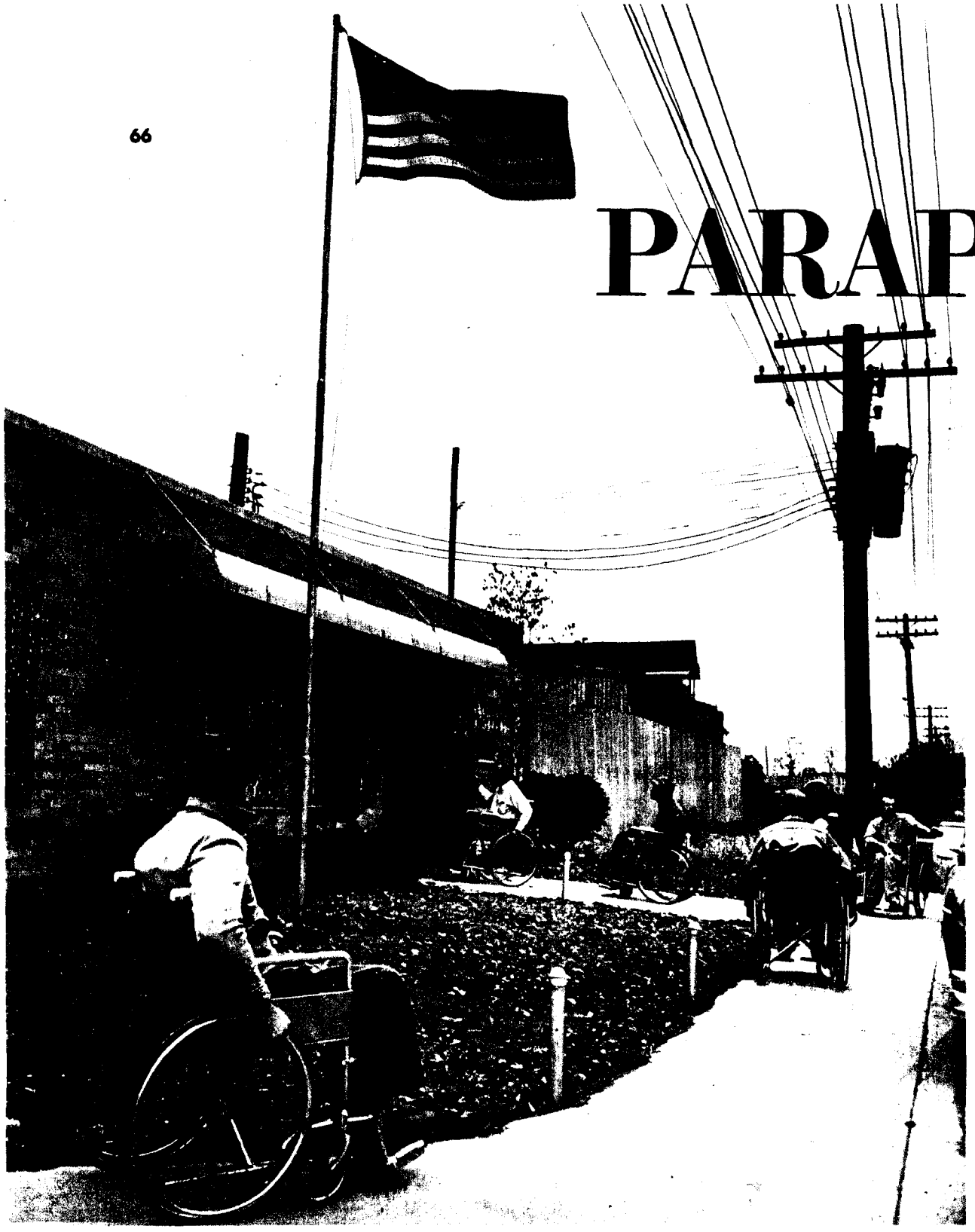
for the newest in hats...for every place and face

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARAPLEGICS

Cripples who scorned charity found

By NORMAN CALHOUN



Wheel-chair cases arrive for work at Paraplegics Manufacturing Co., Inc., in Franklin Park, Ill. The men drive hand-control autos, shove collapsible chairs to the street and swing into them

Wheel-chair conference: Nils Josefson (left), president of the firm, and Dwight Guilfoil, its vice-president, work out the production schedule on a subcontract for electronics equipment

WHEN the roof's falling in, some people, instead of surrendering, try to hold it up with their shoulders. The trick is not easy to manage from a wheel chair.

It is a trick now being expertly performed, however, in an industrial suburb of Chicago, and not by one person but by 46—all permanent wheel-chair cases. Forty-one are paraplegics, five quadriplegics. In the past 18 months, their roof-propping enterprise has been joined by more than 50 other men and women, all either double or single amputees, deaf-mutes, blind, spastics or advanced heart and arrested TB cases. Of these, too, the great majority are bound to a chair for life.

These people comprise the management and most of the labor force of Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, Inc., an electronics subassembly plant in Franklin Park, Illinois. The concern is the only one in the United States financed, launched and managed wholly by wheel-chair cases and is spectacular refutation of the notion that only exceptional individuals can make a real comeback from paraplegia and comparable disabilities.

The original organizers were 12 paraplegics from Veterans Hospital in Hines, Illinois, another Chicago suburb, and preference in hiring is still given crippled vets. But the firm has expanded so since it was started in February, 1951, that the management has been compelled—to its great satisfaction—to take vets and nonvets with handicaps other than paraplegia; and these now make up a slight majority of the work force. Paraplegics, Inc., tries to draw the line only at the able-bodied, of whom there is the necessary minimum on the secretarial staff, plus the seventy-two-year-old sales manager.

The fact that this assembly of handicapped runs a business, and a thriving one, is what makes it extraordinary. In big cities, there is always some makework for the disabled, usually at substandard wages. Some concerns farm out orders, on a charity basis, to the blind and the crippled, making allowance, if need be, for inferior production. But the founders of Paraplegics, Inc., said "No, thank you" to both these jobs and—in defiance of past experience and the predictions of rehabilitation experts—opened their own shop. They did so on a for-profit basis, in a field where success comes only by meeting exacting standards of precision.

None of them had much experience in business management; several had gone from high school to military service to hospital without a chance to do a day's work in their adult lives. To cap their daring, they had only one man who knew anything whatever about electronics.

Four months after the firm incorporated, work got under way with an order to assemble socket brackets for fluorescent lamps. Since then, its accounts have increased from two to 40, and the value of goods shipped monthly from $2,000 to around $40,000. Giants of the electronics field like Western Electric, Admiral, Stewart-Warner, Teletype, the Argonne Atomic Laboratory have become steady customers.

The company's current headaches are the happiest that could be wished for by any management not yet two years old: how to get a night shift

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INC.

s by starting their own factory

under way to handle expected new accounts and where to look for new plant space.

Every workday morning, practically everyone on the labor force arrives at the shiny glass-and-brick plant of Paraplegics, Inc., driving the government-issue hand-control cars whose V-stamped license plates stand for "Disabled Veteran."

The car doors swing open, and out come not the drivers, but their collapsible wheel chairs from the back floor space. The wheel chairs are flipped open as they touch the curb, and locked firm with a few motions of the hand.

The men grip the tops of the open doors, swing lightly from car seat to chair, propel themselves up the driveway through the delivery yard into the plant's back entrance and swing into their usual places at the assembly benches.

Only the Wheel Chairs Are Unusual

Step in after them and take a few minutes to adjust yourself to the sight of an entire work force in wheel chairs. That is just about all you will see that is out of the ordinary. So far as production routines and end results go, there is nothing unusual about Paraplegics, Inc. The management gets a contract for this or that piece of equipment or complete unit: a communications relay for radar, the wire harness for a walkie-talkie, the timing mechanism for an automatic milking machine. The material is moved to the benches, the parts are assembled, tested and shipped off, and another order goes on the line.

As one of the men says: "There's nothing the fellows here couldn't do around the average factory, except get up the steps into it."

The company's present acceptance is a far cry from the day when Nils Josefson, a teacher in a trade school for veterans, wheeled into the home of Dwight Guilfoil, also a chair-ridden veteran, and flatly told him that the two of them could start an electronics firm and make a go of it with no more help than they could get from other paralyzed vets. The two men, both Chicagoans, had never before met; yet Guilfoil, whose only work experience had been as a commercial artist before the war and as a Veterans Administration clerk after it, had a curious reaction to Josefson's wild statement: he believed it.

Josefson, an electrical engineer, had been with General Electric when the war broke out. Then twenty-four, he volunteered and was assigned for special training as a radar technician. At about the same time Guilfoil, then twenty, qualified as an aerial photographer when somebody in the Air Force noted on his induction card that, as a commercial artist, he had occasionally done photo retouching. It seemed as though Uncle Sam had obligingly thrown each of the two men an extra C ration of special training as a help in their postwar careers.

That was in the autumn of 1941.

Three years later Josefson was flat on a Navy hospital cot. According to every reasonable prognosis, he was likely to spend the rest of a short life there. A kamikaze had dived into his carrier, the Shamrock Bay, off Okinawa, and Josefson was hit on the head by the wing tank of one of the carrier's own planes, jarred loose when the suiciding flier blasted onto the deck. In the hospital, he found that he was afflicted with double vision—the first hint that he had been left with progressive paralysis. A year of treatment brought the condi-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO

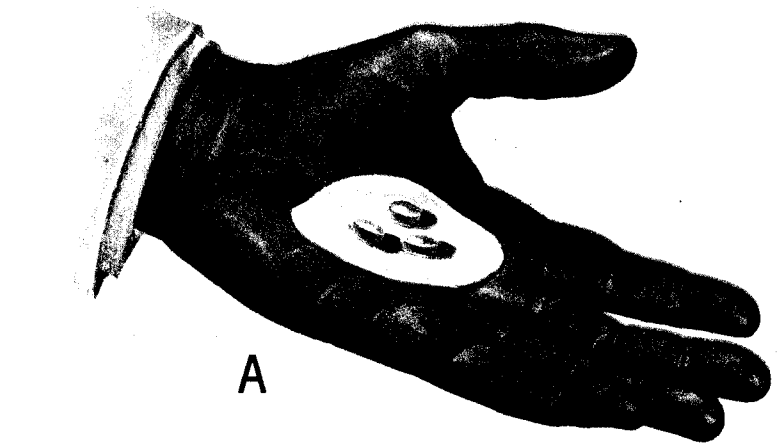
Robert Hodor, 32, reaches for material brought to the assembly line by Angelo Kraitzer, 30. Workbenches were designed at a height to fit chairs, and ramps were built to replace steps

Herbert Johnson, an arbor-press operator, is one of the firm's forty-six permanent wheel-chair cases

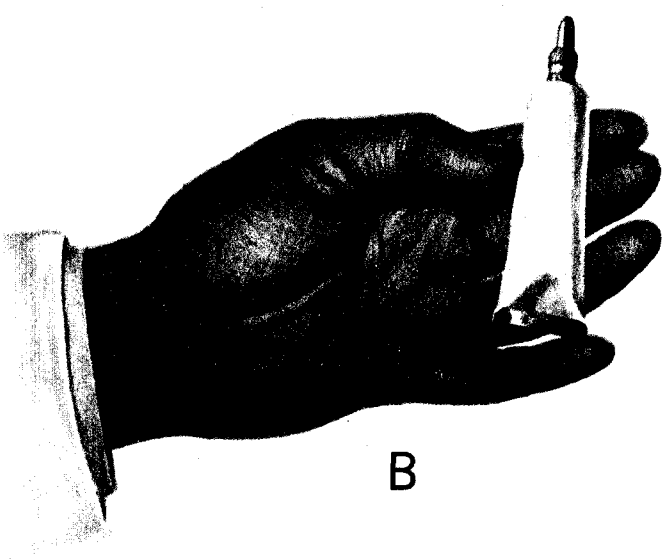
Thomas Lyons opening the wheel chair in which he will ride to the assembly line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

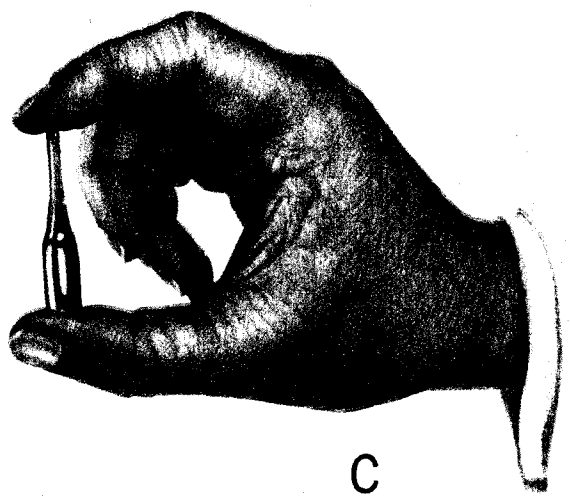
Why are medicines supplied in these forms?



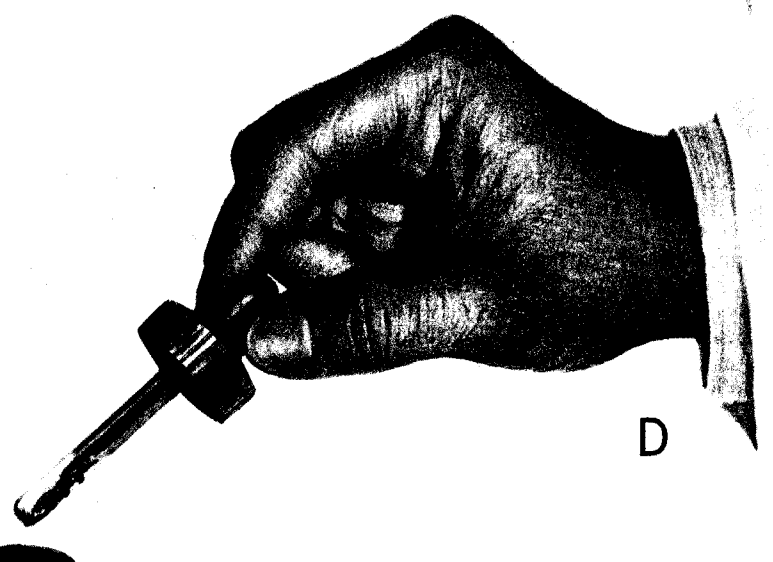
A



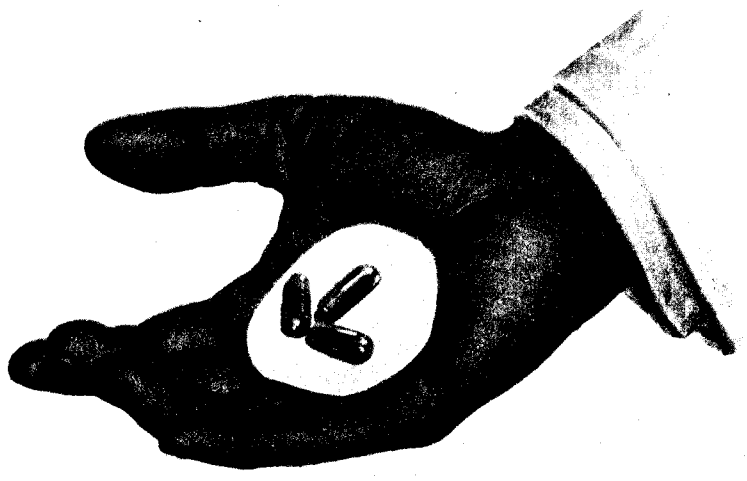
B



C



D



E

Pictured above are some of the forms in which medicines are prescribed by your doctor and dispensed by your pharmacist.

A. **Tablet**—this is one of the most popular forms of medication. In fact, about one-third of all prescriptions filled today specify tablets. They are widely used primarily because of their stability, accuracy of dosage, convenience of use, and rapidity of absorption in the body.

B. **Ointment**—medicines for external use are often prescribed in the form of ointments which coat the skin and "hold" the active drugs in the particular area where needed. Ointments are used for many purposes, particularly as antiseptic and protective agents.

C. **Ampoule**—drugs used for injections are frequently packaged in sterile, flame-sealed glass ampoules. This is because such preparations must be carefully preserved, and protected against every possibility of contamination.

D. **Liquid**—many of the medicines prescribed today are dispensed as liquids or solutions. These are considered ideal forms of medication because the ingredients can be dissolved or blended thoroughly. Another advantage is that liquids or solutions can be administered easily by common measures—such as by the teaspoon and medicine dropper.

E. **Capsule**—drugs to be taken in powdered form, as well as certain liquid medicines, are frequently dispensed in gelatin capsules. The capsule insures accurate dosage, and also eliminates unpleasant taste. Many vitamin preparations, for example, are supplied in capsule form.

Copyright 1952—Parke, Davis & Company

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

Research and Manufacturing Laboratories, Detroit, Michigan

Since 1866, physicians have prescribed and pharmacists have dispensed medicines manufactured by Parke, Davis & Company. Among the more than a thousand products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products. If you will ask your physician or your pharmacist about their quality, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It is a Parke-Davis product."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor remodeled a factory free, big business placed orders

tion under partial control, but his legs remained almost useless.

A few months after he was invalided out of the Navy and returned to Chicago, his wife died of leukemia, leaving him a one-year-old daughter to support. He brought his parents to live with his child and himself and took a job teaching electronics in a trade school set up under the GI Bill of Rights.

Polio Relieved by Iron Lung

Guilfoil fell victim to polio while visiting his family on leave from Desert Center Air Base, California. (He had a wife and two children when he enlisted, and has six children today.) At first the paralysis was general, but after three months in an iron lung, he spontaneously recovered except for the ability to use his legs "and maybe a few muscles here and there in my arms and shoulders."

Back in Chicago, Guilfoil hoped to carry on as a free-lance commercial artist, but his right thumb had been too weakened by polio to permit more than a few hours' work a day. So he put away his drawing board and settled for clerking in the Veterans Administration. The work gave him a familiarity with business routines which he would soon be able to use, but Guilfoil does not report that this cheering thought occurred to him at the time.

In 1950 he and his family moved into a house which they had drawn on their last savings to build. It incorporated special features to make it livable for someone who can't get around on foot: ramps instead of stairs; extra-wide doorways with swinging doors; and handrails to facilitate shaving, washing and dressing. Josefson, who wanted to build a similar house, had been advised by VA headquarters in Chicago to look at Guilfoil's. That was how the meeting of the two men came about.

Josefson had then been teaching for over a year. All his pupils were vets, though few had serious handicaps. The absence of disabled students bothered Josefson. He felt that if he could teach, others similarly disadvantaged could learn. Many operations in the school workshops were such that even the blind could do them perfectly well after training; why couldn't the partially paralyzed, too, perhaps after some simple adjustments of machinery?

Meanwhile, Guilfoil had been trying to think of some business venture in which people like himself might fit. But he hadn't been able to think of one until Josefson, at their first encounter, outlined his plan for an electronics factory. "There's no reason," Josefson declared, "why we couldn't get enough of the fellows together, pool our funds, set up the business and run it for ourselves."

As an electronics specialist, he saw that postwar rearmament was bound to mean a teeming demand for all sorts of new instruments. Trained labor in this field was scarce; the prime contractors would be hard put to meet their commitments. A subcontractor with a trained assembly line might win a fair competitive edge. Josefson would bring his technical and teaching skills to the enterprise; Guilfoil would share in the chores of management.

"Let's do it," Guilfoil agreed.

The two laid their plans before 12 other paralyzed vets, at a meeting in a suburban American Legion hall. All were hot for the idea. Many paraplegics grow apathetic after groping unsuccessfully for escape from makework, occupational therapy and boredom. But it was impossible for these veterans to mistake the competence with which Josefson discussed the problems involved, and the organizational plans he and Guilfoil had worked out made sense.

The next meeting included 40 members of the paralyzed vets association from the Hines Hospital. Most were old acquaintances of Josefson and Guilfoil. In answer to a questionnaire, a majority agreed either to work or invest in the company. Many agreed to do both; some offered to take stock instead of salary. They also stipulated the need for a suburban location for the factory; when paraplegics drive their own hand-control cars, they prefer to avoid city traffic.

The firm was incorporated for $7,500, with pledges for an additional $15,000. Josefson became president, Guilfoil secretary-treasurer. The next step: to find a ground-level factory, within budget range, that could be remodeled to their requirements. Eventually, they came upon the Franklin Park site, which contained a run-down shop with about 5,000 square feet of space. They rented it for $225 a month, with a six-year option to buy.

At no time had the new company asked any favors in getting launched. Now, unsolicited, came a big lift. Because paraplegics need special plumbing facilities, the officers went to see Steve Bailey, head of the Chicago Plumbers Union and a weighty influence in local AFL circles. Bailey, whose surface manner is not conspicuously tender, noted down their specifications without comment, then invited them to a forthcoming civil-defense rally. There, he flabbergasted them with a matter-of-fact announcement that the Building Trades Council—a roundup of Chicago's bricklayers, carpenters, electricians and plumbers—had agreed to do the whole remodeling job, to do it quickly and to do it free.

Union Men Donate Their Time

"You should have seen how it turned out," Guilfoil recalls. "The bricklayers and carpenters started trying to outdo one another. They got to donating overtime on Saturdays and Sundays and ended by adding a new front to the building, with extra office space. We thought we wouldn't need it; they thought we would. Boy, were they right!

"When the electricians came to patch up the wiring, they ripped it all out, instead, and gave us a whole new wiring system and banks of fluorescent light. There was no contract with anyone: when material was needed, the unions went to the supply sources and got us the best, at cost, and many suppliers gave it free. We ended up with a new cement floor, a driveway, a new sanitation system, air-compressing equipment and special heating facilities to keep the temperature right at leg-height.

"You have to remember," Guilfoil adds, "that ours wasn't routine work. Our factory has to have various special provisions. Ramps instead of stairs are just one item; in addition, every passage has to be wide enough for wheel chairs to get through; workbenches have to be

COLLIER'S — **"He'd make a wonderful husband except for one thing . . . he already is a husband"** — KATE OSANN

WINTER WONDER!

"For young men of all ages"

ICEBAK BY Drybak

A smart idea, (warmth!), takes on a smart new appearance in the all-new "ICEBAK" coat . . . the newest in Drybak's Fall-Winter line designed to meet the ever-increasing trend to good-looking, easy-to-live-in casual outerwear the year round. Popular thigh-length, Mouton collar, wool-rayon cravenetted shell in navy, taupe or gray, shearling body lining, red wool skirt lining, wool quilt sleeve lining. About $49.95, *at these and other leading men's wear and department stores:*

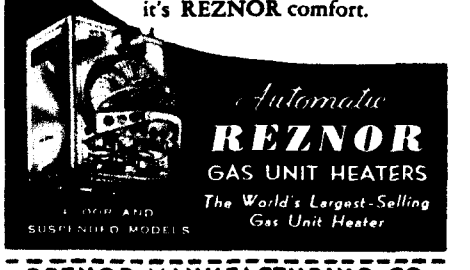
GIMBELS, New York, N.Y.
JACOB REED & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.
THE HECHT CO., Baltimore, Md.
LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ, Inc., Washington, D. C.
McFARLINS, Rochester, N.Y.
RATCLIFF & SWARTZ, Inc., Harrisburg, Pa.

Drybak

THE DRYBAK CORPORATION
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK
NEW YORK SHOWROOM: 437 FIFTH AVENUE

STORES
PROVIDE BETTER COMFORT FOR YOU

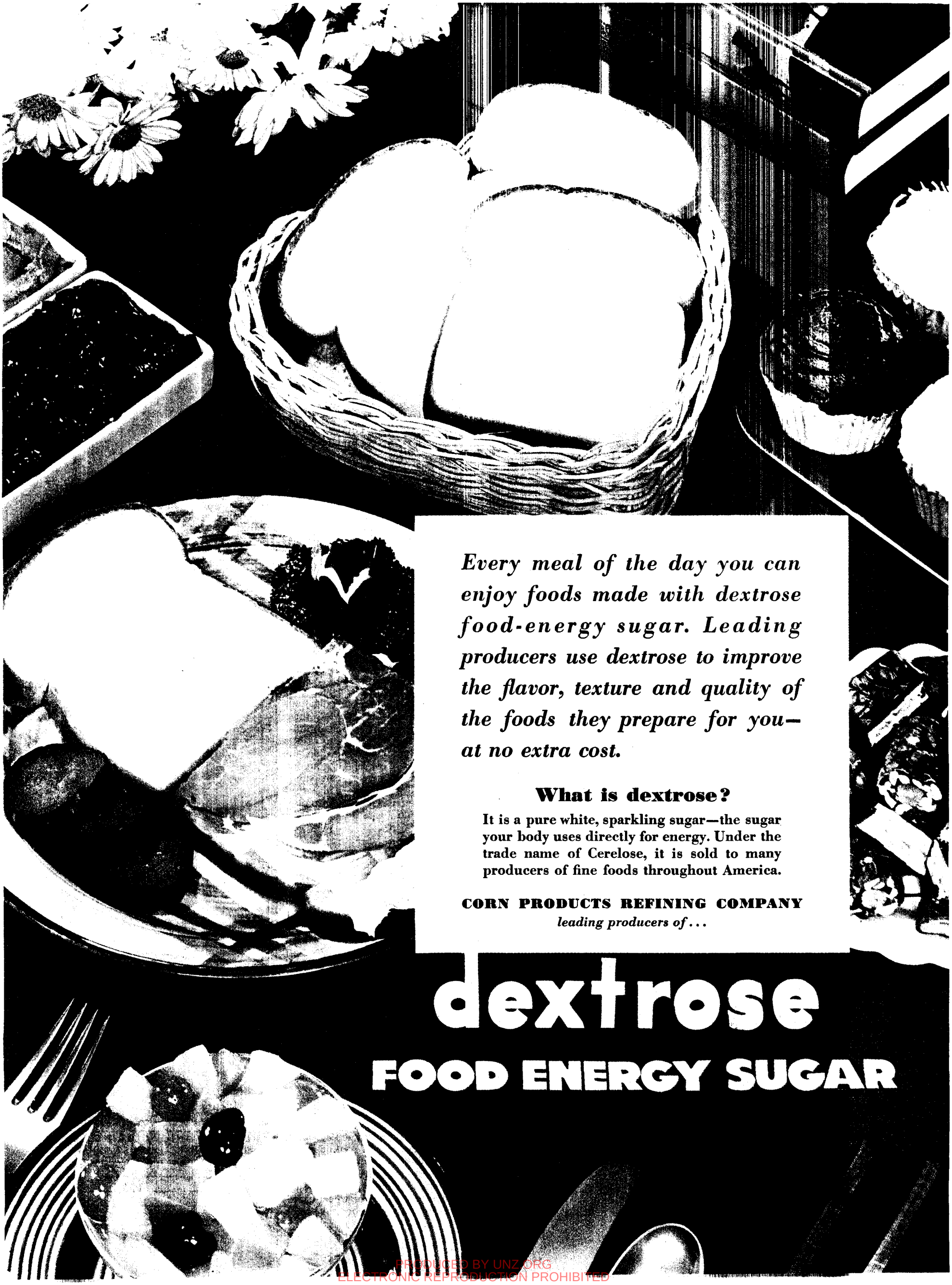
. . . with Reznor gas unit heaters. You have seen many of these units in your favorite stores. They block out chill at the entrance and provide lively warmth in every part of the building. . . . Heat is made in the unit and fan-blown to the area where you are shopping . . . it's REZNOR comfort.



Automatic REZNOR GAS UNIT HEATERS
The World's Largest-Selling Gas Unit Heater
FLOOR AND SUSPENDED MODELS

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO.
30 UNION ST. · MERCER, PENNA.
Send me 20-page catalog in full color
Name_____
Firm_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Every meal of the day you can enjoy foods made with dextrose food-energy sugar. Leading producers use dextrose to improve the flavor, texture and quality of the foods they prepare for you—at no extra cost.

What is dextrose?

It is a pure white, sparkling sugar—the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Under the trade name of Cerelose, it is sold to many producers of fine foods throughout America.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

leading producers of . . .

dextrose

FOOD ENERGY SUGAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a height to fit the chairs up against them. Equipment that gets hot has to be painted red: otherwise, someone might rest a paralyzed arm or leg against it and not know he was being burned."

All told, the unions had contributed about $15,000 worth of labor and materials, free, by the time the building was ready for production on June 1st. The new company already had its modest first order—assembling socket brackets for fluorescent lamps. About a dozen persons were at work, and local civic and veterans' groups in Franklin Park got busy trying to find first-floor rooms and apartments for those who wanted to move away from the hospital. Some of them are still trying to lick the housing problem by starting their own building project.

Training the First Workers

During the remodeling of the factory, Josefson was already at work in a corner of the plant with the first workers to join the staff—men like Jim Price, a Negro ex-Marine who is a stockholder as well as benchworker, and Jim Hetver, once a superintendent in a meat-packing plant, who had walked into an artillery barrage on Cebu.

Josefson not only had to train men who couldn't tell a communications relay from a cat's cradle, but also to convert pneumatic and other machine tools from foot to hand operation and to make various minor accommodations in the equipment. His work paid off: the contractors who had placed the first small test orders passed the word that the jobs coming off Paraplegics, Inc.'s, assembly line matched those of any other subcontractor. This assurance brought in Western Electric and Admiral Radio, and soon the Navy Signal Corps and the Argonne Lab followed as steady customers. Last June 30th, the shop was able to show a net profit of $20,000 as against a $7,500 loss for the previous year (during which, however, it was getting organized and had only a month's full production).

The factory now has seven assembly benches, all it can fit in and still leave aisle space for the wheel chairs. There are 16 workers to a bench, most of them doing a fairly exacting kind of soldering work, which involves annealing thin wire to miniscule studs. Others do sleaving and insulation, or operate lathing and wire-cutting machines, power screw drivers and drill presses; a few do straight assembly work.

As members of the local electrical-workers union, they get standard rates of pay. For the solderers, this amounts to $1.35 an hour, the national average, and higher than the rate in some Chicago shops. It's clear that the plant personnel is well satisfied in other respects, too, although there is no attempt to make working conditions easy beyond two 10-minute coffee breaks and an intercom system which brings in music on FM and big sports events like the World Series. An employees' relations committee handles events like picnics, bowling and Christmas parties, but most recreation is left to the individual, who as often as not is too busy with his growing family in his off time to have any problems in this regard.

Workers are recruited through various VA branches, the Illinois Office of Vocational Rehabilitation and personal acquaintance; but mounting orders have compelled the management to put occasional ads in the Chicago papers. Training is usually only a matter of weeks, since the work requires manual dexterity rather than any special skills.

Five quadriplegics—men who have lost the use of all four limbs, instead of two as in paraplegia—were referred to the company as potential workers. They seemed at first to present a baffling problem, but all five had retained some limited use of their hands. With a little extra training, they picked up enough skill in the various operations to be shifted to inspecting precision work, a job requiring only the ability to grasp an object and examine it visually.

Occasionally, the able-bodied apply at Paraplegics, Inc., and one or two have been on the payroll at various times. But Guilfoil and Josefson continue their policy of favoring the handicapped. The practice has proved even better business than they initially thought. The time expended in training an amputee with no previous work experience, or in demonstrating processes to a deaf-mute (the work force includes two sisters from a family of seven deaf-mutes), is paid back in extra loyalty and concentration on the job.

A windfall which has enabled the company to grow faster came early this year when a representative of the Illinois Vocational Rehabilitation office dropped in. The VR people were having their usual trouble convincing business managements that they could use the extremely disabled; could Paraplegics, Inc., keep more lineworkers busy if it added some power tools to process preparatory work (like wire cutting) faster?

The company had bought all its own tools; it makes its own jigs and fixtures, designed by Josefson to eliminate foot manipulation. But, with funds supplied by the state and federal VR offices, it installed a power lathe, milling machines and other automatic equipment which have enabled it to step up on-the-job training and employ about eight of every 10 handicapped referred by the VR.

Maimed Men from Korea

The men are under the supervision of Jim Hetver, the ex-packing-plant foreman who was one of the original 12 founders of the firm. Now in his forties, Jim serves as an understanding elder to the youthful paraplegics coming back from Korea in proportionately greater numbers than they did from World War II.

"It's funny to say it," Jim tells you, "but the government can sort of spoil a disabled vet. Maybe I'm different because I've worked before. These kids coming back from Korea, they never worked before they were drafted, and they're bitter at what happened. That's natural. Right now they don't want to work. But they'll get over it."

This generalization about the younger vets doesn't apply to twenty-two-year-olds like Julius Beck, a onetime grocery clerk whose Korean experience netted him 100 fragments of metal in his back, most of them still there.

Julius is in physical pain all the time. His back stiffens and aches unpredictably, and his feet, swollen and burning, are so tender that he often can't take his shoes off even to go to sleep. Nevertheless, he makes it to Paraplegics, Inc., most mornings, because

Next Week

I WAS MAROONED ON AN ARCTIC ICECAP

By Capt. C. W. Stover, USAF

A wing scrapes the snow-packed ground and suddenly the age of aviation becomes the Ice Age as the plane crashes in a frozen wasteland—five times the size of France. Then stillness. It is 20 below zero. Three men are in agonizing pain. Escape seems impossible. The account of their eight days of torture, sacrifice and, finally, daring rescue are in the next issue of Collier's

your
automatic choice
CALVERT
CALVAMATIC
self-winding
watch

For Her
17 jewels
$57.50*

*Federal Tax Included

For Him
17 jewels
$52.50*

Many other handsome styles from $22.50
At Selected Jewelers Everywhere
CALVERT WATCH CO.
681 Fifth Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

FUN FOR YEARS!
Wash! Curl! Style!
IDEAL'S
Toni
DOLL'S MAGIC NYLON HAIR
Toni Playwave Kit With Each Toni Doll
At better doll depts.
$11.98
$13.98
$16.98
$19.98
IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY . . . IT'S Ideal

RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN
FAST
ANACIN
Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light up his heart
with color-bright

TruVal

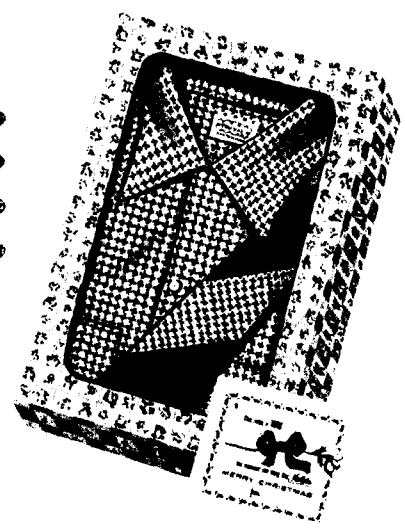
sport shirts

Light on the budget, too—

Corduroy. A plush gift to adorn his nibs' ribs. Handsomely tailored with short point collar and flap pockets. Fine wale corduroy, in 12 dashing colors *flashed by bulbs at right.* Only **$5.95.**

Gab-Cord Pullover. A brilliant idea! Rich black gabardine combined with bright corduroy and ocean pearl buttons makes a striking contrast. Choice of 4 corduroy colors in bulbs below. **$4.95.**

Wool-Warmer. A shirt to warm the cockles of any man's heart. 100% wool handsomed up with 2-button cuffs, short point collar and flap pockets. In 5 sparkling colors shown in bulbs above. Luxury at an easy price...**$7.50**



Shirt and Tie Set. Houndstooth suede shirt of Sanforized flannel and matching tie with diagonal stripe in solid color. Gift packed in window-pane box with Christmas card and mistletoe sprig enclosed. 4 bulbs at left show colors. Complete set...**$3.95.**

TruVal

Ask for TruVal men's wear at your local men's store or write TruVal, 281 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Many worker-owners live on salaries

it's not only work, but "the first work I ever liked, sir." Like everyone else on the payroll, he has had to conquer the secret fear that the long period of hospitalization had made him unfit for a job. But he's gaining confidence. "Yes, sir, the first couple of weeks I got lots of rejects, but now they don't take nothing back."

Beck's service hang-over of "yes, sirs," and "no, sirs," fills Jim Hetver with good-humored impatience. "Relax, sonny," he says, banging the younger vet on what is presumably a shrapnel-free shoulder; "forget the 'sir' stuff; there aren't any officers here."

Julius grins shyly and turns back to the wire network on which he is doing a sleaving and insulation job.

A Discouraged Job Seeker

On the bench next to Beck is Harold Johnson, a 23-year-old redhead from Wisconsin. He is not a vet, but was crippled by polio while a railway mail clerk. After he got out of the hospital, Johnson says, he spent a year and a half applying for work at small plants in his South Side neighborhood. He never got beyond a first interview until the VR sent him to Guilfoil. Like most of the other youngsters, including Beck and Beverly Estee, a 25-year-old ex-woman Marine who was crippled in an automobile accident while in service, Johnson is still visibly fighting through the shock of disablement and his lack of experience, toward the healthy tomorrow of World War II vets like Hetver, Ed Danish and Louis Dokupil.

Danish, who is 29, went out of school into the paratroopers, and out of a transport plane over North Africa into a machine-gun burst which took off his left leg and right foot. He spent 14 months in Percy Jones Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan.

There is a difference in attitude between the paraplegics in the plant and amputees like Louis Dokupil, who can move around without a wheel chair. The paraplegics have to accept the fact that being chair-bound creates real, though not often insuperable, problems in a normal job situation. But Dokupil knows that there are dozens of jobs, in scores of factories, that he can fill as well as anyone, and resents the fact that he was never given a chance to prove it.

A chunky ex-truckdriver in his mid-thirties, Dokupil went out on patrol in Holland in 1945 and he stepped on a half-pound box-mine of TNT. Fully conscious, he watched his own right leg and the leg of the soldier next to him blown into the air and fall to the ground yards from where he was lying. He was laid up well over a year, was discharged in November, 1946, and spent the next few years "filling out job forms for somebody to throw in the wastebasket after I left his office." He did his turn making Disabled Vets car tags, but got on the Paraplegics, Inc., payroll five months ago as a solderer.

Since then, he has earned three raises, a welcome reward for a man whose second child is three months old and who is saving to make the down payment on a house. Dokupil, who wouldn't go out of his way to butter up anyone, is forthright in his satisfaction. "I like to work in this place. My bosses are good. They give you a chance." His only complaint is an amused one about the wheel-chair traffic at closing time. "You can be run over without leaving this place—just stand in front of the doorway when the closing whistle blows."

The letterhead of Paraplegics, Inc.,

COLLIER'S

"George doesn't usually say anything about the way I spend money . . . he's too dazed"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bears the slogan "Not Sympathy But Opportunity." Guilfoil expands a bit on this theme:

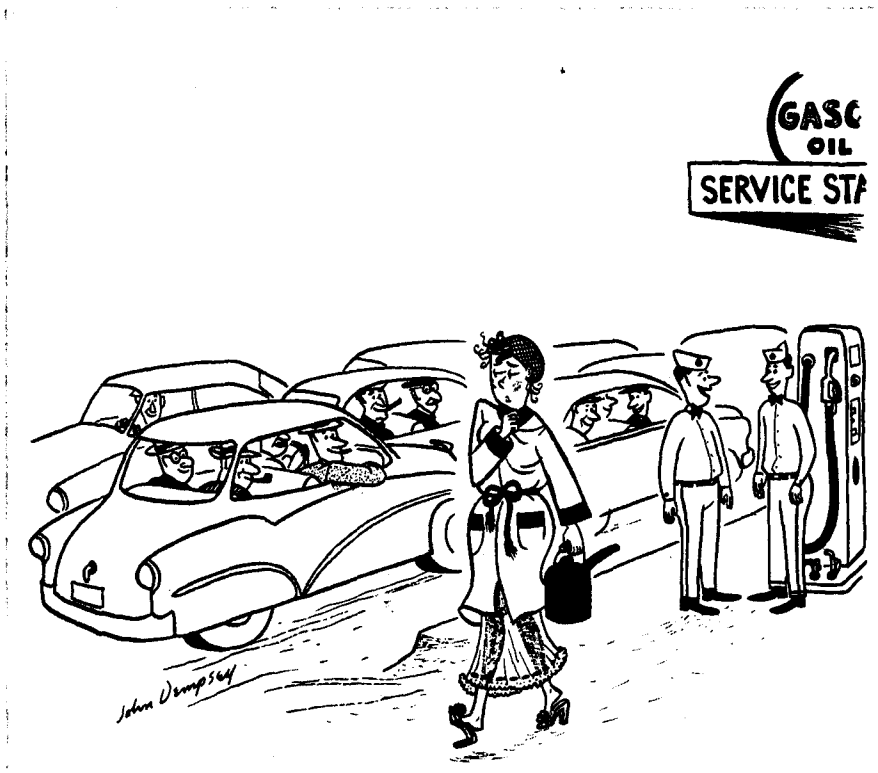
"The basic story is always pretty much the same. Most of the fellows entered the services around eighteen or nineteen; they were in two or three years, often were hospitalized as much as five. Most felt that they were washed up as far as employment went; by this time, they were in their late twenties and many had no work record.

"Then, too, the life expectancy of paraplegics used to be set at about five years. But lots of us have outlived that limit, and now nobody can say, with the medical care available, how much longer it will be; for many, not much less, if at all, than a normal lifetime.

"Here we're all in the same boat; we all want to prove to ourselves that we fewer than 70,000 have been placed in new jobs by rehabilitation efforts. The President mentioned these figures in the course of presenting Nils Josefson with a $5,000 trophy for the year's "outstanding achievement" by a handicapped American.

At this distance from their start, Josefson and Guilfoil would find it difficult, if it weren't for the stream of visitors to the plant, to remember that theirs is something of a triumph among U.S. factories. They see their enterprise primarily as a young, thriving business with the usual problems and rewards. Many of the theoretical stumbling blocks have just melted away.

The supposedly elaborate job of "adapting" work conditions turned out to be, in many respects, absurdly simple. For example, getting desks to fit



"I'll bet when she drives her husband to work from now on she'll make sure the car's got plenty of gas . . ."

COLLIER'S — JOHN DEMPSEY

can do a good job. Our principal objective is to provide a place of employment for paraplegics and other handicapped, and prove that it can be done at a profit. It's important that so many of our people are not merely earning salaries, but are building up stock profits on which they may be able to draw at times when they may not be able to work."

A hope which Josefson and Guilfoil and the rehabilitation experts share is that the Paraplegics, Inc., idea will catch on elsewhere. People have come to study the plant from most of the states, and from as far off as Finland and Austria. In Los Angeles, California, the Supreme Engineering Corporation has been founded by a couple of able-bodied executives, but employs only paraplegics. The United Mine Workers have been working for years with rehabilitation groups to train their invalided members.

How important the problem is can be seen from President Truman's statement, last September 4th, that 250,000 Americans were disabled in 1951, but a wheel chair hasn't required the ordering of specially designed ones; it has merely involved taking the center drawer out of any standard desk.

At the beginning, Josefson and Guilfoil assumed it would be necessary to have a nurse in attendance. But they got under way without hiring one, and no one has ever needed a nurse. Then, too, it was agreed to have a bell rung at intervals, to remind the paralyzed to shift positions and thus prevent body sores.

"It's ridiculous that we ourselves were almost taken in by that one," Guilfoil says with a grin. "But we never got around to buying the bell.

"We were sure that we'd have trouble about workmen's compensation, too. No one had tipped us off that the insurance companies had the same rates for the handicapped and the able-bodied.

"It's true that one of us put in a claim right after we got into production, for a hand injury. The claimant was the only able-bodied man then on our staff." ▲▲▲

New! COLGATE
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

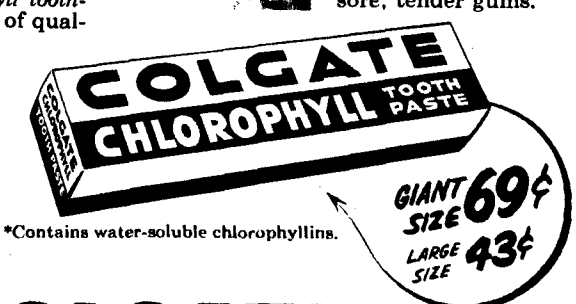
COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:
Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY ANTON BRUEHL

FANTASTIC

Trains, buildings, tunnels and dams made mostly of plastic are comin

IN THE summer of 1940 a vacationist named John Yanacopolos was invited to join in the annual whopper contest sponsored by the Liars Club of Carroll County, New Hampshire. Any ordinary man would have declined, for the competition was formidable. But Mr. Yanacopolos was no ordinary man. He was a press agent. And, to him, winning the liars' contest would be tantamount to winning a Pulitzer prize.

So taking a firm grip on his longbow, Mr. Yanacopolos let fly like a potted Nostradamus. He forecast a new age of awesome miracles: an era where motorists would drive around in dentproof, rustproof cars; where Hollywood stars would be able to carry their swimming pools along with them on tour; and where you could pour highballs on your Hepplewhite highboy without ruining anything but the highball.

Mr. Yanacopolos, now a New York newspaperman, won. But (according to the Carroll County Liars Club) he has been compelled to return the prize. Unfortunately for Mr. Yanacopolos, all his predictions have come true. His age of pipe-dream miracles is here. It is more prosaically known as the Plastic Age. And in a scant dozen years its achievements have been even more fabulous than the conversion of a press agent into a prophet.

Practically unknown in 1940, the plastics industry has grown from an undernourished test-tube baby into a $5,000,000,000-a-year industrial giant. It has elbowed its way into nearly every field of endeavor; and with such persuasive force that it is revolutionizing our everyday lives. But most of us are hardly aware of the changes. For unlike the machine age, which charged into history on thundering wheels, the changes wrought by plastics have been more subtle. And they are occurring so swiftly that they have already outstripped the gaudiest fantasies of the prophets, including Mr. Yanacopolos.

Derived from coal, oil, chemicals and gas, plastics have become the substance of civilized existence. They are made by subjecting these ingredients to heat and pressure, which changes their molecular structure. Just as a cook can bake different kinds of cake by varying the recipe, so can the scientists concoct a great variety of plastics by altering the formulas. Plastics can be as rigid as steel or as flexible as rubber, warm as wool or buoyant as cork. Translucent, transparent; a solid or a textile—they can be any or all of these. Which is why so few of us recognize them as plastics.

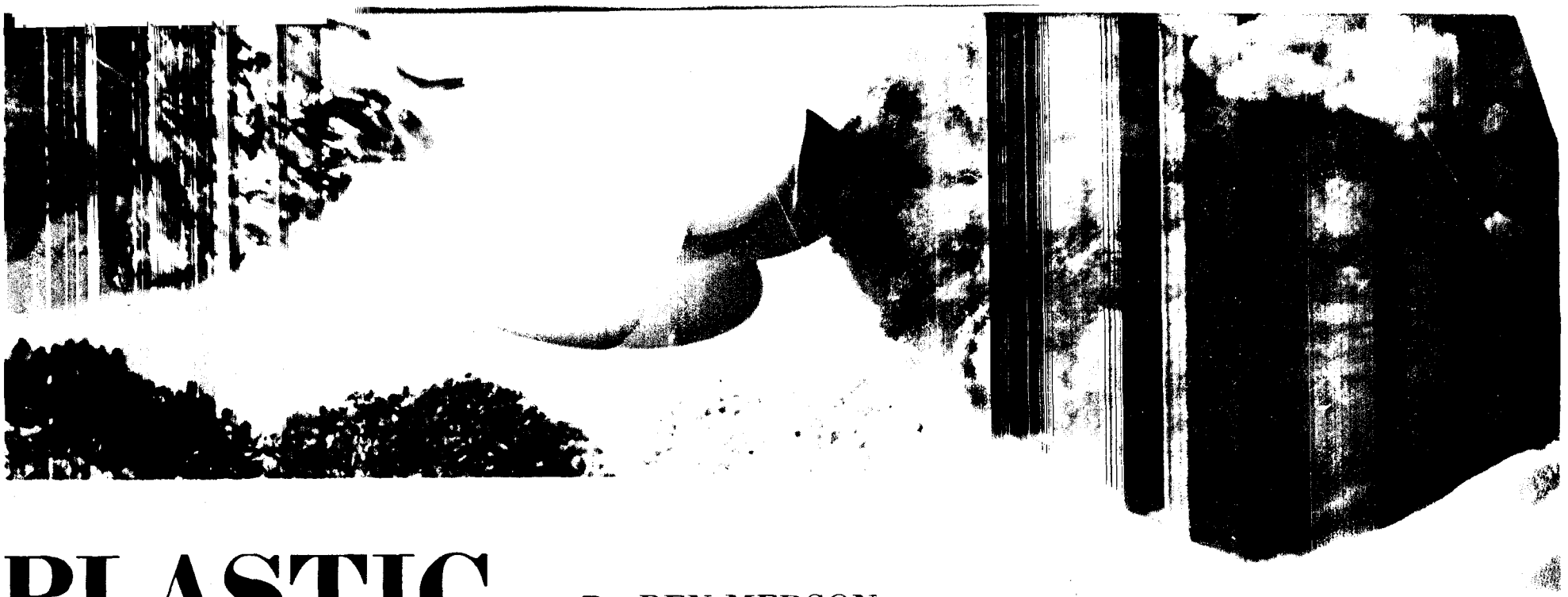
They are the most versatile products known to man. And being man-made, they are the natural offspring of the industrial laboratories that have wed science to industry. Prominent among them are American Cyanamid, U.S. Rubber, Rohm & Haas, Dow Chemical, Tennessee Eastman, B. F. Goodrich, Monsanto Chemical, Goodyear Tire, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Union Carbide & Carbon.

Varied Processings of Raw Plastics

These firms turn out the raw plastics, in the form of powdered resins, liquids, strips and sheets. The finished products are either molded into shape or extruded from machines that operate like Gargantuan tubes of toothpaste. By such techniques—and variations on them—plastics are being put to innumerable uses by thousands of competing manufacturers.

Today their products range from truck bodies to ships to schoolrooms (plus the clothes that teacher wears); from conductors' batons to Junior's bubble gum; from a soldier's buttons to a pilot's crash helmet. Plastics become fishing rods, lampshades and curtains; dishes, dumbbells and dentures; sewer pipes, telephones and TV sets. They are also made into skis,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PLASTIC

By BEN MERSON

he future of the industry is "limited only by the imagination of man"

sleds and store fronts; gunstocks, headgear and footgear; diapers, baby bottles and coffins—they serve man from the cradle to the grave.

All these products had their growing pains. But one of the newest and most important—plastic pipes—left scars that have become historic.

The first twinges came when the aluminum shortage a few years ago gave the Air Force the notion to equip Thunderbolt fighter planes with air-intake ducts made of plywood. James J. Dunne, vice-president and director of the U.S. Plywood Corporation, was skeptical. He pointed out that plywood was merely layers of wood bonded with plastic resin. "But if you insist," he said, "I'll make a few samples."

The Air Force insisted and, at the further insistence of a cocky young test pilot, decided to try out Dunne's wooden air-intake ducts in a plane, instead of in a laboratory. When Dunne beheld the plane at Wright-Patterson Field, Ohio, he shook his head. The ducts had been installed so that they led from the engine to the tail, by way of the seat in the cockpit.

"I'm not sure plywood can take it," he cautioned the test pilot, who sprouted a major's oak leaf. "So if I were you—"

"But you're not," said the brash young man. "Which is why this is being done my way."

He flipped the switch and gunned the engine. It backfired. And the wooden duct exploded under him with a roar. So did the pilot, as the splinters made a target of his trousers.

"That was the end of plywood pipes," says Dunne. "But the blast set off a chain reaction. The pipes had been bonded with plastic. And every major plastics company rose to the challenge."

The result was a burst of ideas that shattered all previous concepts. Using various types of resins, the manufacturers hatched plastic pipes of startling variety—flexible, rigid and semirigid; pipes that were resistant to oil, acids and corrosion; pipes that are sometimes lighter than wood and stronger than steel, but which could be cut with a hack saw and easily lifted by a child.

First produced three years ago, plastic pipes may someday solve a host of problems for the chemical, fabric, petroleum and mining industries. They are also being experimented with for irrigation, gas lines and sewerage systems.

Navy Plans Vessel with "Glass" Pipes

Perhaps the most unusual pipes are the new rigid ones developed by U.S. Plywood Corporation. Made of glass fibers bonded with plastic resin, they are only one fourth as heavy as steel and are unaffected by dilute chemicals or sea water. U.S. Plywood Corporation perfected the pipes for the Navy—"the Air Force is still a little sensitive"—and 150-foot sections were installed last winter on various types of Navy vessels. The pipes withstood every test. And at the Navy proving ground at Kure Beach, South Carolina, they remained intact during salvos of gunfire. So enthused was the Navy that it is now planning to build a mine sweeper equipped almost entirely with "glass" pipes, and the vessel may set a precedent for our warships of the future.

The Navy's glass pipes are just one compelling example of reinforced plastics—the industry's latest and most adaptable work horse. As the name implies, reinforced plastics are made by embedding a backbone material in plastic resin. The material may be cotton, rayon, nylon or paper. But the most widely used is fibrous glass, of which Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation is the largest producer. Among others in the field are Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company; Libbey-Owens-Ford; Perrault Brothers; Ferro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A favorite American flavor...

The Bourse, Copenhagen

in Denmark's great wine specialty

Hostess magic

HOW TO MAKE DRINKS DISAPPEAR
Serve Cherry KIJAFA as an aperitif... or add it to an Old Fashioned or a Manhattan. Drinks vanish. You'll love it...the tart-sweet taste of rare Langeskov cherries.

CHERRY! KIJAFA

Ask for Kee-yaffa

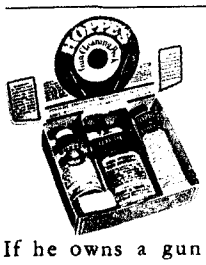
Sole Distributors in U. S. A.... Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

I BANISHED DRAGGLE-TOP
(Disorderly—Unruly Hair)
This EASY WAY

Rub a few drops of SURLAY on your hair; comb; presto—Draggle-Top is gone! Gives you new confidence; holds hair in place; helps control dandruff; gives lustrous healthy looking hair. Look your best, with—

50¢

Sur-Lay HAIR DRESSING
AT DRUG STORES • BARBER SHOPS



FOR HIM for CHRISTMAS

If he owns a gun give him this handy
HOPPE'S GUN CLEANING PACK
complete with every Hoppe Product that he needs for the cleaning and care of his firearm. He will appreciate this useful, thoughtful gift. Your gun dealer has it—or send $1 to
FRANK A. HOPPE, INC. • 2312 N. 8th Street, Phila. 33, Pa.

Model Railroading is Fun!
Read about it in picture-packed Model Railroader magazine. **Special Offer!** Send $1 ($1.75 value) for special 3-month subscription plus new 64-page "Introduction to Scale Model Railroading." Limited. Act today!
Model Railroader, Dept. 4472, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Two engineers stretched an idea for a tobacco pouch into a gian

Corporation; Glass Fibers, Inc.; and Glass Floss Corporation.

Because of their tremendous tensile strength (more than 300,000 pounds per square inch), reinforced glass plastics are one of the most important new structural materials on the American scene today, and they are the industry's challenge to the age-old supremacy of steel.

A graphic illustration is the automobile body perfected by William Tritt, a brown-haired, intense Californian. Addicted to tinkering and leisure, Tritt was enjoying too much of the latter while operating a boat-repair shop in Costa Mesa during the winter of 1950. So he was rather grateful when Major Kenneth Brooks, formerly of the Air Force weather station at Long Beach, dropped by for a chat. Brooks, a racing-car enthusiast, had just bought a hot-rod chassis. "All I need now is a custom-built body—and about $2,000 to pay for it," Brooks remarked ruefully.

"Maybe I could build you one cheaper," said Tritt. "For about $700, maybe, if I use plastics."

Brooks agreed. And the trial went on for eight months in the dilapidated shed that Tritt called his factory. He made a plaster of Paris mold and covered it with layers of glass fiber, glass cloth and polyester resin, which is manufactured by the U.S. Rubber Company. He allowed it to set and removed the hardened plastic form, which became his production mold. From this mold came the car bodies in one piece ready to be mounted on the chassis. "I was never more surprised," says Tritt.

And also ecstatic. Tested on a 10,000-mile run, the car body proved squeakproof and dentproof. Its light weight (185 pounds) saved gas, oil and tires. But most amazing was its strength. Slammed with a hammer, it would neither dent nor chip. And a side-on collision with a tree, at 25 miles per hour, caused only a 14-inch crack in the fender.

No More Gripes from Hubby?

Introduced to the public only a few months ago, Tritt's creation is bringing him a raft of orders, both from sports-car enthusiasts and "husbands who claim their wives like to tee off against the garage door." He now has 80 employees and a new factory at Santa Ana, where he turns out complete cars as well as plastic bodies.

Among his recent customers was the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation, and Tritt's model made such an impression on the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation that it decided to become his competitor. It is now tooling up at Willow Run to produce a thousand plastic-bodied sport cars mounted on a Henry J. chassis.

More ironic is the story of Carl N. Beetle, scion of a colonial family famed in American shipbuilding history. Established in 1791 at Martha's Vineyard, the Beetle Boat Company was synonymous with the days of "wooden ships and iron men." It built the Yankee whalers that roamed the seven seas, the ships that Peary used in the arctic and countless wooden yachts, rowboats and pleasure craft for seven generations of sportsmen.

But in 1946, Beetle, a direct descendant of the founder, felt it was time to break with tradition. He computed that the expense of maintaining a wooden boat forced the owner to pay for the boat all over again every four years. Beetle was sure that he could build a boat that would require no upkeep.

It was a decision based on blind faith and obstinacy. There was no precedent; nothing to help him except a tremendous drive that caused him to lose sight of practically everything but his ultimate goal. After two years of toil he succeeded. He built boats of plastic. And they lived up to expectations. Molded in one piece, the hulls would never leak, rot or require calking. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. Beetle's process was so complex that the boats could not be marketed profitably.

Beetle started all over again. Using Fiberglas and American Cyanamid resin, he ultimately found a simpler method, one similar to that used by Tritt, and perfected almost simultaneously. However, his research exhausted his funds, and Beetle lost the firm his family had owned for 158 years.

He was undaunted. Having proved that plastic boats were not only feasible but practical, he set out to make tank bodies for oil trucks out of the same materials. Friends helped him finance a factory at Fall River, Massachusetts, and he once more embarked on a course of laborious trial and error. Within a year he perfected a working model. And with it came a larger order from the Arabian-American Oil Company. Last May, while completing the order, Beetle died. Today, these trucks, rumbling over the sands of Saudi Arabia, serve as a testament to his faith, even as his plastic boats are founding a new tradition for builders of pleasure craft and Coast Guard rescue boats.

No such travail attended the birth of another recent development—the plastic swimming pool. The pool is the brain child of two French engineers, Jules Billig and William Z. Norman, who met by chance on Broadway a few years ago, and decided to chance a business venture. The first product from their Maspeth, New York, factory was a tobacco pouch made of Vinylite plastic which looks like oilskin. Nobody wanted it.

As a Frenchman Sees the U.S.

The engineers couldn't understand why. Until, as Billig recalls, another Frenchman, who had been in America longer, explained: "In America you're successful if you do something big—even if it's only a big failure."

Not quite convinced but willing to try, Billig and Norman stretched their tobacco pouch into a 40-inch wading pool. It caused only a small splash. So, goaded on by the shrugs of their Gallic friend, they kept adding width and depth, and plunging toward the ultimate. This year they finally made it—a lawn-sized swimming pool. Hailed as every man's answer to Hollywood, it is 27 feet long, 12 feet wide and holds more than 10,000 gallons of water. It can accommodate at least 15 swimming guests, and is deep enough for the fanciest swan diver. Or, if the host is even less hospitable, the pool can be packed away in a three-foot box.

The plastic used for the pool—Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation's Vinylite—is a beefier version of the same material that goes into baby

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"I doubt it. I doubt if we *ever* have to make a getaway on horseback"

LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...stic pool that can hold 15 swimmers

pants, upholstery and shower curtains; while in spray form it "mothballs" ships and protects steel and masonry from the elements.

All types of plastics are taking over in the building industry, with many new homeowners unaware that their shingles, partitions and window screens are often made of synthetics. So, sometimes, is their furniture; and in Cleveland the trend has spread to the public schools, where old desks are being refinished with laminated plastic tops.

"I've sewed on that very same button four times! I think you should buy your suits somewhere else after this"

COLLIER'S G. F. KAUFFMAN

They are immune to crayon, ink and normal scratches, so that the pupils can scribble away without feeling frustrated by education.

In Seattle, the new Southgate Elementary School has been built with roof and ceilings of translucent plastics, giving the pupils what principal Wynne Rogers calls perfect outdoor daylight, plus the imperfect illusion of not being in school at all.

Modern Miracles of Surgery

Meanwhile, plastic surgery is moving ahead. At Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, researchers recently proved that plastics are often superior to cartilage and bone. Their conclusions were based on dozens of operations, during which they rebuilt noses, jaws and chins and, in one case, fashioned a complete ear for a child who had been born without one. Unlike cartilage and bone, the plastics do not shrink, adhere quickly and cause almost no postoperative reaction.

As surgeons alter human features, so do chemists alter plastic molecules. Among the latest to emerge from the test tube are three textiles: Orlon (Du Pont), Dynel (Union Carbide) and Acrilan (Chemstrand Corporation). Although the relationship doesn't show, they are members of the same plastic family that bequeathed bubble noses to bombers. They are also second cousins to phonograph records.

The new textiles have just been put into general production. Their appearance is as varied as their heredity. They can be made to look—and feel—like wool, fleece and yarn; cotton, silk and fur. In addition, they are claimed to be stretchproof, mothproof and the strongest of all synthetics. Because of their versatility, Orlon, Dynel and Acrilan have found quick favor with manufacturers of wearing apparel, who are using them for everything from the outside in—including nonitchy winter underwear. Other manufacturers are converting them into blankets, curtains, drapes and similar household items.

Still in pilot-plant production is Dacron, a new Du Pont fiber related to some plastics used in paint. According to its sponsors, a suit made of this material is the answer to the busy executive's dream. He can wear it to bed, wear it while he takes a shower; and, after drying out in the elevator, he can pop up at a board meeting looking as sharp as a tailor's dummy.

Bad News for Pants Pressers

Du Pont chemists claim that Dacron is the most creaseproof material ever invented and can be worn indefinitely without pressing. They expect it to do for men's suits what nylon did for women's stockings.

Most amazing of all is the role that plastics is playing in Korea. Here nylon and fibrous glass body armor is saving hundreds of lives. On the central Korean front Pfc Emile Pinard, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, rolled on top of a Chinese grenade to shield three companions from death. The explosion lifted him off the ground and knocked him unconscious. When he recovered he found a three-inch piece of steel had ripped into his vest and crumpled both his dog tags. But the vest was not punctured.

Near Chorwon, Chinese Communists ambushed a platoon on a predawn patrol. Pfc Albert M. LaPlante, of Exeland, Wisconsin, slid into a shell hole to reload his rifle. Three Red grenades slid in after him, and burst with a tremendous roar.

LaPlante's rifle was pulverized. But not LaPlante. His armored vest stopped 78 metal fragments, any of which could have killed him.

These experiences, multiplied by the hundred, explain why soldiers call the vest "the greatest wartime invention since furlough." Actually there are two vests. The Army version is made of 12 layers of laminated nylon covered with a waterproof fabric shell. It is flexible and dark green in color to match the combat uniform. The Marine vest is patterned after the body armor of an armadillo. Front and back are built of overlapping plates of fibrous glass, reinforced with plastic resin. The vests have been issued to all Marines as standard battle equipment. The Army, however, still regards them as experimental. But bowing to insistent GI demands, the Pentagon has ordered 25,000 Army-type vests for delivery to Korea.

As for peacetime plastics in the more distant future, "they are limited only by the imagination of man," says an industry spokesman. Possibilities for the future, fantastic as they may seem, could be mainly plastic trains, tunnels, bridges, dams, skyscrapers, factories and hotels. And all these merely scratch the surface. Anything now made of other materials today may be made of plastics tomorrow.

Anything, we hope, except the old-fashioned sirloin steak. ▲▲▲

get a **looking-glass shine** *FAST*

lanolize® your shoes with

ESQUIRE

BOOT POLISH

No other polish gives you a brighter shine—or gives a shine so easy, so fast.

Lanolize your shoes and see for yourself. See how nicks and scratches disappear like magic. See how your shoes take on that deep, rich, gleaming bootmaker stain finish. Available in 9 colors.

Announcing...

NEW SOLID TIRE FOR ELECTRIC POWER TRUCKS

- PROVEN BEST BY TEST!
- REDUCES BATTERY DRAINAGE!
- HELPS REDUCE HANDLING COSTS!
- MINIMUM ROLLING RESISTANCE!

Here's the actual figures

ON ROLLING RESISTANCE . . .

Tire Identification	Rating of Tire Based Upon Amperage Need at	
	50% Load	Normal Load
Tire A	100	100
Tire B	99	94
Tire C	127	Unable to test! Tire stopped machine!
	94	95
Tire D Monarch (Mono-Cushion) Low Resistance Extreme Efficiency Tire	82	83

● Battery power drainage due to tire resistance is an ever-present problem facing electric powered truck owners. Now, Monarch offers a new cushion tire with lower rolling resistance . . . designed exclusively for electric-powered trucks.

You can see for yourself how efficient this new Monarch Tire operates on electric-powered trucks. The rolling resistance figures at the left prove conclusively this new efficiency tire has the least rolling resistance of any tire available today. These same facts have been confirmed by many truck manufacturers.

The secret? . . . A special compound of low-heat carbon black creates a tire with less resistance and with exceptional physical and rolling properties. No extra power needed as tires begin to wear. Battery charging time is reduced. Less "truck hours" are lost due to battery charging. Material handling decline. This new Monarch Tire, exclusively f tric-powered trucks, is well worth your invest

THE MONARCH RUBBER COMPANY

550 LINCOLN PARK · HARTVILLE, OHIO

SPECIALISTS IN INDUSTRIAL SOLID TIRES AND MOLDED MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY DEVLIN

Shorten the Shouting

THIS WEEK we are going to make some political predictions. And ours, unlike a good many forecasts at this stage of the game, are bold and confident. There will be no reservations.

government to a crawling pace. Congress is immobilized. The President, if he is a candidate, must neglect his duties in favor of politics for too long a time. A four-month campaign is a strain on the public temper and a drain on the candidates' strength. And in the end it becomes a

Now You Know What We Meant

IF THE CARTOON ABOVE seems faintly familiar to some of our readers, the reason is that it has appeared on this page before. It was used to illustrate an editorial in our issue of last April 5th. We are using it again because we want to repeat the thoughts expressed in that piece and, at the risk of being immodest, to brag a little about it. For it was one of the earliest and most accurate of the year's political forecasts. As proof, we reprint one paragraph:

"We predict that the coming Presidential campaign will be conducted in a manner most unbecoming to the grave issues at stake. It will be too noisy. It will be too emotional. It will be full of intemperate charges and undignified name-calling. There will be too many irrational prophecies of national doom. It will, in short, be the usual quadrennial Donnybrook. And the chief reason why these predictions will come true is that the campaign will be too long."

As a remedy for those predictions—which turned out to be all too accurate—we urgently recommended that the conventions and campaign be limited to the month preceding Election Day. We repeat that recommendation now, in the hope that the exhausted candidates, the impoverished national parties and the long-suffering public will be more receptive to the idea.

The 1952 Presidential contest was between two intelligent and cultured gentlemen. We believe that both President-elect Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson would have wished to conduct their campaigns with the dignity, seriousness and high purpose that the occasion demanded. We believe that they could have fulfilled that wish if the campaigning time had been shorter. But, as usually happens, they ran out of dignified and serious things to say and, from back-platform, whistle-stopping necessity, became more and more repetitive.

Too many people got into the act, making increasingly wild and extraneous charges and reaching ever deeper into the barrel of vintage herring for ammunition. The candidates answered in kind—though it must have cost them some inward cringing—because it seemed expedient, and because they had already said their say on the most important issues. The upshot was that two of the most decent, admirable and likable men who ever ran for President wound up in one of the dirtiest knock-down-and-drag-out campaigns we can remember.

In the process they wore themselves out making hundreds of speeches, shaking thousands of hands, traveling tens of thousands of miles. In the process, their parties spent millions of dollars, made up of small contributions from many who couldn't really afford them, and large contributions from many who doubtless do not expect their munificence to be forgotten. In the process, public passions were aroused to a point where calm reason was forced into the background. As we said in our earlier editorial on the same subject: "It's an old American custom, and we can't say we admire it." Nothing that happened in the meantime has caused us to change our mind.

We don't know what specific method is best suited to alter this old custom, but a method can certainly be found. Perhaps Congress can pass an airtight and enforceable limit on campaign expenditures which will make these protracted, multimillion-dollar campaigns financially and physically impossible. Or the major parties could decide by mutual agreement to put a shorter time limit on the mudslinging season by holding their conventions closer to Election Day.

But something should be done. And, in this day of nation-wide sight-and-sound communication, something can and must be done. We believed that strongly last spring, when time had dulled our sharper memories of the 1948 free-for-all. We feel even more strongly about it now, as we try to catch our breath and regain our equilibrium after the shrill oratorical pounding of the last few weeks before the election.

We know that we are not alone in our feeling. And we are confident that the majority of Americans can unite on this bipartisan domestic policy: the tradition of long, vituperative, exaggerated, bitterly divisive Presidential campaigning is outmoded, and it's time for a change.

Here's the Real America

"INSPIRING" is an overworked word that we generally try to avoid using. But it does seem the proper one to describe our reaction to the story, Paraplegics, Inc., in this issue. We were not only moved to admiration by the courageous, resourceful and un-self-pitying way that these disabled young veterans have adjusted to their handicaps. We were also pretty proud of the people who have helped them. The account of their assistance is a pleasant antidote for some of the cynical clichés that one is forever hearing.

Do you think that labor union leaders are predatory, greedy creatures, or that a union member will never do a lick of extra work without assurance of time and a half? Then read about the head of the Chicago Plumbers Union who promised to remodel the paraplegics' factory without charge, and about the members of the building-trades unions who carried out that promise—and then some—by donating week ends as well as regular working days to the job.

Have you been told that the people of big cities like Chicago are cold and unneighborly? Read about the residents of this Chicago suburb who took the time and trouble to scout around for the ground-floor living quarters which the factory workers in wheel chairs needed.

Do you believe that big business is killing small business? Read about the 40 electronic manufacturers—including some of the largest in that field—whose orders and continuing reorders have brought prosperity to just one little venture. If it weren't for big business, the paraplegics' small business wouldn't exist.

Yes, it's an inspiring and a faith-renewing story. And it is particularly good to read after the election-year bitterness that we have talked about in the other piece on this page. It's a story of the real, normal, day-to-day American people—not Republicans and Democrats, not big corporations and big unions, but just people. Mighty fine folks and good neighbors, too.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's gift time again!

There is no finer gift in all the world than Old Grand-Dad. For this famous Kentucky straight whiskey is the widely accepted "Head of the Bourbon Family." On your holiday table it's a bourbon that bespeaks the utmost of fine living and warm friendship. Why not ask your dealer for Old Grand-Dad today!

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

Old Grand-Dad is available in the standard bottle and in the handsome gift decanter where regulations permit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

FIRST PREMIUM QUALITY CIGARETTE

TO OFFER BOTH REGULAR & KING-SIZE

Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED